THE STORY OF YATES THE MISSIONARY

CHARLES E. TAYLOR

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THE STORY

—OF—

Yates - the - Missionary

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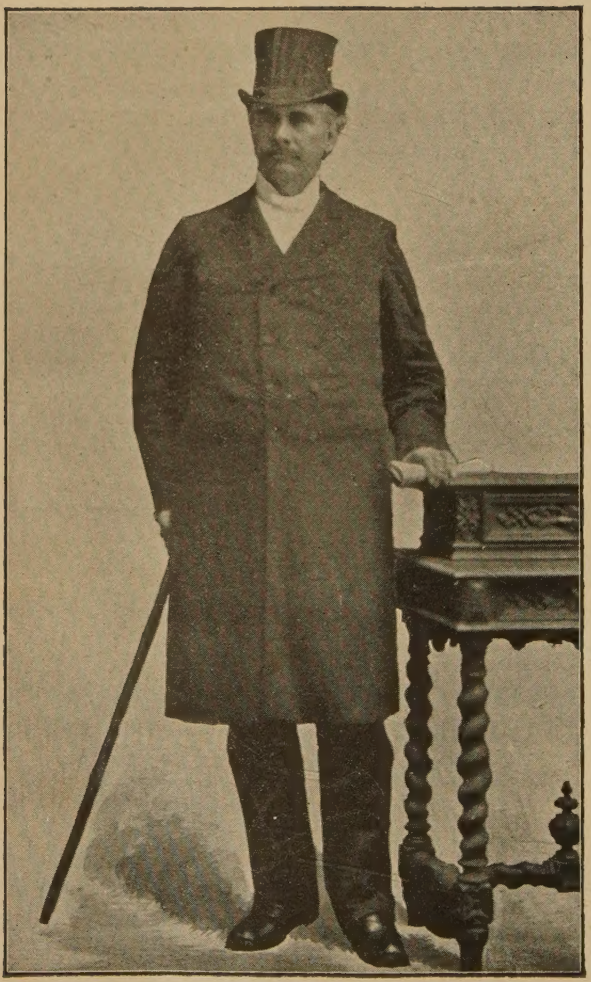

REV. MATTHEW TYSON YATES, D.D.,

When 66 years old, and when he had been 37 years a missionary in China. Height, 6 feet 2 inches; weight, 244 pounds.

THE STORY

—OF—

YATES THE MISSIONARY,

AS TOLD IN HIS

Letters and Reminiscences.

PREPARED BY

CHARLES E. TAYLOR,

President Wake Forest College.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD
SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION
NASHVILLE, TENN.
1898.

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Yates

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To

The Baptist Churches of the South

and to their Servants,

The Boards of the Southern Baptist Convention,

and to

Those Laboring in Home and Foreign Fields,

This story of the life

Of one of our earliest and ablest Missionaries

Is affectionately dedicated.

1807

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

The Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, December 31, 1897, passed a resolution that

> Five hundred dollars be set aside, to be known as the Matthew T. Yates Publishing Fund, to be considered as a memorial in honor of him, and as a contribution to missions; to be used in publishing and putting on the market the life of Dr. Yates, written by Dr. Chas. E. Taylor, and that all proceeds from the sale of the book be put to the credit of this fund.

We send this book on its errand of mission work, persuaded that the Southern Baptist Convention would have it done. It was written for the Foreign Mission Board, and is a labor of love.

The private seal of Dr. Yates on the title page was reproduced from an old envelope, post-marked Shanghai, China, June 1, 1881, fifteen cents postage, sealed with red wax, and addressed to Rev. J. P. Boyce, D.D., Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.

Dr. R. T. Bryan's account of the Jubilee services held at Shanghai, November, 1897, is added as an appendix, a fitting crown to the work so beautifully set out in this story.

Seldom does a book so sweep heart and mind, its reading giving a kind of transfiguration experience. It is thrilling to think how, from its reading, missionaries will be born and how the enrichment of thought and feeling will come both in the home and in the churches. We send this book out with the conviction that God set before us this open door, and will use the effort for the furtherance of his purposes in human redemption.

Nashville, Tenn., March 3, 1898.

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1807

PREFACE.

Not long after the death of Dr. Yates, the statement was published that a citizen of Raleigh, N. C., well competent for the task, had undertaken to prepare a memoir of the honored missionary. His professional engagements, however, became so engrossing that, after the lapse of many months, he was compelled to relinquish his design.

The present work has been undertaken as the result of a conviction and a hope long entertained by the writer. The conviction is that the life and character and work of Dr. Yates are worthy of an abiding record. The hope is that each reader will be able to get from it some such inspiration as young Matthew Yates received from the life of Ann Judson.

As far as possible, Dr. Yates has been allowed to tell the story of his own life. In 1880-81 he published in the Biblical Recorder (Raleigh, N. C.), a series of letters entitled, "Reminiscences of a Long Missionary Life." These, as well as extracts from his personal and official correspondence, constitute the main body of this volume and almost warrant for it the title of an autobiography. Condensation has in many places been absolutely necessary. This has sometimes required the recasting of sentences in order to preserve the thread of the narrative. But the writer is certain that no change has been made which at all affects the sense or of which Dr. Yates would not have approved.

When not otherwise indicated, the letters were addressed to the Secretaries of the Foreign Mission Board in Richmond, Va. The letters "To the Recorder" were published in the Biblical Recorder, Raleigh, N. C.

C. E. Taylor.

Wake Forest College, April, 1898.

YATES THE MISSIONARY.

CHAPTER I.

A COUNTRY BOY—1819-1836—AGE 17.

FROM the unpretentious rural homes of North Carolina have come forth hundreds of men who, in almost every calling, have become eminent and useful. In truth, it may be questioned whether any State of the Union has been the birthplace of a larger number of great men: though, to the general view, North Carolina's fertility in greatness has been obscured by the fact that very many of her sons have made their careers elsewhere than in the State of their nativity. Why the State has been so prolific of eminent men is not difficult to explain. The conditions of good ancestry, simplicity of life, necessity for labor, familiarity with nature, religious training, and freedom from grosser temptations have all been met in thousands of her old fashioned country homes. And, for the making of the hero of this true story, none of these were lacking.

The Yates family in this country are descendants of two cousins of that name who came from England to Virginia in colonial times. The more immediate ancestors of Matthew Yates moved at an early period to Wake County, N. C., and settled near its western boundary. Not very far to the southwest were the homes in which were reared the older Manlys and Brantlys, the Brooks, Emersons, Marshs, and others, whose names are familiar in American Baptist history.

About eighteen miles west of Raleigh, lived and died William and Delilah Yates. They reared to maturity ten children, five sons and five daughters, all of whom

became members of Baptist churches. Matthew Tyson Yates, the second of these children, was born January 8th, 1819.

William Yates lived upon and cultivated his own farm of four or five hundred acres. For nearly fifty years he was an honored deacon of Mt. Pisgah Church. Prudent, enterprising, and industrious, he was looked up to by his neighbors as one of the best farmers in that section. In his home was neither poverty nor riches. His was a life of labor, but it was also a life of independence. For, during the earlier years of the century, almost everything worn or consumed by the farmer's family was produced at home.

It may be doubted whether Yates the missionary could have endured and labored as he did for more than forty years in China, if Yates the boy had not learned, while wielding the axe, holding the plough-handles, and caring for the cattle, to labor and endure hardness. In this necessary part of the education of a worker or a hero, young Matthew passed through an extended curriculum. Perhaps, as sometimes happens when the young are compelled to learn to work and to deny themselves, there were times when he repined and envied the idle and luxurious. But, as the passing years and wider observation taught their lessons as to the value of this training, we have his own testimony that he was grateful that these essential conditions for the making of his manhood were imposed upon him. It was good for the future missionary that he bore the yoke in his youth.

And it may well be questioned whether his sturdy common sense would have stood him in such good stead, often, too, in difficult situations, had it not been developed and improved by his early lessons in nature's great kindergarten school. And this simple life in boyhood, far from the artificialities of society, but close to nature and her ceaseless marvels, doubtless had its share in making him the simple hearted, unaffected man who, to the last, never lost touch with his childhood.

We may think of Matthew's boyhood as a happy

COUNTRY HOME WHERE DR. YATES WAS BORN AND BROUGHT UP.

period. The life of a farmer's lad in the midland counties of North Carolina was not all labor. The gently rolling country in which he lived was watered with numerous streams; and these, in those days, abounded with fish. The woods and fields were full of game. We may be sure that on many a spring and autumn afternoon the barefoot boy dreamed his ambitious dreams and weaved his boyish fancies as he watched his cork amid the ripples and eddies of the brook. With keen zest on early winter mornings he visited his rabbit traps and came home not unladen with game. He had, we may not doubt, his own store of walnuts and hickory nuts and honeyshucks. He knew the haunts of the wild turkey and the ways of the partridge, and where the clearest pools invited the bather. More than fifty years away from his boyhood, he said that his knowledge of the Chinese helped him to locate the new chapel in Chinkiang just as his knowledge of the habits of partridges had showed him where to set his snares.

Dr. Yates, in his reminiscences, wrote the following account of his first schooling:

The neighborhood in which we lived was not celebrated for its wealth, refinement, or educational facilities. It was, however, free from sinks of vice and temptations to the young. The schools, in my school-going days, were restricted to what were generally known as "old field schools;" probably so called because the houses in which they were held were generally situated in, or near, an "old field." The houses were rude structures, unhewn log huts, with split-board roofs, and a log chimney, seven or eight feet broad at one end of the single room, for log fires. At the other end of the room was a wide crack, formed by cutting away parts of two logs, to admit light upon the "writing bench," and a door on one or both sides.

The furniture of these school houses consisted of a chair, a lock-up desk, a ferule, and a long hickory switch for the teacher, and long benches, without backs, for the school children. These "old field schools" were generally in session only during the autumn and winter months.

All that was taught in any to which I had the privilege of going, was spelling in Noah Webster's spelling book, Walker's dictionary, reading, writing after a copy set by the teacher, and Pikes' arithmetic to the double rule of three. No attempt was ever made to teach the meaning of words or anything else, except to find the answer to the sum given in the arithmetic, the whole work of which, when it had been approved by the teacher, the pupil was required to copy in his "ciphering book."

These opportunities, however meagre, were not without fruit. If nothing more, he at least learned to read. And letters written many years after these earliest school days and thousands of miles away from the old log school house reveal that he had read with eager avidity all that came within his reach during his boyhood and youth. Many deficiences in this training were doubtless repaired afterwards in Mr. Thompson's Academy. The examination of several hundred of his letters, covering more than forty years of correspondence, reveals scarcely an instance of a misspelt word. The blue-back speller had not been studied in vain.

Dr. Yates' narrative of his early religious experiences is unique and of peculiar interest. It is given here as he wrote it about 1850:

My father delighted in keeping an open house for Baptist preachers, and, in fact, for preachers and religious men of all denominations. Robert T. Daniel was the first preacher I remember, and about all I remember of him is that he had a white head and a red face, and that he and my father seemed to love each other very much. A few years later I remember R. B. C. Howell, "Tom" Armstrong, and John Purefoy. I remember well Father Purefoy's putting his hand on my head and saying, "May the Lord make a preacher of him!" This blessing made an impression upon my young heart, for his manner was kind and his tone of voice serious.

At some time subsequent to this, he asked me if I ever prayed; to which I replied that I did not know how to pray. He looked kindly at me, as I held his horse for him to mount, and said: "I will tell you, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'"

This short prayer has remained with me from that day to the present time. It was the first intimation I ever had that I was a sinner. And "Tom" Armstrong's thundering exhortation to sinners—in which he was considered to be "very powerful," for his voice was like the roaring of a lion, kept it before my mind by day and by night I thought, however, that he was talking to the grown people, for he never talked to me at my father's house about my being a sinner. At a subsequent interview, Father Purefoy asked me, when there was no one else present, if I had ever prayed as he taught me. I replied that I did not know where to pray. And he said, "Go into the woods where none but God can hear you. God is everywhere."

That was my last interview and conversation with that man of God. He has gone to his reward and his works do follow him. He was eminently a practical Christian. His labors were not confined to the pulpit. I have ever felt that his words to me were words spoken in season. I was quite young, but what he said gave direction to my whole life.

I am persuaded that ministers of the gospel, parents, and Christians generally do not give sufficient attention to the religious training of the children of the congregation, I mean personal appeals to them to love and trust the Lord Jesus. They usually have a high respect and reverence for a minister; and, judging by my own experience, a solemn word spoken to a child of ten years, when there is no one present to distract attention, leaves a lasting impression, an impression that may ultimately be blessed to the salvation of the soul. It is what we learn in our youth that remains with us through life. Then why should not the youthful mind be guarded against the evils which beset the paths of the young by a knowledge of God's power and love in Jesus Christ?

When I was about twelve years old, an incident occurred which made a deep impression on my mind. The school house where I was attending school in, I think, the month of October, stood under the shadow of a magnificent white oak, about four feet in diameter. The ends of its limbs were so low that they could be reached by the boys and used in a rustic play for bases. During recess, while the teacher was absent, and the

boys were having a lively play under the spreading limbs of this tree, it was struck by lightning twice, in as many seconds, and shivered into many pieces, even down to the ground. Providentially, some one had given a challenge, to which all of us, fifteen or twenty boys, responded, and were from ten to twenty paces from the tree. None of us were seriously injured. We were pressed to the ground, as if by a great weight, and each boy had, for hours, a deep red spot, as large as a dollar, on some part of his body, caused by the electricity. The heavens had been overcast all day, but there had been neither rain nor thunder. It was regarded as a remarkable phenomenon, for we rarely ever had thunder in October.

This incident, so sudden and unexpected, and so terrific in its effect, made me feel that truly God is everywhere, and that I was a sinner and must pray. There, for the first time, I uttered in spirit the prayer taught me by Father Purefoy, whose image has remained photographed on my mind to the present time. I that day resolved to follow his advice, and take to the woods for prayer. The next morning, when I went into a dense forest to find a certain lot of pigs—the daily care of which had been committed to me—I sought and found, in a thick brush, a large oak that was much inclined toward the south, where I would be protected from the rain and snow in winter. There I erected my altar of prayer, and there, for years, I prayed, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." At night, I found a place for prayer nearer home, where I was able to pray unobserved.

In my prayers I made all sorts of promises, that if God would pardon my sins, I would do any and everything in my power for his cause. But somehow or other, in my ignorance, I got the idea that when I found peace (got religion), it would be at a protracted or camp-meeting; and my prayers were put up with reference to meetings appointed to take place several months in the future. I attended all such meetings within a reasonable distance, hoping to find him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write. This was the expression of many of the preachers of different denominations, to whom I listened for instruction. I did not have a clear idea of just

what it meant. I knew it was he whom I was to seek, so I secretly read the books of Moses and the prophets; but I found that they wrote of so many persons I was unable to decide of whom they did write in particular. In my bewildered state of mind I fell back upon what I thought I knew. "God be merciful to me, a sinner, for Jesus sake," and continued to make vows.

This state of things continued for a few years. About this time, Rev. P. W. Dowd became the pastor of Mount Pisgah Church. He was an eloquent and able preacher, and I loved him dearly; but he did not talk to me privately about my state of mind. In fact, no one knew it but God, who knoweth all hearts. When I was about fifteen, I presented myself at the anxious seat for prayer. Father Purefoy, when I was yet quite young, had taught me that I was a sinner, and that God, who had mercy on sinners, was everywhere present. P. W. Dowd, when I was better able to comprehend, taught me that God had revealed himself in Jesus Christ as a God of mercy and compassion upon all who put their trust in Jesus and received him as their Saviour and Lord, i. e., one whose commands they were ready to obey in all things. This, I trust, I was able to do at the camp-meeting at Mount Pisgah Church, in 1836. I had looked forward to this meeting as the time when I hoped to get rid of my burden, and to be enabled to feel that Jesus indeed loved me, and that my sins were pardoned. When the meeting had been in session for a week and I heard the tent-holders speak of bringing it to a close, a feeling akin to despair came over me; for I was not yet saved, and there was no other such meeting in prospect. With the feeling that there was no mercy for me, I went into the woods, where I could hear no noise, prostrated myself, and cried, "O, Lord, help me!" I could neither feel nor say anything else. I had trusted too much to the help of the preachers. Now I only wanted help from the Lord. When I returned to the tent of Henry Williams, I was able to join in singing the praises of God and the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

At the close of the camp-meeting I and thirteen others presented ourselves as candidates for baptism. We were all re-

ceived and baptized by Rev. P. W. Dowd, in New Hope creek, at Williams' Mill. I had looked forward with supreme desire to the day when I should be permitted to complete my obedience to the command and be baptized. I had fondly hoped that being buried with Christ in baptism would complete my happiness; but before I had come out of the waters of New Hope, many thoughts as to what I ought to do next came rushing through my mind. I had three miles to walk home, and I wished to be alone. So I slung my wet clothes on a stick and started, without giving notice to any one of my departure. I had not gone far before the tempter joined me, and commenced the following colloquy: "Well, how do you feel now, that you have been baptized? Are you as happy as you thought you would be? Don't you think you made a spectacle of yourself? You see everyone who passes on horseback looks at you, and some even smile at you. I think you have made a fool of yourself; for I am sure you are not as happy as you expected to be. Now that you have reached the goal of baptism, have cut yourself off from the pleasures of the young, and have joined the church, what do you intend to do? Of course you are too young and inexperienced to make any further exhibition of yourself, by attempting anything within the church; for you have learned by your baptism that you will not realize all that you expect. All you have to do is to go to church once a month and do about as you see other people do, i. e., wait for the older members to take the lead. You know it is not pleasant to be laughed at."

By this time I was half way home and had become so bewildered that I hardly knew whether I was walking or standing still. In this strange state of mind I resolved to go into the woods and seek a quiet place for prayer. Satan followed me, and whispered, "O, you will be seen here, for there is some one passing along the path just in front of you." I turned first in one and then in another direction, and behold, some one was always in sight. I turned and prostrated myself by the side of a fallen tree, and cried, "Lord, help me! Grant me deliverance from the power of Satan's sore temptation."

When I had been praying I know not how long, I heard a

great noise in the leaves on the other side of the fallen tree, like some one approaching me. It became so demonstrative that I raised myself to see what it was. And, lo, there was a king snake, not more than two and a half feet long, in deadly conflict with a very large black serpent not less than six feet long. The noise was caused by the struggle of the black snake to prevent being doubled by his assailant into the form of a rude ball. The striped little king snake was entwined in and out of this ball, and in this position, by alternate contractions, he crushed the bones of his apparently more powerful enemy, and then extricated himself and crawled quietly away, leaving the black snake dead. I felt that it was good to be there; so I again resumed my supplication and thanksgiving, and then went on my way comforted and rejoicing, feeling that this incident taught me that the Lion of the tribe of Judah, Jesus, was able to conquer even the old serpent himself. And in many a conflict since, I have had evidence of his presence to protect, comfort, and direct me in the way I should go.

That day and night I rested in Jesus. In meditating upon what I had done, and upon the incident of the day, and realizing that Jesus on the cross had vanquished Satan, I had great joy. Henceforth the burden of my prayer at the old oak tree and elsewhere was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do? Show me my duty, and grant me grace and courage to do it."

CHAPTER II.

A STORY OF STRUGGLES—1836-1838—AGE 17-19.

THE prevalent type of religion in Baptist churches, sixty years ago, was, in some respects, widely different from that which prevails now. There have been great gains. There have also been serious losses. There was then comparatively little aggressiveness. But there were deep convictions. More stress was laid upon experimental religion. This was conceived by many to be possible only to an adult be-

liever. While children were instructed in Bible truth, their conversion was usually not expected. The piety of those times was tinged with asceticism. Not only dancing, but all games, sports, and amusements were frowned upon. The tendency now is to overmuch frivolity.

The fathers were steadfast in the faith, and laid great stress on soundness in doctrine. Their piety, however, made but slight demands on their time, their purses, or their activities. There is now more of knowledge and refinement in the pulpit. Then there was more of unction and pathos. Stronger emphasis than at present was laid on "the five points" of Calvinism. It was freely urged that if God called a man to preach, there was no need for human interference in interpreting or insisting upon the call. Hence little encouragement was given to the younger members by the older as to the exercise of their gifts in public. The story of Matthew Yates' experiences, with modifications, may perhaps be accepted as the story of the struggles of most of the men who entered the ministry sixty years ago.

From the time Father Purefoy blessed me, and told me where and how to pray, I always thought that, when I became a man and a Christian, I would be a preacher. Now I was filled with shame and confusion for having had such thoughts. Notwithstanding my shrinking from the responsibility of so sacred a work, all my vows and promises to work for Christ when I became a Christian, come home to me.

At first my prayer was, "Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner!" And after I gave myself to the Lord it was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" At first he made me feel that I ought to talk to my unconverted friends of my own age. This I found very hard to do. So I did a little at a time; just a few words, words enough to make them think about their souls. The devil tried to make me quit that; but after a tussle with him I said, "Satan, get thee behind me, I desire none of thy company." Then I felt strengthened in heart to do more. And I had more courage.

After that, when I was larger, the Lord made me feel that I ought to stand up and speak to everybody in the Sabbath school. This I thought I could not do; for I was an ignorant big boy, and had never spoken in public. But the Lord by his Spirit kept at me about it. Then the old oak tree was dearer than ever; for I was in trouble about what I ought to do. What I ought to do seemed plain as a sunbeam; but how could I do it! But the Lord would not let me off. The way kept getting clearer and brighter. So I finally agreed that I would try. All that week, while I was plowing, I was preparing my speech for the Sabbath school and country people for next Sunday. I often, in my abstraction of mind, plowed up the corn and cotton that I was siding, and had to stop and transplant it; and sometimes I got a scolding for my carelessness.

Well, Sunday came, and I went to the dear old Mount Pisgah Church, rehearsing all the way for two and one-half miles. The nearer I got, the more scared and weak-kneed I became. When the Sabbath school was over, and the proper time came to speak, I could not rise I hesitated and hesitated till my father, the only man in church who prayed in public, closed the school; and I went away cast down, with my speech undelivered. But I promised the Lord that I would do it the next Sunday. Another week of preparation and another Sunday passed as the first, and thus it continued for more than a year. I thought, "O, that somebody would ask me to speak or lead in prayer!" But at that time they were not a praying people. But the Lord would not let me go. He followed me to the old oak tree, and said, "Fear not the face of man; I am with thee." If I had not had a place of prayer, I fear I should have slipped up.

I determined to break through this terrible state of mind. So I proposed to two young men who had been baptized at the same time with myself to join with me in conducting a prayer meeting at the church Sunday afternoons; and they agreed to do so. I spoke to the pastor, P. W. Dowd, about it. He was delighted, and gave it out that next Sunday afternoon

there would be a prayer meeting at the church, conducted by A, B, and C. All eyes turned upon us. The next Sunday when we went to church it was about full. There were the old brethren and sisters in the amen corners, with their elbows on their knees and their chins resting on their palms or between their thumb and forefingers, taking a dead rest at us. Silence reigned. You could have heard a pin drop. Each of us three who were committed waited for the other to commence. Finally, when the silence became painful, I rose and gave out a hymn, which was joined in very heartily, and I led in prayer. I had not prayed long before the wicked one said to me, "Well, now you have done it. You have disgraced yourself and done the cause more harm than good. You had better quit, and never try again." By that time I began to think so, too, and rounded up as best I could. Without looking at the people I announced another hymn, and then called on one of the brethren to pray. He made a bad show, worse than I did. I am sure Satan attacked him in the same way that he did me. And he very soon rounded off badly. I called for another hymn, then asked the third man to pray. He did worse than the last man; not being able to round up, he just quit by saying amen. I thought "I did not do so badly after all. I will appoint another meeting." But the next Sunday neither of those brethren came. And I have never heard of either of them leading in prayer since that Sunday. I guess they did not have a place for daily prayer.

The Lord met me at the old stooping oak and told me that it was my duty to preach the gospel. Surely, I thought, I must be mistaken, for I have but little education, and I cannot preach. I tried for days and months to make something else my duty. But the Lord, by his Spirit, said, "No; this is your duty, walk ye in it." I promised the Lord that I would prepare myself to be a school teacher, and would be an active member of the church.

I was willing and ever ready to pray in public, but that did not quiet my conscience. I felt an irrepressible conviction that it was my duty to exhort my companions to flee the wrath to come. But how could I, whose education was so defective,

think of such a thing? My perplexity of mind was very great. I was concerned, not so much to know what I ought to do, for that was evident, as to know how far I could resist my convictions of duty, and yet be faithful to God and my fellow men. For the only excuse I could render to God for not attempting what I felt to be my duty, was my inability to speak well in public, and that excuse did not release me.

In that state of mind, which was known only to myself and to him who knoweth all hearts, I could think of nothing better to do than to continue at my places for prayer, and all the day long, as I followed the plow to pray, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" Sometimes I was able to leave my places of prayer with the full determination to follow the directions of the Spirit, feeling assured that God would not require more of me than he would enable me to perform. This determination never failed to bring relief. I would set to work preparing an exhortation for the next monthly meeting. I imagined that I had something appropriate to every man I knew; for they all passed before me, in my mental preparation, and my heart yearned after them, even unto tears. It seemed so long a time from one meeting to the next. I often wondered why the church did not meet for worship every Sabbath. Sometimes my heart would tremble lest I should not be able to rise before a large congregation. This, again, would give place to a sweet reliance on God that would enable me to rejoice when the day for going up to the house of prayer arrived. There were the people, and there were opportunities, but no one expected me to say anything; and how could I, a great, green boy, summon courage enough to say by my actions that I was anxious to engage in so sacred and responsible a work as preaching Christ? I could not rise and face the audience.

Thus, month after month, with confusion of face, I went away from church with my speech undelivered; and thus I passed the sixteenth and seventeenth years of my life, ever seeking to know what the Lord would have me to do, and never without a clear conviction of what was my duty; always resolving that at the next meeting I would commence my work, and yet never able to perform it. I felt that the great barrier in the way was

my want of an education, without which I could not overcome the insurmountable difficulties in the way of my attempting public speaking; and that desideratum seemed to be beyond my reach, for I was then a full-grown man.

My experience as a young Christian, trying to find the path of duty, and my observations of the practice of pastors of churches since 1836, and the effect of such practices upon the churches and the world at large, have impressed me with the idea that there is a fatal defect somewhere. The practice of baptizing new converts into the churches and leaving them, without any special instruction, to derive from the stated ministration of the pulpit such spiritual food as is within their reach, to find out their duty to God and man, and to grow up into Christ the best they can (as was the case in my young days), is certainly not in accordance with the command of Christ, "teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you."

Should not their pastor—no one can take his place—on the day of their baptism, and for some time afterwards have these new converts alone, and give them their first lesson in religious life—teach them how to pray, and what to pray for? Yea, have each one, there and then, lead in prayer for what he wants. At that stage they can and may be induced to pray. In a word, show them how to commence a religious life, and encourage them in it. Watch them closely and know the workings of their minds and lead them into useful religious work. If pastors of churches would do this, they would soon find no scarcity of men and women to conduct meetings in different localities, and perform good work. A new life would spring up in the churches, and the desert would soon blossom as a rose. This is what I needed and what I craved.

Without this fostering care, from the day of their baptism, a large proportion of those who do not die, for the want of life, will be rent by doubts and temptations, and, for the want of exercise will become religious dwarfs. Left to themselves, they will never be able to find anything to do in the church, or to feel that it is their duty to do anything for the glory of Christ in

their midst, or for the extension of his kingdom in regions beyond.

Who is responsible for the loss, to the church and the world, of the thousands of men now in the learned and other professions, who, during their early Christian life doubtless had something like my experience and convictions of duty, but who, for the want of timely instructions and guidance, or even a word of sympathy from their pastors quailed before the difficulties in their way, and successfully resisted and stifled their convictions of duty?

My conscience constrains me to confess, that much of the responsibility rests with us pastors, who have the guidance of God's host, and have failed to take the young members by the hand and gently lead them into some good work.

By this time I felt conscious that I could never be happy as a farmer, and that God had something else for me to do. After prayerful consideration of my situation, I managed, by a compromise, to put off to some future day the final decision in regard to my life work. I promised my conscience that, late as it was, I would take steps to acquire an education that would enable me to teach a high school, which would be a great blessing to the neighborhood; that I would become an active member in the church, and would, on all suitable occasions, exhort sinners to repent and be saved.

With this end in view, I ventured to ask my father to give me my portion of goods then in the form of an education, as I had a conviction that farming would not be my vocation in life. He regretted extremely his inability to send all his children abroad to a good school, and said that for him to attempt to send me would be making an invidious distinction. I then told him that when I became a free man I intended to go to school if I had to make brick by moonlight to pay my way, and asked him if he would allow me liberty to go to school on my own responsibility when I was nineteen, the age at which my oldest brother had married. To this he assented, and promised to assist me some. With desire I looked forward to the next year, when I hoped, with the proceeds of my horse, saddle, and bridle, to commence preparation for new work.

I felt that God had something for me to do in the world, and that my first duty was to prepare myself for it. As I was a full-grown man and had not the means to accomplish what I had set before me, the prospect seemed dark indeed. But I resolved that, with the blessing of God, I would *make* a way—that no obstacle, that could be overcome by human effort, should be regarded as insurmountable. This decision, made upon my knees, gave me courage and afforded some relief. Thenceforth the object which I had set before me was the center around which all my thoughts, prayers, plans, and hopes revolved.

Soon after this decision was made, I commenced my last quarter at an old field school. Here, where there were many grown young men, and the house being in an old field, I had some difficulty in finding a quiet place for prayer and meditation. After some days of exploration, I came upon a deep gully, a sharp turn in which was well concealed from view by a thick bush of dogwood. Here, by placing a bit of board across the gully to raise my knees above the rivulet, I inquired of the Lord, and enjoyed many precious seasons of prayer. I next sought a suitable place where I could sit unobserved and read and meditate upon the word of God. This I found in a thick pine bush, where, with my knife, I soon made a brush house, closed at the north and on the two sides and overhead, to protect me from the cold wind, and open to the south to admit the warm sun and light.

Here, in this brush house, I studied the Bible during recess, and meditated upon the riches of the love of God in Christ Jesus, and upon the dark future. While the difficulties in the way of accomplishing the object I had in view at times seemed insurmountable, I was never without hope that He who had inspired me with the desire to serve and honor Him would throw light upon my way. This hope, I observed, was always strongest after a season of prayer at the old oak tree in the morning, in the gully at noon, and in the stable at night, when I fed my horse. Often, for days, I felt the keenest compunction for failing to obey, to the best of my ability, the clear convictions of my heart.

CHAPTER III.

TELLS WHAT HORSE, SADDLE, AND BRIDLE HELPED TO PAY FOR—1838-1846—AGE 19-27.

Mr. Yates' reminiscences now tell of his student life in academy and college.

As the time drew near when I would be at liberty to commence my career in pursuit of an education, it became a matter of important inquiry as to what school I should attend. My pastor, Mr. Dowd, who seemed to have an intuitive perception of my thoughts and aims, and of the enterprise upon which I was about to set out, recommended Wake Forest Hill Academy, distant from home thirty-four miles; and I, of course, took his advice.

In the northern portion of Wake County is Wake Forest Township, which owes its name to the magnificent forest of oak which originally extended for many miles. In this section, about three miles from Wake Forest College, was the excellent private academy of Mr. G. W. Thompson. This gentleman, who afterwards represented his district in the State senate, was a man of affairs, of large influence, and, withal, of deep and intelligent piety. His useful life was prolonged for very many years, and to the last he took delight in telling of the piety and industry of his former pupil.

Early in the year 1838, with my trunk well filled with nice things, prepared by my dear mother and sisters, I took leave of the parental roof, for the first time, to be absent five months. Never shall I forget how deeply impressed I was with a sense of my dependence upon God. Mr. and Mrs. John Fleming, with whom it had been arranged for me to board, near the academy, received me cordially and treated me kindly, and proved to be the excellent of the earth. The next day I was

introduced to the teacher of the academy, George W. Thompson, whom I found to be a man of small stature, intelligent, affable, and evidently a good man. On the whole, I was much pleased with my prospects, and was able to rejoice in the good Providence that had guided me thus far.

As Mr. Fleming had three other boarders, who occupied the same large room with me, I found it necessary to resort to the woods again for an altar of prayer, without which I could not feel that my communion with God was satisfactory. And as the undergrowth about the academy was very sparse, I had some difficulty in finding a suitable place.

Finally I found in the midst of a majestic forest an immense hollow oak tree standing in a ravine. I cleaned out the hollow and made a plank floor to protect me from the dampness, for it was big enough for me to turn around in. Thither I went every morning just before daylight. This hollow tree, in the ravine and before daylight, was darker than Egypt. But I was afraid of neither snakes nor devils, for I knew that the Lord was with me there.

I became more and more impressed with the idea that my compromise would not bring me comfort, and that it was my duty to preach the gospel. I kept these thoughts to myself, and felt all the time that I was on trial. Consequently I had little or no religious enjoyment, feeling that I was living in the neglect of duty. I often wondered if other people had any such impressions about religious duty, and what they did with such impressions.

One rainy morning, just at the crack of day in that ravine, I was disturbed by a noise outside. I must have been praying audibly, for I heard some one say: "Who dat?" I stopped for a moment, and then began praying again. I was startled by a terrible yell outside. I peeped out and saw an old negro man running down the hill as fast as he could, with a basket of corn on his arm, and the corn flying in every direction, as he cried: "Oh, lordy, have mercy on this poor nigger, for the day of judgment am come, and I'se not ready." Then I understood the situation. My colored friend's road to his pig-pen passed near my house of prayer. I frightened him more than

he did me. But I hope it did him good. I never knew the old man to pass that way again.

At the end of the session I went home for a month, and then returned at the commencement of the next session to my same boarding house and hollow oak.

The year 1839 I taught a school at Mount Pisgah Church, in order to secure the necessary funds to continue my studies. The walk to and from my school (two and a half miles) afforded time and opportunity for meditation, and, by the side of an old pine, in a thick bush, not far from the camp ground, I found a suitable place for prayer at noon. It was a year of great mental conflict and spiritual dearth; for I was living in the neglect of known duty. I had not presented my body a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which was my reasonable service. To pray the prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do," seemed a mockery. The Spirit of Truth seemed to indicate clearly that the ministry was my vocation, but I did not feel worthy to engage in so sacred and responsible a work, for I knew I was not prepared for it.

The study of geography and history during the last session at school had made me somewhat acquainted with the moral condition of the millions in other lands, who were destitute of the knowledge of the true God, and of Jesus Christ, the way of life. I thought it strange that so little was said from the pulpit about the heathen who were worshiping dumb idols—the images of dead men, or of imaginary beings. While meditating on the tenth of Romans, the suggestion came to me, "Why should you wait for others? Why should you not go and teach the heathen the way of life?" This question remained with me by day and by night. The impracticability of this idea added much to my perplexity of mind.

I now had two great questions to solve: First, Shall I make known to my friends that I feel that I am called to preach the gospel? Second, Is it my duty to go far hence to the Gentiles? As I was not prepared to do either, I thought it best to keep these thoughts to myself.

Early in 1840 I returned to the academy and went to board with my teacher, Mr. Thompson. There I had a room to my-

self, a small brick office in the garden. In this quiet retreat I had every convenience for study, prayer, and meditation. These facilities only intensified my mental conflict; for, whenever I was not engaged with my studies, the subject of my duty to God and man was ever before my mind, demanding a decision. At times I tried to dismiss it from my thoughts by engaging in boyish sports, but the effect of these attempts was only momentary.

Before the end of the session I was made to realize that, in resisting my convictions of duty, I was committing a great sin, that I was driving from me the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, and that I could not expect happiness in this life, except in the path of duty.

I spent one Sabbath afternoon in earnest prayer for guidance and for grace to do my duty. And there and then, upon my knees in that small brick office, I was enabled to make a complete surrender of myself, soul and body, a living sacrifice unto God, to do whatsoever the Spirit of Truth might point out as my duty in life, and to go wheresoever he might assign me my work. Feeling that I was in the presence of the Holy One, I said, "O Lord, I am conscious that I am not now fitted for so great a work as preaching the gospel, but I will use my best efforts to improve the talents thou hast given me, and will use them to the best of my ability in thy service, and for the advancement of thy kingdom. Here, Lord, I give myself to thee, use me for thy glory whensoever and wheresoever it seemeth good in thy sight."

This surrender brought great relief and comfort to my weary soul. I went up to the house about twilight, found Brother Thompson alone on the portico, and told him the impressions I had had for years and the decision to which I had come. He encouraged me, and warned me against resisting the Spirit of God.

Mr. Thompson wrote some years ago this account of the interview:

On my return, one day, from the Academy, Mr. Yates invited me to his room for a private and confidential interview.

Then it was that, amidst an overflow of tender emotion, he expressed to me the impressions of his mind on the subject of the ministry. When I had heard him through, he asked me to advise him and tell him what to do, remarking at the same time that he felt as though he would be willing to go to a land of heathenism to preach the gospel, were he competent for such a work.

I advised him not to resist his impressions, and assured him that God would direct his steps.

The reminiscences continue the story:

I also wrote my impressions to my friend J. L. Prichard, who was about to graduate at Wake Forest College. He showed my letter to Rev. Samuel Wait, the president of the college, who invited me to call and see him at the college. I did so, and in a long interview told him something of my experience. His noble heart melted towards me. He at once urged me to come to college without delay and commence a regular course of study with the view of fitting myself for more effective work in the world. I urged my age (then twenty-one) and the want of the necessary funds as a bar to such an undertaking. He replied, "Never mind, never mind, where there is a will there is a way. The State Convention will help you; come to college; come next session."

In a letter to Dr. Wait, written more than a year after his arrival in China, Mr. Yates referred to this interview.

Shanghai, September 20, 1848.

To Rev. Samuel Wait, D.D:

My mind recurs with pleasure to my first interview with you. This was in the spring of 1840, and was the result of a letter which I had addressed to Rev. J. L. Prichard in regard to my education, and my call to the ministry and the foreign field. That, though late, was an important epoch in my life. The measures then adopted in my behalf had, and will have, an important bearing on my career in life.

I often review with much pleasure my connection with you in college. The five years I passed at Wake Forest were to

me happy years, and I now more clearly see than I did then that they were the most important days of my early life.

Dr. Yates continues his narrative as follows:

As I had resolved to consecrate my life to the service of God, I thought that I would give the matter prayerful consideration, consult a few wise and prudent friends, and then do what might seem to be for the glory of God. Mr Thompson, Rev. Thomas Meredith, then the editor of the Biblical Recorder, and my old pastor, Mr. Dowd, all advised me, notwithstanding my age, to go to college. They also promised their influence to secure aid from the Baptist State Convention. As I had resolved never to disobey again the voice of Providence, I prepared to go to Wake Forest College, and entered at the opening of the session, in August, 1840. I had to begin with a class of boys, in what was then the preparatory department. President Wait, seeing the humiliating contrast, consoled me by saying, "Never mind; it is a horse and a pony race; a horse will outrun a pony in a long race."

At the next session of the Convention, then a comparatively small body, I was adopted as its beneficiary. I was aided during my entire collegiate course and I have never ceased to be profoundly grateful. While in college I taught singing schools at the college and in the country churches, to meet, as far as possible, various incidental expenses. During my entire course, no one ever discovered my bush house of prayer, where I never ceased to seek light from above.

Subsequent pages of this record will show that the gratitude to which Mr. Yates referred did not exhaust itself in sentiment. He was a constant contributor, during the last years of his life, to aid in the education of ministers at Wake Forest, and he gave to the Endowment and to the Students' Aid Fund at least six thousand dollars. The Seminary in Louisville, and Richmond College also, as will be seen, received large gifts from him.

Four honored, and now venerable, alumni of Wake Forest have kindly furnished some of their reminiscences

of the student life of Dr. Yates. It will be noticed that these gentlemen were intimate with him at different periods. The first two tell of his earlier years in college.

Dr. J. H. Lane, of Marlboro County, S. C., who was a student at Wake Forest from 1838 to 1841, writes:

Yates was the superintendent of a Sunday school at Wake Union Church, about a mile from the college. I was an assistant in the school. In this way we were thrown together and became, first friends, and then room-mates. There was never the slightest jar in our friendship. He was a quiet, dignified young man, but good company and, in everything, a perfect gentleman. He was quite tall and well formed. He dressed plainly, but always neatly. Yates was not a brilliant student, but, on the contrary, was slow. He was, however, very persevering and thorough.

While I roomed with him, he had symptoms of the throat trouble that annoyed him in his subsequent career. Having the idea that stooping over his books made his throat worse, he had a desk made high enough to stand at while studying. I can vividly recall his tall form as he stood at that desk, and it seems to me that he always stood there. He rarely spoke of himself or of his plans after leaving college. When he did so, he always declared that he intended to preach the gospel to the heathen.

A few weeks before his death in August, 1896, Rev. J. A. W. Thomas, of Bennettsville, S. C., wrote:

My intercourse and association with Yates during the session we were together at Wake Forest, in 1841, was more intimate from the fact that he and Lane were room-mates. There were but two other students besides Lane and myself from South Carolina, and, quite naturally, we were often together. This brought us into the "corner room," Number 37, where slept and studied the great missionary. But I doubt if either of us ever thought that the modest, quiet young man was ever to attain to distinction in scholarship, or in anything else than purity of heart and consecration to Christ. We all felt the influence of his piety. But, as I remember, we all thought that

he was a plodder. His application was close, but he took in things slowly. We were members of the same literary society; and I used to marvel how it was that young men below him in the classes, of fewer years, and of less application to study, could worst him in debate. But I long ago learned to admire him the more when the plodder had become a leader in the world of letters as well as in Christian service. After Yates went to China, he seemed to make a second growth physically and intellectually and he outstanced all his competitors of the session of '41-2. But we rejoiced in his success.

Mr. Menalcus Lankford, who was a fellow student with Yates from 1841 to 1845, has contributed the following reminiscences. These, as well as those of Dr. Solomon, which follow, suggest that between the beginning and the end of his college course there was a marked development in the man, the student, and the debater.

Yates was an early riser, and often did his best studying before sunrise. During one college term, I roomed immediately over him, his room being at that time on the first floor of the old dormitory building. In order that I, too, might form the habit of early rising, I procured a bell and, having attached it to the headboard of my bed, passed a wire connected with it through the floor and ceiling into Yates' room. By this means, he roused me early every morning.

Yates' money became scarce, and, being greatly opposed to debt, he remained out of college one session, doing some kind of agency work. On his return, the following year, he had to fall back into the class of '46, of which I was a member. He became my room-mate, and I never had a better one. He was neat and orderly in everything. His room was nicely kept. It is a little thing, but I remember that, after washing, he invariably rinsed out the bowl. His dress was plain, but always neat and in good taste. Though fond of exercise, he took no part in games. He had a good voice, and was fond of singing. While he bowed in silent prayer at his bedside before retiring, as his custom was, I was quiet and respectful; though at that time I prayed not for myself.

He was a good debater. Rarely, if ever, did he voluntarily defend what he considered the wrong side of a question. The students showed their confidence in him by frequently making him their judge or arbiter in matters of controversy.

Rev. J. B. Solomon, D.D., now of Kentucky, who entered Wake Forest College during the session of 1844-5, tells of Mr. Yates as he knew him during his junior and senior years in college:

When I first knew him, in January, 1845, Yates was a student in his junior year. He impressed me as a young man of decided convictions. His Christian principles were manifest in all that he said and did. There was no ostentation, but his religion dominated his whole manner of life.

His bearing was quiet and unassuming, both among his fellow students and in social circles. While he was genial and affable, there was about him a native dignity which repressed all undue familiarity or unbecoming jocularity. This was the result of genuine manliness, purified and elevated by deep piety. While his manner was cordial toward all, his intimate companions were few. With these he was unreserved, transparent, discreet and circumspect. Yet his discretion had no appearance of conscious constraint. He seemed to say or do just the right thing, because there was nothing else to be said or done. Cheerful and bright himself, he enjoyed innocent mirth as much as any of us. But he appeared to know instinctively the point where propriety ends and impropriety begins.

As a student Yates was punctual and studious, never wasting his time. For the most part, he denied himself the social pleasures of College Hill, lest they should interfere with his studies. But he was careful to take such exercise daily as he deemed necessary for his health.

To those who sought his advice he was a wise and loving counsellor. And he did not hesitate to speak words of caution to his more intimate companions. This was done with so much delicacy, and in such a loving, Christian spirit, that it not only accomplished the desired end, but endeared him the more to the admonished friend.

Although a beneficiary of the Convention, Yates was not content to receive aid when he could help himself. He sought opportunities for profitable employment which would not interfere with his duties as a student. Such an opportunity presented itself in 1845.

A celebrated teacher of vocal music, by the name, I think, of Oakes, formed a class in Raleigh Yates attended it every Saturday until he became quite proficient both in the science and the art of music. He then formed a class of students and of citizens of College Hill, which he taught in one of the college halls. As well as I can remember, the class numbered about forty, and he received five dollars from each member. He was the best teacher of vocal music whom I have ever met, and it is not remarkable that this enterprise was eminently successful.

Yates undertook nothing hastily, but, having undertaken, he was patient and persevering. This characteristic adhered to him throughout his long and useful career.

CHAPTER IV.

BEGINS IN AMERICA AND ENDS IN CHINA— 1846-7— AGE 27-8.

PRESIDENT WAIT and others had written to Rev. J. B. Taylor, Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, at Richmond, concerning Mr. Yates, whose convictions as to his life work were no secret on College Hill.

In the winter before Mr. Yates' graduation, Mr. Taylor visited Wake Forest in order to meet the candidate for foreign work under the auspices of the Southern Baptist Convention. This had been organized only a few months before.

As a result of this visit, any uncertainty as to the fitness of Mr. Yates for his chosen work was removed. President Wait, Professor White, and Mr. J. S Purefoy,

all men of sound practical judgment, urged that he was eminently well qualified, and a favorable impression was made by Mr. Yates himself.

The following letter was written by Mr. Taylor at the time to a member of his family:

Raleigh, Feb. 15, 1846.

It was found to be important that I should remain at Wake Forest two days, as a young brother is there who in all probability will be engaged as one of our missionaries. His name is Yates. I am much pleased with him, and cannot but hope that the Lord intends him for eminent usefulness. His college studies will close in June. He seems determined to spend his life among the heathen. The professors all speak well of him, and think him, in many respects, eminently qualified for the work. I had several interviews with him.

In a letter dated March 17, 1846, Mr. Yates wrote:

My attention was first directed to the condition of the heathen world from reading the Memoirs of Mrs. Judson, soon after obtaining, I trust, the remission of my sins. Frequently did I weep for hours, while following my plow or using my trowel, when I would reflect that the poor heathen, who knew nothing of Jesus Christ, the only Saviour of the world, must die and appear before God to be judged according to their works in this world.

In April, 1846, Professor White wrote from Wake Forest College to the Foreign Mission Board:

Mr. Yates is over six feet high, straight, broad-chested, and inclined to be spare, with black eyes and hair, an agreeable countenance, and, for his opportunity, an easy and dignified manner. He has been here about six years. He has a very pleasant, full voice and possesses, indeed, many elements of a forcible and commanding speaker. I think that he has a well-balanced mind.

During the spring of 1846 Mr. Yates was not in vigorous health, and was almost ready, on that account, to

surrender his cherished purpose of becoming a foreign missionary.

Wake Forest College, May 10, 1846.

To Rev. James B. Taylor, Corresponding Secretary:

I am now almost ready to despair of ever being restored to perfect health again. While my heart is deeply interested in the cause of missions, I much doubt the expediency of the step. My father's family physician says that I could not live three years in an Eastern clime. If this be true, to send me out would be a useless expenditure on the part of the Board.

All I wish in this case is to know what my duty is.

In view of the facts, as we now know them, that he lived, not three, but nearly forty-three years in China, and that thirty-five years after leaving college he could write, "I am as stout as a Hercules and as erect as a Belvedere," one cannot but be amused at the confident opinion of the physician.

Two years later Mr. S. G. O'Bryan, a Wake Forest student, in response to the personal appeals of Mr. Yates, declared his willingness to go to China. He was not encouraged to do so on account of the adverse opinion of a physician, who, after expressing this opinion, wrote: "Physicians, however, are not always prophets, and their opinions must necessarily fall into the channel of all human fallibility." The good doctor's wisdom in making this modest disclaimer is apparent in view of the fact that Mr. O'Bryan, after serving several years as a professor in Baylor University, labored for many years as a pioneer preacher in Texas.

Subsequently Mr. Yates wrote to Mr. Taylor:

I have, with prayerful meditation, looked over the globe, and there is no field which seems to me so inviting as China. I am now resolved, and I hope that I have been guided by the Holy Spirit—that, let others say what they may about rushing into danger, I will go wheresoever God, in his providence, may direct me. Since coming to this irrevocable conclusion my

feelings and affections seem to have winged their way to China. This enterprise has swallowed up every other.

The improvement of Mr. Yates' health, and the more favorable opinion of other physicians, removed the difficulty which had seemed to bar his way to China. Of the removal of another obstacle he has written in his reminiscences.

When I graduated, in June, 1846 Prof. White, at that time the acting president, asked me what I intended to do next. I replied that I wished first to engage in something that would enable me to pay a debt of $250, incurred in securing my education, and, after that, I proposed to offer myself to the Foreign Mission Board, as I felt that the Lord required my services in a heathen land.

That same afternoon he came to my room and said, "Here, Yates, is the money you say you require to liberate you. Now prepare yourself for China."

He had collected the amount on College Hill.

At the same time Prof. White handed me three letters. In two of these were offers of desirable positions for work. One of them, from Alabama, invited me to preach to two churches and teach a select school at a salary of $2,000 a year. I declined these positions and answered favorably the other letter, which was from the Secretary of the Board, in Richmond. Thus I consecrated my life to the Foreign Mission work in China, at a salary of $750 a year.

After spending a few weeks at home, Mr. Yates visited Richmond, Va., and appeared before the Board. He was promptly accepted as a missionary, and, on August 3, 1846, he entered into the relations whose cordiality remained unmarred until the end of his service and his life. On his return to North Carolina, he sought by travel to widen the range of his acquaintance and influence, and visited several sections of the State, preaching and pleading for missions.

One of the most important events of Mr. Yates' life, an event which had no little to do with his subsequent

usefulness, was his marriage, on September 27th, 1846, to Eliza E. Moring, of Chatham County. The consecration, cheerful endurance, and excellent sense of this lovely and cultured woman will, to some extent, be revealed to the reader of these pages. To no missionary was ever given a more loyal and efficient helpmeet.

Eliza Moring was born December 14, 1821, in Chatham County, N. C. Her father, John Moring, having died while she was very young, she became an inmate of the home of her uncle, Mr. Christopher Moring, a prosperous merchant of Greensboro. Here she enjoyed excellent educational advantages. Having completed the course of study in a Presbyterian seminary, she accepted a position as governess in the family of Mr. William Merritt, in her native county. This position she occupied until her marriage.

Her acquaintance with Mr. Yates dated from her childhood. During vacations they were often together, and their long friendship ripened into a stronger attachment.

She had been reared in a Christian home, and early in life had made a profession of religion. But, being at first a doubting Christian, and having an exalted conception of the responsibilities of church membership, she deferred following Christ in baptism until after her marriage. On November 14th, 1846, she was baptized by Dr. Wait into the fellowship of the Wake Forest Baptist Church.

After she once entered the path of duty which opened before her, every doubt seemed to have vanished. Her Christian life was henceforth irradiated with sunshine. Amid privations, perils, afflictions, and discouragements, her faith was strong and her hope cheerful.

"In the beauty of her modesty," wrote Dr. Tupper, "this lady refers to herself as 'the wife of a missionary;' but more than once, during the long absences of her husband, the whole responsibilty of the Shanghai Mission has been thrown upon her and the native pastor. The business-like manner in which affairs have been man-

MRS. MATTHEW T. YATES.

aged and accounts rendered has been so marked as to solicit the express commendation of the Board."

As a loyal co-worker, as well as a loving companion, she stood by her husband's side for forty years, and after his death she for six years continued her beloved work at Shanghai as an unpaid missionary.

The large place occupied by her in the life of Mr. Yates, and in the early history of the Shanghai Mission, will justify the insertion into this story of a number of her letters.

By request of Mount Pisgah Church, Mr. Yates was ordained during the meeting of the Baptist State Convention, which, that year, met in Raleigh. The services were on Sunday night, October 18th. Thomas Meredith preached the sermon, J. Dennis offered the prayer, J. B. Taylor delivered the charge, Richard Furman presented the Bible, and Samuel Wait gave the right hand of fellowship.

Dr. Solomon, who was present, says:

Mr. Yates was much exercised in mind on the subject of his ordination. Almost to a painful degree did he feel its solemn import, in view of the special work to which he was about to be set apart.

The ordination was one of the most impressive and pathetic scenes that I have ever witnessed. Several of those who had been his fellow students, at his request, joined with him in singing the hymn selected by himself:

Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well,
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Rev. James B. Taylor, of Richmond, Va., in delivering the charge to the candidate, used one illustration which I have never forgotten. He said, in substance: By a triumph of science, within the last few weeks, a man in New York can now

send a message almost instantaneously to his friend in New Orleans. You, my brother, are going to the antipodes. We can no longer see you. But we shall have a line of swifter communication with you, through the throne of God, than any that human science has ever invented.

There were few dry eyes in the crowded audience when these services closed.

Like a fertilizing wave, the enthusiasm aroused by these interesting services at the Convention flowed over North Carolina and into other States. The long latent sense of obligation to the heathen was for the first time awakened in many hearts. For Yates was the first missionary to go from North Carolina to a foreign land.

That Yates in China did more to build up the kingdom of Christ in America than Yates in America could have done, will hardly be doubted. And, though no man can tell what noble structures are to be built upon the solid foundations laid by him in China, it may be questioned whether the reflex influence of his work upon the churches at home was not equal to the direct influence of his work abroad.

Previous to this time, the obligation to give the gospel to the heathen had rested very lightly upon the great majority of the Baptists of North Carolina. Some of the more intelligent and pious, stirred by the fervid eloquence of Luther Rice and others, or touched by the pathetic memoir of Mrs. Judson, had begun to take a lively interest in Foreign Missions. Others, influenced by the addresses and writings of the anti-missionary *Osborn, had been provoked into hostility to all missionary enterprise, a hostility which rent asunder churches and associations. But with most of the Baptists of the State

*Elder James Osborn, of Maryland, about 1830-5, traveled extensively among the Baptist churches of North Carolina. He sold his books, misrepresented the purposes and methods of missionary organizations, and sowed the seeds of dissension. This was the genesis of the anti-missionary churches and associations in the State.

there was neither interest nor hostility, but only indifference. In one of his earlier letters to Mr. Yates, after the latter had reached Shanghai, Rev. J. B. Taylor wrote: "You know something of the state of things among the churches, and how utterly dead they have been to the great responsibility of giving the gospel to the world. It is truly a day of small things. It is not, however, to be despised; a change will take place." The change did come; its extent is revealed by the large and steady increase of contributions. The year before the Civil War the Baptists of North Carolina gave to Foreign Missions more than ten times as much as they had given in 1846.

In the autumn of 1846 the Raleigh Association, which at that time included also the churches now composing the Central Association, passed with enthusiasm a resolution which must have been both gratifying and reassuring to the young missionary. Here is the record:

> It is unanimously resolved that this body adopts Brother Matthew T. Yates as our son and our missionary to China, and that we, as a body of Christians, will give him a competent support during his stay or life.

At the Convention, Rev. R. Furman, then pastor in Newbern, offered a resolution which, after mentioning the action of the association, concluded by saying: "We behold in this event cheering indications of the missionary spirit, for which we rejoice and bless the God of missions."

The committee which was annually appointed by the association to carry into effect the latter part of their resolution, reported in 1850, "Four years have passed, and each year the pledge has been redeemed." A few years later, however, there was a great falling off, and the pledge was not entirely redeemed. But in later years the Raleigh and Central Associations paid in full Dr. Yates' salary of $1,000.

At this time, and doubtless through the influence of Mr. Yates, was organized at Wake Forest College the

Society for Enquiry as to the Moral and Religious Condition of the World. This society, under a changed name and a modified organization, has never ceased to meet regularly once a month. At least half a score of men who, during their student life, were members of it, have become foreign missionaries, and hundreds, now pastors in all parts of the United States, have gained from it information and inspiration as to the missionary enterprise.

Dr. Willingham has said in the Seminary Magazine:

> North Carolina is known as "The Missionary State," because of the number of her sons and daughters who have gone to mission fields. Much of this is doubtless due to M. T. Yates, but North Carolina has not been the only State quickened; his influence has gone through the whole Convention which sent him, and has reached to the ends of the earth.

A designation service of unusual interest was held in the first Baptist church in Richmond on the night of December 18th. Though the services were protracted to a late hour, a large audience remained deeply interested to the close. J. B. Jeter, President of the Board, M. T. Sumner, J. B. Taylor, E. Kingsford, E. Shaver, and A. Hall took prominent parts. Addresses were made, also, by Yates, Shuck, Tobey, Yong Seen Sang, and Dr. James. Rev. Frank Johnson, who belonged to the party, was too unwell to be present. Mr. Yates' address on this occasion, "On the importance of diffusing missionary information," was altogether practical in its nature.

It had been planned that Yates, Tobey, and Shuck, with their wives, Johnson, and the Christian Chinaman, Yong-seen-sang, should make the voyage to China together. These all met in Philadelphia, February 21, 1847. The next day, Sunday, a great congregation, including many ministers, gathered at Dr. Kennard's church to hear and speed on their way the missionary party. "Also at Sansom Street Church, at night," wrote one of the party, "we received again assurances of the

sympathy of our Philadelphia brethren. Their addresses, prayers, and conduct all showed genuine love for us. May God richly bless them."

The next day, accompanied by Mr. Taylor, the Secretary of the Board, they went to New York. There also, at Dr. Cone's church, they were greeted by a large gathering, in which were many ministers. "Fervently were we commended by them to God."

One of the young missionaries was greatly impressed by Dr. Cone, and wrote to a friend: "Dr. Cone, sir, is a man that stands straight up on his feet and looks right out of his two eyes and speaks right from his heart."

The serious illness of Mrs. Yates prevented the original plan from being carried out. The other members of the party sailed on March 11th, 1847, on the Ashburton, leaving Mr. Yates and his wife behind, and sorely disappointed. Mr. Taylor wrote from Boston:

> Our afflicted sister would willingly have been carried to her berth and have been borne from our shores with the hazard of finding a grave in the ocean; but the interdict of the physician and the advice of her friends prevented.

Mr. Yates remained several weeks in New York, for the most part at the bedside of his wife. While in this city they were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs Cilley, who treated them more like their own children than as guests.

A month, also, while Mrs. Yates was regaining her strength, was spent in Boston in the hospitable home of Mr. Poland.

During this detention in Boston, Mr. Yates had occasion to refer in grateful terms to the kind services of the members of the Board of the Missionary Union.

It was from Mr. Poland's home that he wrote for the press the first of his numerous appeals for more men and women to work by his side in China. In closing this article he said:

> Our churches are much disposed to say of their young men whose hearts are burning with love to God and their fellow-

men, "Let them alone; if they are called to preach, they'll do it, let their circumstances be what they may."

By pursuing this course, many a modest and promising plant has been left to droop and die for want of proper culture. Brethren, you should take them by their trembling hands and lead them to the work.

On April 26, 1847, they embarked at Boston for Hong Kong on the Thos. W. Sears, which Mr. Yates described as a fine and fast sailing vessel. The voyage was, on the whole, pleasant and without other incident than one fearful storm, which was encountered in mid ocean and lasted for five days.

Even while hearing what he described as "the hideous howling of the winds," Mr. Yates wrote: "There is in a storm at sea something that is awfully sublime; and yet, to a composed mind, there is much that is beautiful." He was at all times a good sailor, and never suffered from sea-sickness.

Our travelers, on their arrival at Hong Kong, found that they had no reason to regret their enforced delay in America. Mr. Shuck and his companions, though they had sailed about six weeks before Mr. Yates and his wife, had reached Hong Kong only twenty-two days before them. And the voyage of the latter was not only three weeks shorter, but it was far more pleasant; for their friends told them that "the conduct of the captain of the Ashburton, an outspoken infidel, was coarse, vulgar, and brutal toward the missionaries. An awful captain."

Perhaps the "awful captain" was the occasion thereof, but several of the Ashburton party were not in fit condition to proceed at once to their assigned fields of labor. Mr. Yates, however, thought it his duty to avail himself of the first opportunity to re-embark for Shanghai.

A letter from Mrs. Yates to the wife of President Wait describes the arrival in that city.

At Sea, Sept. 4, 1847.

It was on Monday, August 3d, about 8 o'clock in the evening, that we left Hong Kong for Whampoa, where this vessel,

the barque Eliza K. Killish, was lying. Very unexpected indeed was this second separation from our friends; but though to set out again, alone, and for a city in which dwells not a single individual to whom we are known was an unpleasant duty, still it *was* a duty.

We greatly long to get settled and begin the study of the language. The Canton station was anxious to keep Mr. Yates in place of Mr. Clopton, and had, I think, before our arrival, written to the board for permission to do so.

Contrary to what was told us in America, I have already found out that there are but few articles of food which cannot be procured in China. One may fare sumptuously every day.

But such is not my wish. Fortunately for me, sweet potatoes are abundant and cheap; from choice I live on them for the most part.

September 8.—Not at Shanghai yet, but nearly there. The charts for this coast are imperfect and, as piloting is not practiced here, a considerable part of two days has been lost in guarding against possible dangers.

I have just been up to look around. The land is very low and level, but the eye rests with pleasure on the verdure which spreads over it. We are near the entrance of the Woo-Sung River, two miles from the city which is to be our place of sojourn. Oh, that we may begin and carry on our work of teaching the Chinese in the fullness of the spirit of the gospel of Christ! The obstacles are many; the instruments are weak; but (and here is comfort) God is omnipotent and often his strength is made perfect in weakness. He who said, "Go ye into all the world," said also, "And lo, I am with you." What more can the missionary ask?

The consciousness of weakness and the reliance upon the power of God expressed in this letter recall the answer which the pioneer missionary to China, Robert Morrison, made to a pert shipping clerk. When he engaged his passage, the clerk said to him: "And so, Mr. Morrison, you really expect that you will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?"

"No, sir," said Morrison, with more than his usual sternness, "but I expect that God will." The letter continues:

I feel that I was blessed in having a separate passage across the wide ocean, for my time was almost exclusively my own, and my heart had full time for a close examination of its state before God. I had many bitter hours; I rejoice that I had. I then resolved and solemnly promised the Lord that I would strive to know my duty and to perform it, though every friend I have should frown, and though all the world should ridicule my course.

September 13.—Reached Shanghai yesterday at 12 o'clock. As it was the Sabbath, we made no effort to land. To-day my husband went ashore and, after a few hours absence, returned with two Episcopal friends, Rev. Messrs. Spaulding and Syle. The latter invited us to his house and has given us his parlor as a chamber, till a house can be rented.

October 11th finds us housekeeping, in which we have had nearly three weeks' experience. Imagine yourself compelled to direct the affairs of a family while unable to understand the language of your domestics or to make them understand your wishes. Then, perhaps, you will be able to form a faint idea of my difficulties. But there is one comfort. The difficulties grow less daily, as fast as I can store away words and sentences of this oddest of languages in this leaky head of mine.

After a few weeks I hope to be able to trust Chinese servants with my domestic work and give myself up to study. However, there is thought to be no better way of acquiring the colloquial dialect than by conversing with the natives. And this I am compelled to attempt.

Mr. Yates was among the pioneers in actual missionary work in China. For some years, it is true, Protestant missionaries had been waiting at the unopened gates of the Empire. Much valuable preparatory work had been done by Morrison, Milne, Medhurst, Williams, and others. But they were compelled to do this work, for the most part, at Macao, Malacca, Singapore, and Bankok among Chinese emigrants. Mr. Yates began work

at Shanghai, less than four years after the ratification of the treaty which granted to all foreigners the privilege of residence in the five ports of Canton, Amoy, Fuhchau, Ningpo, and Shanghai.

Before the young missionary and his companion, as they sailed up the Yang-tsz and Whampoo rivers, lay the most densely populated province of the Chinese Empire. But among the swarming multitudes there was not one person whom he had ever seen before. Unannounced and solitary was the arrival of the two young strangers who, absolutely ignorant of the language, the place, and the people, but with strong faith in God, had come to help in laying the foundations of "a mighty superstructure" which was to supplant idolatrous systems of universal acceptance.

CHAPTER V.

HOUSEKEEPING UNDER DIFFICULTIES—1847- AGE 28.

THE city of Shanghai, for forty-two years the home of Mr. Yates, is the most northern of the "Five Ports" opened in 1842 to the commerce of all nations. It is situated on about the same parallel of latitude with the city of Savannah, Ga., but is much warmer in summer and colder in winter than that city. Mr. Yates said that he had seen snow more than three feet deep on the level. The climate is said to be, on the whole, salubrious.

The well watered and fertile plain of the Yang-tsz River extends for many miles around the city. There is not a hill within forty miles, but there was in 1847 a vast pile of dirt within the walls, the accumulation of many years, like John Harmon's dust-heap, described by Dickens in Our Mutual Friend.

The city wall is six or seven miles in circumference, with bastions at regular intervals. The north and west

sides are each entered by one, and the east and south sides by two gates. The population, now more than 600,000, long since overflowed the limits of the walls until there were as many without as within them. Between these suburbs and the city proper are wide and deep canals. Similar canals intersect the city, and are available for transportation and for water supply.

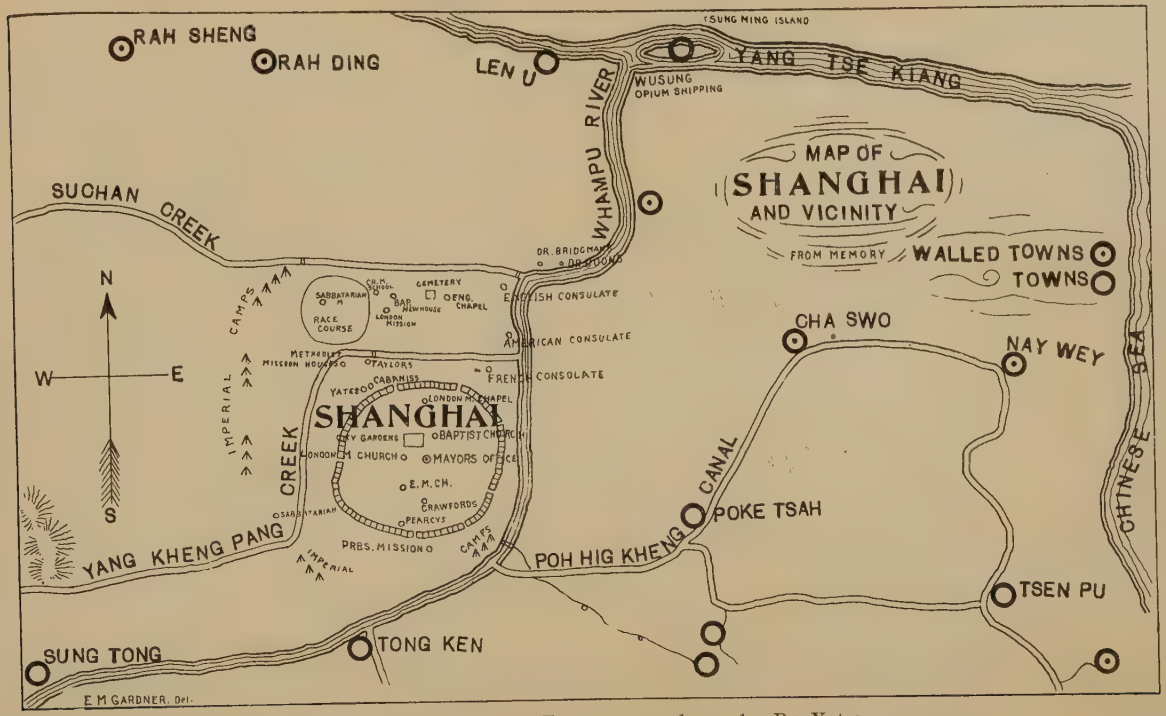
The streets are narrow, dirty, and crowded with pedestrians and vendors, chiefly of food. The houses, one or two stories high, are, for the most part, built of lead-colored brick. With the exception of a few public buildings, there is in the architecture of the city but little to please the eye.

Though fine trees and beautiful shrubbery are abundant, there are no forests near Shanghai. The soil of the great alluvial plain is so rich that three crops a year are obtained from the same fields, viz, cotton, wheat, and pulse. The cotton is sowed broadcast, and every stalk is carefully saved for fuel.

The northern suburbs of the city are occupied by foreigners. Here, on an extended river frontage, are spacious warehouses. For Shanghai is a great emporium of trade, especially in tea and silks. It is the gate of entrance to thirteen out of the eighteen provinces of the Chinese Empire. Situated sixty miles from the sea, and near the Yang-tsz River, the Mississippi of China, the city has been called the New Orleans of the Empire.

Of his introduction to and earliest adventures in this strange city, which was to be his life-long home and field of labor, Mr. Yates has written a charming narrative.

I knew no one in the great city that lay before me. Nor was there in it any foreign hotel or boarding house, where we might stay for a few days. And as to the foreign merchants and missionaries already there, most of them were in the heart of the native city. As we walked the deck of the ship, viewing the dark ocean of heathenism before us, we held a consultation. The decision was that the leap in the dark must be taken. The



Map of Shanghai and Environs, as drawn by Dr. Yates.

first thing was to get a *place* for a base of operations, a standing ground that we could call our home. Difficulties we expected and were prepared to take them as they came.

While I was in Hong Kong, Dr. Dean had given me a letter of introduction to the Austrian Consul at Shanghai, whose house was near the anchorage. Armed with this, I left Mrs. Yates on board the ship, and went on shore to spy out the land. The Austrian Consul, having his house full of ship-wrecked French officers, could afford me no accommodations. He put me into his official sedan chair, having four bearers and a runner ahead, to clear the way, and directed them to take me to the house of Bishop Boone, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, distant one and one-half miles.

They dashed into the crowded street (only seven or eight feet wide) at what I thought a dangerous speed, screaming an unintelligible speech. This I supposed from the actions of the runner, who shoved the people against the walls, was to make them yield the road. Some careless ones, not heeding the call, received hard knocks with the corners of my sedan. Seeing this and desirous of their safety, I drew myself together, first on one side of the sedan, then on the other, trying to save them as much as possible. But I soon discovered that all efforts on my part were useless. The people, as I judged from their countenances and actions, abused the bearers, while the bearers abused the people for not heeding their call to get out of the way. I seemed in the midst of a riotous mob for at least one mile. When the apparent disturbance seemed to reach its culminating point, I perceived that I was being carried up, and *up*, to the eaves of the houses on either side; then I crossed a high rock bridge; and then, as quickly as by a sudden dive, I descended into the dark mass of humanity. I say dark, for the street being very narrow and covered over with coarse matting to keep out the sun, had the appearance of a dimly-lighted tunnel.

Thus I went on, and on, till the sedan turned a corner and soon was set down in a narrow alley. I crawled out and began to look for the bishop's house. But the houses were all Chinese. I knocked at some of the doors in the high walls, and had

them slammed in my face, for they were Chinese residences. After some beating about in the numerous narrow passages, I spied a foreign child's dress hung out to dry.

Invited by this sign of civilization I entered the house of Rev. E. W. Syle, and, much to his surprise, not through the gate, but through the back court and kitchen. Bishop Boone, who lived next door, came in, and they soon comprehended my situation. But neither of them had a room or bed to spare.

Mr. Syle went out with me to look at some vacant houses that were for rent. They proved to be large, one-story, sugar warehouses, with floors as damp as that of an ice house. After lunch we went out again; but nothing that we saw would do for a white man to live in. As evening was approaching and I knew that Mrs. Yates was already becoming uneasy at my absence, we returned and reported our failure to Bishop Boone. He very kindly said, "If you have bedding, you can sleep on my parlor floor; that is the best we can do for you." I gladly accepted his offer, and at once returned to the vessel, much to the relief of Mrs. Yates. Mr. Syle, who could speak the language to some extent, assisted me in getting some things on shore before it was quite dark. Thus, you see, we made an humble entrance into China, our first night at Shanghai being passed *on the floor*; but we *entered*. Next day the good bishop succeeded in borrowing a bedstead and we were more comfortable.

In a few days, with the assistance of Mr. Syle, I rented a house about the center of the city. It was well known to be haunted; no Chinaman, for any consideration, could be induced to live in it, for several murders had been committed within its high walls. The landlord frankly told Mr. Syle that the house—known as *Yah-ăjaw-loong*—was infested with devils He was amazed to learn that we were not afraid of devils; and still more so to learn that when we went in the evil spirits would depart.

This house had been last used as a pawnbroker's establishment. All the partitions above stairs had been removed, leaving a large, barn-like hall, pierced at regular intervals by the posts which both supported the heavy tile roof and indicated the

divisions of the space into rooms. Here were abundant signs of the spirits or ghosts, of which we had been duly warned—rats. Into one side of this dirty place we moved ourselves with sundry boxes and trunks containing our worldly goods.

This was a time to hear words of complaint from a wife if she had not counted the cost or fully made up her mind to share my fortune. But from that day to the present no such word has ever been known to pass her lips. All honor to a brave woman!

I had come provided with a box of carpenter's tools. Bedstead, cooking stove, crockery, etc., were soon unpacked so far as to provide for immediate necessities. And, with the boards and nails of packing cases, my own hands extemporized a partition higher than a man's head, and so made a private room.

The day we moved in, Mr. Syle had his cook do some marketing for us and secure a man whom we called cook. He was able and willing to work, and understood signs very readily. We had no other means of communication with him.

However, we had learned from Mr. Syle, one sentence of the spoken language—*Te-ko-kiaw-sa? What is this called?* Thus supplied with a house, a cook, a ham, a few vegetables (we had also a few biscuits with us), and one sentence of the spoken language, we commenced life in Shanghai.

When Mr. Syle left us alone in Yah-djaw-loong, our consciousness of impotence was oppressive in the extreme. We were as ignorant of the language of the people as that of birds or beasts. Moreover our combined knowledge of practical housekeeping soon demonstrated that we had imported an ignorance that was equivalent to paralysis. We could not give the cook directions about our first meal, nor could we cook a bowl of rice ourselves. A dilemma! But something had to be done.

Hard work at opening cases and unpacking reminded us it was dinner time. The cook stood before us, grinning as he waited for orders. What should I do? I believed that I could fry a slice of ham and scramble a few eggs. So, armed with

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the one sentence, "What is this called?" and Mrs. Yates with blank book and pencil for taking notes, down the ladder we crawled to the improvised kitchen, followed by the cook, who for the time was our teacher. I pointed at the cooking stove, and said *Te-ko-kiaw-sa*? (What is this called?) Answer, *Tih-tsaw*. "Write that down." Seizing a bit of wood, I said: *Te-ko-kiaw-sa*? Answer, *Sza*. I struck a match, and pointing at the fire, said, *Te-ko-kiaw-sa*? Answer, *Who*. I made a fire in the stove: *Te-ko-kiaw-sa*? Answer, *Sang-who*. In like manner I took the carving knife, the ham, cut the ham, took up a frying pan, cleaned it, fried the ham, took some eggs, scrambled them, put them in a dish, asking about everything and every act, *Te-ko-kiaw-sa*? and Mrs. Yates writing down the answer.

We then crawled up the ladder to our great hall, feeling that we had accomplished something. Taking a cloth, the lining of a box, to spread on a packing case (for we had no table), I said, *Te-ko-kiaw-sa*? Answer, *Tsz-tare*. Then, placing on it all the furniture necessary for our simple repast, and asking the name of each article, I said, *Te-ko-kiaw-sa*? Answer, *Ba tay-tsz* (set the table).

We partook of ham and eggs with relish, asking no questions till we had finished. Then I said, *Te-ko-kiaw-sa*? Answer, *Ch'uh-van* (eat rice).

Thus we prepared and ate our first meal in our own hired house. The character of our conversation, while we ate, I leave you to imagine; for the way before us was dark. We found great difficulty in deciding what English letters would best represent to our ears the strange sounds we heard; for many of these sounds seemed to have no well defined initial or final letter in our alphabet. But I remembered what President Wait said to me on entering college late in life and with limited funds, "Where there is a will, there is a way."

We set vigorously to work again, unpacking and putting things on the bed; for we had nowhere else to put them. That key sentence which gave us the names of things was in constant use till supper time. After consultation, we ventured an order for supper. The cook was called and had read

out to him a digest of what we had written down, as follows: *Tih-tsaw* (cooking stove), *sang-who* (light a fire), *ngaw-bung* (frying pan), *sing kwo-zing* (wash very clean), *tsee who tay* (fry ham), *Ts'aw tan* (scramble eggs), *ba tay-tsz* (set the table), *ch' uh-van* (eat rice).

He bolted down the ladder at a dangerous speed, and we followed to see if his actions indicated that he understood the order. We had the pleasure of congratulating each other, for he executed the order to the letter. We took courage. I think I hear you say that must have been an intelligent cook to comprehend such an order. Well, his name, *Ts'ih kw'ay* (seventh son, or literally, the seventh slice), may, to some, indicate intelligence.

With the aid of an English-Chinese dictionary we were able to find the words for fish, fowl, mutton, also for some vegetables, and for *buy*. By pointing to these words in the dictionary we managed in our orders to substitute one or other of these articles for *ham*, and so varied our diet a little.

I ate, and enjoyed for some time, what I supposed was oriental mutton, before I discovered that it was goat meat; for in the dictionary the same character is used for goat and sheep; and, as the Chinese in this part of the empire eat only the former, my cook naturally supposed that I wanted what other people ate.

Rev. Mr. Syle called occasionally to see if we needed any help. It was refreshing to see his jovial face, for we usually had many questions jotted down to ask him about the language and other things. He was a great help to us and was really very kind. He secured for us a teacher, for our first great work was to learn the language. This was a sleepy-headed old man, whose name was Ting (a nail). He knew nothing about teaching a foreigner how to talk. He could teach the meaning of Chinese books, but we understood neither the characters in which the books were written nor his explanation of them.

In the absence of a grammar, vocabulary, or anything else to assist us in learning the spoken language, the best we could do was to ply him with that king sentence, *Te-ko-kiaw-sa?* till

he must have been disgusted with foreigners who did not know how to talk. In this way we soon had the names of everything in and about the house written down. We soon stumbled upon the pronouns *Ngoo* (I), *Noong* (You). And from Mr. Syle we got another sentence *Te-ko-sa-yoong-dea* (What is the use of this?) We could ask that question, but we could not understand the teacher's answer. And, as he did not know how to find a character in the foreign dictionary, we had no resource but to observe how things were done, and to inquire what certain motions or actions used in doing a thing were called. This was uphill work and a fruitful source of the most ludicrous mistakes. Of these we knew nothing for a long time, for the Chinese are too polite to tell you of, or to laugh at, your mistakes.

It is very different now. A missionary arriving in Shanghai hereafter can never know the luxury of roughing it or of digging for the language. In most instances, a missionary friend will know about the hour he is to arrive and meet him at the steamboat wharf and conduct him to his comfortable home. If he is a stranger, three runners from good hotels will, as soon as the steamer is made fast, present their cards and offer their services: "Carriage at the wharf, sir; go right up." And when he is rested and ready to commence the study of the language, he will find in English and Chinese "First Lessons in Chinese," grammars, and a great variety of books, including the Scriptures and many religious tracts in the Shanghai dialect, both in the Roman and Chinese characters. With these, and a will to fit himself for work, he ought to learn the spoken language in a much shorter time than we, who came earlier, were able to do.

The days of romance and personal adventure in the East are past. No one need hope now to immortalize himself by imprisonment or hazardous adventure. What is needed now is *indefatigable evangelistic work* and *prayer* without ceasing.

Two weeks from the time of our arrival, September 25, 1847, Mr. and Mrs. Tobey arrived from Hong Kong, and moved into one corner of Yah-djaw-loong. Brother Tobey, with glasses adjusted, moved about, with his head at an angle of two degrees, trying to see daylight over the high wall, and said but little.

Being near-sighted, he probably could not see the evidences of the presence of ghosts.

In the course of a few days we considered the matter and decided that Yah-djaw-loong would not accommodate the whole mission. As Mr. Shuck and his family were expected from Hong Kong in a few weeks (they arrived October 27, 1847), we resolved to abandon Yah-djaw-loong at the end of the month, and take, for two years, the house of the Austrian consul, which, meanwhile, had been vacated.

The "First Lessons in Chinese," referred to above, is the title of a work subsequently prepared by Mr. Yates. On February 22, 1882, Rev. W. S. Walker, who had arrived in China a few weeks before, wrote:

Mr. Yates has done a good thing in writing a book called "First Lessons in Chinese." It has been of great service to me. It is a key to the whole language. By the use of it, one can learn in three months what would otherwise take a year. It justly deserves the esteem in which it is held by all missionaries in this province.

Two letters which will be inserted here give some details which are not contained in the reminiscences, the first being to his parents:

Shanghai, Oct. 15, 1847.

Our room was, a little while ago, like a great barn. I have had to divide it up into rooms, brick up the side, put matting on the floor, to cover up the fleas and dirt, and ceil overhead. Fortunately, we brought stoves from New York. The three cost there $30. Here they would have cost $80. Our house is situated nearly in the center of this great city. The Chinese treat us very kindly.

Shanghai, Nov. 1, 1847.

To Rev S. G. O'Bryan:*

The climate of Shanghai is much like that of North Carolina. Fires are now necessary for comfort. For coal we have to pay $10 per ton. Wood is much more costly.

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*Mr. O'Bryan was at that time a student for the ministry at Wake Forest College.

The streets of Shanghai are narrow, varying from three to six feet in width. They abound in filth. I cannot describe it. The city is intersected by canals in every direction. Into these the people cast trash and filth of all kinds. Twice a day these canals are filled with fresh water by the tide. Then the people get their drinking water, and we missionaries have to share it with them. We paid a man for a while to bring water from the river, but we know now that he did not do it.

These are intelligent people, and all that they need to make them a happy people is the gospel of Christ. Can you not help us to give it to them? This is a short question. Ask God if it is not your duty?

I have never once regretted coming to China. I can assure you that we are happy here.

CHAPTER VI.

BAD EYES AND GOOD EARS—1847-8—AGE 28-9.

THE Chinese language was described by John Wesley as an invention of the devil to keep Christianity out of China. This barrier has not kept missionaries out, but it has made their work difficult and has often betrayed them into absurdities of which they were innocently ignorant at the time.

This puzzlesome tongue has 44,700 characters in the standard dictionary. But there are, moreover, 700 distinct sounds, to each of which is attached a sort of musical scale, ranging from an octave to an octave and a half, and giving a variety of tones which can only be detected by a musical ear.

The tone is all-important. The same word may mean grasshopper, oar, elephant, mechanic, or pickles, according to the tone. A man is "a man" only when the correct tone is given; when the tone is changed, he easily becomes a carrot or a nightingale. A missionary who

was trying to tell of the goodness of the Heavenly Father, omitted a necessary aspirate from the word for "heavenly," with the result that his word meant "crazy." Cases have occurred in which Chinamen have remarked upon the similarity between English and Chinese, supposing that the missionary, who had been doing his best in Chinese, had preached in English.

In this difficult language Mr. Yates became so proficient that he understood and spoke it as if it had been his native tongue. Indeed, for many years before his death the Chinese used to say, "Yates is no foreigner; he is a Chinaman with his queue cut off." Dr. W. R. Lambuth, now Mission Secretary of M. E. Church, South, who knew him intimately in China, says that a Chinaman, if his eyes were shut, could not distinguish between Yates' talk in Chinese and that of a native.

The reasons for his exceptional attainments in the spoken language are not far to seek. The acuteness of his sense of hearing, his acquaintance with music, his unusually flexible voice, and the fact that threatened loss of eyesight compelled him to mingle with the people and depend upon his ears, are probably the most important.

The letters and extracts from the reminiscences which follow will tell the story of Mr. Yates' first experiences in mastering the language. The subjoined statements of his fellow student, Dr. J. B. Solomon, furnish an introduction to them.

The sense of hearing of Mr. Yates was more acute than that of any other man whom I have ever known. While his music class at Wake Forest were all singing together, he would detect the slightest discord and indicate, with unerring accuracy, the individual who had caused it.

To this acuteness in the auditory nerve and delicacy of discrimination is doubtless due, in part, his wonderful success in mastering the Chinese language.

He had a voice more musical, of wider compass, and more completely under control than that of any other man I have ever known. Soft, round, full, or tremulous at his will, it was melody itself.

I mention these things to indicate the natural endowments which fitted him, so far as such things go, for his mission to China.

Mr. Yates' account of his earlier experiences shows that these endowments were of little avail in his efforts to learn the written language:

Having secured comfortable quarters just without the city walls, where a breath of fresh air and a ray of sunlight were possible, we devoted ourselves to the study of the language, the character of the people, and the topography of the place and its environs.

This period of hard study for a year or two was a sort of incubation, and was devoid of incidents except of a melancholy character. In addition to the study of the spoken language, I attempted also to learn ten characters a day, to get their names, component parts, and meanings, to write them from memory, and to keep up the back review.

This proved to be too great a tax on mind and body. My optic nerve gave way, and my eyesight was virtually gone. My head seemed to be enlarged, and the many characters which I had learned seemed to be photographed on every object on which I cast my eye; and, whether I saw them in this way or in a book, the commingled forms caused my head to grow dizzy. After repeated rests and renewals of study, with the same results, my physician required me to give up the study of the Chinese classics or else abandon the missionary work.

When tidings of the failure of Mr. Yates' eyesight reached Richmond, the Secretary of the Board wrote to him:

If close confinement taxes your eyes, do not try to use them in study until the disease is entirely removed. But take much exercise, using your ears and your tongue in conversing with the people. You will thus be able to acquire the language more readily, especially the correct pronunciation of words.

Mr. Yates' narrative continues:

I resolved to give up the study of the classics, to get the spoken language, and to devote my life to preaching. In pursuance of this object, much of the time was spent among the people in the tea shops, listening to them as they talked, and asking and answering questions. In this way I learned the spoken language, in a great measure, by ear. As the result of rest and of a blister behind each ear every other day for nine months, my sight gradually returned. In consequence of this affliction, all my literary work in Chinese has been done with the aid of an amanuensis.

To give up the study of the Chinese classics was a sore trial, but I trust that was all for the best. For, having been forced to give the spoken language special attention, I have been able to use it with much greater ease and fluency, and have had many years of, I hope, useful labor.

The more I know of the Chinese, the more I am impressed with the importance of reaching them by *oral* teaching. Their minds seem to have been run into a peculiar mould from their close study of their symbolic written characters, a medium which will not contain, uncontaminated with heathenism, the pure gospel of Christ.

When a Chinaman, who understands books, attempts to read the gospels which have been translated into the symbolic characters—the ordinary book style—the meaning and force of which he knows perfectly well, there is a strong temptation to apply to them the ordinary meanings which have long since been indelibly impressed upon his memory, and thus lose the true character and point of the religious truth that is set forth therein. And the higher, and, consequently, more concise the style, the greater is the danger to the mass of readers of being led astray.

In one year after the date of our arrival in Shanghai, I commenced trying to preach or talk to the people about Jesus as the Saviour of men, and about the folly of worshiping idols. We had no church or preaching place. To meet our immediate necessities, we converted into a chapel a vacant *go-down* (warehouse) which belonged to the lot on which Rev. J. L. Shuck and I lived together. Mr. Tobey lived next door. We furnished

this place with benches, without backs, fixed a table for a pulpit, cut a door in one side, and made a road through a bamboo grove to the street, where multitudes were passing all day long.

We invited them to come in, but they were shy, apprehending some danger. Our plan was for one to stand at the street gate to invite the people in, while another took a position behind the table. The duty of the latter was to commence talking as soon as there were two or three seated, in order to engage their attention; otherwise they would get frightened and bolt. For personal safety, they usually entered in groups of three or four.

By degrees the number of those who were willing to risk the chances of being caught in a trap increased to fifty or more. The news went abroad that we were good men and that we talked about morality. The people listened to our stammering addresses with eagerness, but it was the eagerness of apprehension and curiosity. The meaning of what we were trying to say was to them of little consequence. They were interested and amused in hearing foreigners trying to talk their language.

When I became better acquainted with the dialect, I knew that much of what we attempted to say in our earlier efforts was not intelligible. These efforts, however, were of great use to us as learners of the language. For he who does not use his Chinese as fast as he learns it will be apt to forget a large portion of what he has learned. It is a harp of a thousand strings, upon which much practice is necessary in order to attain proficiency.

These meetings, too, were of great service in familiarizing the people with foreigners. They had a large amount of curiosity that had to be gratified before they could give attention to the truths presented by us. When we went on the street, and more especially if the ladies were with us, the men stood and stared at us, and made remarks about us which excited laughter among their friends. We could see ahead of us a great commotion among the women; they were getting about as lively as they could on their little feet, in order to get their children out of harm's way. They slammed and bolted their

doors and then peeped through the cracks at us as we passed. They would scold their children for exposing themselves to barbarians, who would catch them, carry them away, and scoop out their eyes for medicine.

This is the kind of education that the generation with whom we have had to do received in their youth. And they have faithfully handed it down; go where we will, in city or country, we hear the children calling out "*quai-tsz*" (devil). The Chinese, in their intercourse with each other, seem to use this term to designate foreigners.

Our entry into China was only four or five years after the opium war. In this the Chinese had been beaten by the English, and compelled to sign a treaty which opened five ports to foreign trade, and to pay a heavy indemnity to meet the expenses of the war. This will explain why they were feeling so strongly against all foreigners, for they make no distinction between nationalities. They said, "Foreigners brought to our country the opium which is killing our people by thousands and is impoverishing all classes. This opium caused the war in which so many of our people were killed. Now they want to teach us a new religion. Let them first teach their own people."

Thus, at the commencement of our work in Shanghai, we had to contend against a subdued but formidable opposition. The government had been forced to sign the treaty, but the great mass of the people indulged their hatred to the full. They abused foreigners, called them vile names, and taught their children to do the same. All this hard feeling had to be overcome, and that, too, mainly by those foreigners who were able to speak Chinese. These were either missionaries or the few interpreters connected with the several consulates. And the latter had intercourse almost exclusively with the official class.

It was evident that a more perfect knowledge of the language was absolutely necessary before we could be able to talk freely on all subjects so as to correct false impressions as to the real objects of foreigners, and to secure a calm mind to listen to our message of salvation. Time, patience, and kind treatment on the part of missionaries led one and another to change their views. After a few years, the objects of foreigners

in coming to China became known to the majority of the people at the Five Ports, which had been opened by the treaty. They seemed to acquiesce; at any rate, they succumbed to the inevitable.

But at interior cities and in regions where other dialects were spoken, the strongest conservatism and even the most violent opposition to the presence of foreigners were maintained by all classes. We had to content ourselves, for a while, with work at the port of Shanghai, and an occasional, cautious visit to the nearest towns.

CHAPTER VII.

AT WORK—1848—AGE 29.

THE reminiscences and letters contained in this chapter describe very vividly Mr. Yates' beginnings in actual and active missionary labor.

After working in the "go-down" for several months, we thought that we could speak the language well enough to extend our operations and influence to other localities. Accordingly, after much difficulty in finding a man who would consent to rent us a house in a suitable locality, we succeeded in getting a place within the walls of the city.

It was a double house, built around an open court, fifteen feet square. The Chinese call such a court an air-well. By putting a roof over this court, and removing the one brick partition which separated the rooms below stairs, we had a place that would seat several hundred persons. And, as the curiosity of the city people was great, we secured good audiences of respectable looking people, to whom we preached daily.

I cannot commend the church-going manners of the people. Some sat quietly and listened attentively; some smiled and walked about, inspecting what was to be seen; others, evidently displeased or disgusted with something they heard, got up and walked out. So the congregation was coming in and going out

during the entire service, just as they were in the habit of doing in their heathen temples, or as people do in a North Carolina court house.

It is quite likely that we sometimes said some things that were ludicrous, or even indelicate; for at that time I knew but little about the tones, and nothing at all about the aspirates of the language.

Having secured a place within the city, we proceeded to inquire for a lot on which to build a large church for the use of foreigners, the funds for this purpose having been collected by Rev. J. L. Shuck during his visit to the United States. We had the plans for a church with a spire 160 feet high. We procured a lot, but that spire proved an impossibility. No Chinaman could build it. Moreover, it would have destroyed the *fung shui** of the entire city, and the builder would probably have lost his head.

We did, however, succeed in erecting a so-called Gothic structure with a brick tower eighty feet high. And that, it was said, caused the death of the district magistrate, for it was due north—the point of evil influence—from the magistrate's residence.

The auditorium was sixty by forty feet, with broad galleries, baptistry and dressing rooms. The hall and galleries would seat about seven hundred persons. About 1861 it was burned and rebuilt, without galleries, by subscriptions made in Shanghai. As it was the most conspicuous object in or about the city, of course, everybody must needs go to see the "bell tower," and it proved to be a great civilizer.

We saw the house crowded from day to day for many months, when the weather was fine. It took three men to conduct a service in any sort of order. One stood at the street gate to invite the people to come in and be seated; otherwise many would not have dared to enter such a building. One was at the church door to be polite to the people, invite them to be seated, and keep them quiet and in the church. Another stood in a raised pulpit, the observed of all observers, and preached.

*The term *fung shui* is used to express the propitious influence of the dead upon the welfare of the living.

Unless he made himself very interesting, good order was impossible. The people would go out when they had seen what was to be seen. When they came out by the dozen and seemed detrmined to leave, the doorkeeper had to stand aside and invite them to come again. Others would soon take their places.

Thus the waves of humanity, in stolid ignorance of God, surged in and out of our religious forum. Here, in our fierce conflict with the overwhelming odds of the powers of darkness, we tried to manage, instruct, and interest large audiences of people. And, especially when no doorkeeper could be present, it was necessary to be as bold as the lion, as wise as the serpent, as harmless as the dove.

I remember preaching on one occasion to a full house, without a doorkeeper, when my skill was put to the test.

During my sermon, when the audience seemed to be deeply interested, I touched upon the teachings of Confucius. Thereupon a literary man rose to his feet, about the center of the church, and began to speak. In order to counteract the effect of the point I had made against his cherished system, he commenced repeating, from memory, portions of the Confucian classics in the book style. This could not be understood by anyone who had not committed to memory those portions of the classics.

When he took his seat, all eyes were turned upon me, for I had remained silent while he was talking. I saw at a glance that, although the people did not understand a word of what had been said, they knew that it was something from the sacred classics. I felt that it was necessary for me to meet this unexpected sally, or that what I had gained would be lost. I had not been out of college so long that I could not repeat some of the speeches which I had declaimed when a freshman. So I commenced, in English, with the familiar extract from Wirt's celebrated speech, 'Who is Blennerhassett?" After declaiming for a few minutes in the most approved style, I stopped and gazed at my man. All eyes were at once turned upon him inquisitively, as much as to say, "What have you to say to *that*?" After a moment's silence, he said, "Who can understand foreign talk?" I replied, "Who can understand Wenli (book-

style)? If you have anything to say let us have it in the spoken language, so that all can understand and be profited." "Yes," said many voices, "speak so that we can all understand." He then attempted an argument, but it happened to be a point on which I was well posted. At a single stroke of my sledge hammer, he succumbed before the whole audience. This caused him to become much excited and a few of his friends came to him and said, "You can repeat books, but you cannot out-talk that foreigner. Come, let us have a cup of tea and you will feel better." Thereupon he and his few friends left the church, but the people were pleased to remain with the victor. I then resumed and finished my service without further disturbance.

During more than thirty years of labor, I have never met another violent opposer of the gospel. I have frequently had men to say during the service, "If the Christian religion is as pure as you say it is, why do you bring opium here to kill us?" I have usually disposed of such questions by denouncing the traffic, disavowing all connection with it, and strongly urging all persons not to use the drug.

On one occasion, when it was my lot to keep the door, and the lamented George Pearcy was preaching, instead of saying, as he intended, *ngoo taw niung-tsz* ("now I suppose"), he said, *ngoo t'aw niang tsz* ("I have taken a wife"). It was mainly a mistake in aspiration. The audience laughed and became somewhat boisterous, all crying out, "He has taken another wife." This so confused Mr. Pearcy that he called to me to know what was the matter. I said, "Never mind, you only made a slight mistake; go on quickly or you will lose your congregation."

On another occasion I was keeping the door for Brother A. B. Cabaniss. He preached well, and was evidently interested in his subject. In closing, he told his audience that if they would repent and put their trust in Jesus Christ, when they died they would go into *tien* (a field) He intended to say, *t'ien* (heaven). An old farmer, who sat near where I was, exclaimed, "Mg! (umph), I go into a field every day, and I am tired of it."

Such are the tricks of the language.

Shanghai, July 4, 1848.

To Rev. Thomas Meredith:

Before this can reach you, you will have heard of the loss of our fellow laborers, Doctor and Mrs. James. They went down in the schooner Paradox, in sight of Hong Kong. This, to all human appearance, is a great loss to us and to the heathen.

The population of Shanghai is estimated at 200,000.* About one half of the city is enclosed by a wall of granite and brick. This wall is about six miles in circumference, about twenty feet high, and eighteen feet thick. There are six gates, all of which are closed every night at an early hour.

The streets of the city are very narrow, varying from three to seven feet in width; few, however, are more than six feet wide. These streets are crowded with human beings, and through them is carried, on men's shoulders, every kind of merchandise, large and small. Indeed, where water courses are not convenient, this is the only means of transportation.

The houses are built of wood and brick. They first put up a wooden framework, and then fill it with brick. When the house is completed, it presents the appearance of a brick building. About half of the houses are two stories high. For roofing, a concavo-convex tile is generally used.

Most of the public buildings of Shanghai are devoted to idolatrous worship. They are numerous and many of them are immense establishments. It is shocking to behold thousands, on their festival days, prostrating themselves before idols in these temples.

God's Spirit alone can work a reformation among these people. The gospel must first be brought to bear on their consciences. To do this we must have men and means. Is there not another in North Carolina who is willing to take up his abode among the heathen of this great Empire?

If my old friends wish to know how I feel *now* about the course of life that I have chosen, you can with all truth assure them that I do not regret becoming a missionary; that I am

*Since this letter was written, the population of Shanghai has more than doubled.

not sorry that I am where I can point the heathen to the Lamb of God.

The Son of God was looked upon as a madman when he came into the world to save sinners, and so will those who try to imitate him ever be regarded by those who are not his disciples. Which of these two classes is really wise, the judgment day will decide.

Shanghai, Sept. 4, 1848.

To Rev. Thomas Meredith:

When the last mail left, I was too feeble to send you even a line. At that time, and for a month afterward I was ill and suffering. It takes a foreigner at least two years to learn what food he may safely eat, and to what extent he may expose himself to the heat of the sun.

We have free access to the vast population of the city of Shanghai, and of the towns and villages around. By means of religious books and native agency, we can have access to many millions. Soochow, the Oxford of China, is only thirty miles away. Hangchow, Nankin, two of the largest cities in China, and scores of towns and villages with population of from 25,000 to 200,000 souls, are all accessible by water communication.

The churches have long been praying that China might be opened. Have brethren thought what their prayers would cost them? Does not the fact that God has opened China in answer to prayer place the churches under obligations to occupy the ground and scatter far and wide the seed of the kingdom?

Shanghai, Sept. 23, 1848.

To Rev. Samuel Wait, D.D.:

We have now been keeping house one year. During this time we have been wholly occupied in endeavoring to acquire the spoken language of this province. In my daily walks I distribute many religious books and tracts. Those who know something about the Chinese language say that we have made very respectable progress. We cannot speak for ourselves on this point. My first attempt to preach to the heathen from the pulpit was just twelve months from the date of my arrival.

My attempts to preach must, for the present, of course, be made in great weakness. A beginner in Chinese is usually allowed two years; but I feel that my position is a responsible one and that a very important commission has been committed to my charge; therefore, I cannot consent to remain silent or inactive.

We have recently opened a preaching place on one of the most crowded streets of the city. It is opened every day and the congregations vary from two to four hundred in number.

Mr. Tobey is compelled, by his wife's health, to return home. Cannot Wake Forest furnish a man to take his place? I trust that ——— and ——— will give themselves to foreign mission work. Why should they not? Do they, as is the case with many, love their ease and comfort more than their Saviour and the souls of men? When will the young ministers of the present day learn to make more vigorous efforts to promote the glory of God than to advance their own glory among men?

Could they behold the thousands who throng the streets of this heathen city, methinks their spirits would be moved within them, and they would attempt to make known a Saviour's love, even though they could do nothing more than smite upon their breasts and point toward heaven. Ambitious aspirations would be subdued and they would be led to ask more frequently and earnestly, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

We are happy in our field of labor. We would not change places with any of those who think their positions to be stations of honor.

Shanghai, October, 1848.

To the Raleigh Association:

Our new preaching place is called Kong-Say-Dong (Discoursing-book-hall). We have large congregations, all the seats frequently being filled with attentive listeners. I am only in the a-b, ab, of this crooked language; still, I assure you that it is a great, great pleasure to be able to do a little in the way of enlightening this vast multitude.

Shanghai, Nov. 7, 1848.

To his Father:

Brother Shuck and I, with our families, are now left alone, as the only representatives of Southern Baptists, to contend

against the evils of idolatry in this most distant corner of the earth. But we are happy in the hope that the places of those who have left will soon be supplied. Brethren Pearcy and Johnson are now on their way from Canton to join us.

I can assure you that I am happy in my field of labor, and I am still more happy in being able to take part in the public duties of a missionary. The work, indeed, is arduous; but it is not without encouragements.

One man has expressed an earnest desire to become, as he says, a follower of *Ya-soo* (Jesus). He knows much of the gospel, but we are not yet satisfied in regard to his conversion. You can form no idea of the darkness of a heathen's mind in respect to God and eternal things. It is worse than a blank. They think that after death their spirits go into some bird or animal, the spirit of a good-natured man into a harmless animal, and the spirit of a bad man into a bird of prey or ferocious animal. Some think that the spirits of the dead float in the atmosphere without a dwelling place. Hence they burn straw houses for them to live in, paper boxes for them to put their clothes in, and paper, silvered into the semblance of money, for them to buy food with. This is done for ancestors who have been dead for centuries.

And yet, in spite of all their darkness, we trust that the Lord will bless our efforts for their conversion.

Shanghai, Nov. 18, 1848.

To Rev. Thomas Meredith:

Most of my time for the last year has been spent in endeavoring to catch the exact sound and tone of the words of this most difficult language. Of its difficulties I can at present give you no idea. Having made sufficient progress to take part in the public duties of a missionary, I will try to give you some idea of our mode of procedure.

Besides our preaching service, four times a week, we open our large chapel at 11 o'clock on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays for religious conversation and tract distribution. This chapel is located on one of the finest and most crowded streets of the city.

Brother Shuck and I or one of our two native preachers, in

turn, take seats in the chapel, in front of the door, by the side of a small Chinese table. On this are a few hundred religious tracts. Very soon two or three Chinese, attracted, perhaps, by curiosity, come in from the crowded street. They are invited to take seats. They then are asked if they worship idols, and if so, what idol. If they have heard missionaries preach before, many of them will say that they do not worship idols; that it is very bad to worship them.

Then the missionary commences his work, by showing the uselessness of worshiping idols, the work of men's hands, and commends, in their stead, the living God as the object of worship. At the same time, a tract is presented, with the request that it be read and its contents considered. Among the tracts available for such use are "The Ten Commandments, With Commentary," "Jesus, the Only Saviour," "Are You Afraid To Die?" "An Address to the People of Shanghai," which gives our names, our country, our object in coming to China, and a summary of the Christian religion.

When the first leave, others enter. An hour or two, thus spent, are full of interest to the young missionary. In every group there are always to be found some who will listen with apparent interest to the gospel of Christ. The majority, however, while glad to receive the foreign made books, care nothing for these things. I have had men to step up to me in the midst of a most pointed address and, with an air of indifference, say, "Your coat is made of very fine cloth; how much did it cost in your country?" In spite of these dampers, I feel encouraged so long as I have even a few attentive listeners. We can only sow the good seed and pray that it may fall into good soil.

CHAPTER VIII.

REACHING OUT—1849—AGE 30.

THE reminiscences and letters contained in this chapter tell, among other things, of Mr. Yates' earliest excursions into the interior.

Shanghai being a great emporium of trade—the seaport of Central China—merchants from different provinces concentrated here for trade. These men came to see us, came to our chapel, and, on suitable occasions, talked freely with us. In the course of time they began to hold more intelligent views about us. And their reports, when they returned to their homes, imparted information and removed prejudice. A sight of the foreign-made articles carried home by these merchants was a proof that the hated foreigner was far in advance of the Chinese.

In this way, calmer and more reasonable views were adopted by the mass of the people; but the officials and the literati, who hope to succeed the officials, maintained their opposition for a long time. Even to this day there is a subdued opposition among the official class.

When we take into account the fact that there were no newspapers for shaping and unifying public sentiment, everything having to pass from mouth to mouth, and therefore liable to be distorted, the results achieved seem very great. The patient work of subduing the violent opposition of the millions of this great Empire to such a degree that missionaries can and do travel and preach the gospel in every province but one, has wrought one of the grandest triumphs of modern missionary enterprise. The people have not embraced the gospel, for but few of them, comparatively, have heard it; but the way has been opened for them to hear it.

For years our work was in the dark, for we did not know whether we were understood or not. In ordinary matters, we

could judge by the actions of those with whom we conversed; but in spiritual matters, we could have no such proof. They said that they understood us; but that was no proof.

Well, there was nothing left for us to do but to continue to preach to the best of our ability and to leave the result with God.

In the summer of 1849, we had our first experience of a typhoon (*T'ai-fung*, great wind). It caused this whole region to be flooded for a hundred miles inland to a depth of several feet. In the interior the standing water remained for months, causing a complete destruction of the rice crop and, consequently, a famine. Thousands of famine-stricken poor resorted to Shanghai and were supported by foreigners. And, as system was observed in this charity, it was found that a Chinaman could be supported on two cents a day.

As Shanghai was the port from which grain was brought from other ports of China, thousands of traders came to the city at that time of unusual demand, both to sell and buy. The foreign settlement, without the city, and the bell-tower, within the city, being the objects of greatest attraction to these visitors, we met and preached to many of them. We talked freely on many subjects. Our religion they did not understand, and it was evident that they did not have much reverence for their own systems. They were simply curious. And, as we were civil to them, some of them invited us to go to their places and preach; not that they were at all interested in the gospel message, but they thought it would afford innocent amusement to the people of their towns These had never seen foreigners, but had heard strange stories about them.

We therefore began to make short excursions to the nearest interior towns. An elephant caparisoned in the grandest style of an oriental prince would not have excited more curiosity than our boat did, as we passed by towns and villages. By some means, the news of our coming went ahead of us, and when we approached a village or town we found the banks of the canal and the fine stone bridges crowded with gazers; men, women, and children.

We were not long in finding out that the wisest policy, to

avoid being stoned out, was to stand on the bow of the boat, so that all could have a full-length view. What was more satisfactory was to stop the boat and go on shore, where all could have the full gratification of a near approach to and a thorough examination of the Western man, who was supposed to be hairy, like a horse. Under these circumstances, it was necessary to command the crowd; and the only way to do this was to speak to them—get the floor and keep it—till I was ready to return to my boat, and then leave immediately.

In carrying out this expedient, to preserve order and prevent a riot, I addressed myself to the more intelligent and thoughtful looking of the spectators in front of me; while at my sides and back as many as could get to me were deeply interested in examining my clothes and pulling up the legs of my trousers to see if my legs were really covered with hair like the legs of a horse. While thus engaged, they were warned by their friends of the danger of being kicked. I have heard them reply to this warning, "Why, he is not like a horse at all; his skin is whiter and smoother than ours. We have been deceived in buying those hairy pictures." They had an impression, too, that a foreigner's legs were stiff, having no knee joints. One examination by a dozen persons was sufficient to inform and satisfy a town or large region of country. Word was passed from one to another that the foreigner was like themselves, except that he wore no queue and ate his rice differently. They were more than anxious to see us take our meals.

As may readily be imagined, we preached under difficulties in these early excursions. A large amount of curiosity had to be gratified before we found it possible to get access to their minds. And this is the first missionary work that has to be done, even now, in a strange locality. It was only after giving this sort of exhibition several times at a place, that we had a chance to preach to an attentive audience. Even then it was necessary to request two or three persons to keep barking dogs away.

It is a depressing thought that it takes a long time, in a strange locality, for Chinamen to hear what a foreigner is saying. They may understand each word that he utters, but, not

apprehending what is the subject that he is talking about, and their minds not being accustomed to thinking, they do not leave old ruts very easily.

An incident which occurred after the time of which I am writing illustrates this point. In the British Court at Shanghai I had been asked to interpret the testimony of some Chinese witnesses in a murder case. I asked the first witness, a common countryman, the question propounded by the counsel for the plaintiff. The witness replied, "I do not understand foreign talk." I asked the same question a second time and received the same answer. There was a slight commotion in the court; the judge and other foreigners seemed to be enjoying my dilemma. I asked the judge to allow me to enter into a little conversation with the witness on my own account, in order to convince him that I was speaking Chinese. Permission having been given, I asked my man if he had eaten his rice. "Yes," he replied. "Where do you live?" said I. He told me. "How many children have you?" "Why," he exclaimed, "you speak Chinese!" "Certainly; now do not be alarmed. I want you to tell me what you know about this murder." I then said to the judge, "The witness understands Chinese now." There was no further trouble. The man answered every question that was put to him. His mind had to be aroused.*

And so it is with the masses in regard to our message. They can hear sermon after sermon, at first, without apprehending at all the subject presented to them.

When, therefore, I appear before a strange audience, I commence with some familiar conversation in order that they may understand that I am talking to them in their own language and about something that they can understand. I then tell them what I am going to talk about and try to make them see that

*Readers who may happen to be interested in psychology will recognize in this incident an excellent illustration of the effect of "The Summation of Stimuli." Cf. Fowler, quoted by Prof. James: Psych. Vol. 1, p. 85. "The first question to a peasant seldom proves more than a flapper to arouse the torpid adjustments of his ears. A second or even a third may be required to elicit an answer.

it is a matter in which all should feel an interest. After thus placing myself in accord with my hearers, I repeat a text or a theme for their consideration, and talk about it in a style suitable for a Sunday school class. Indeed, in religious knowledge, the Chinese are only children. The speaker will soon discover the few who are able or willing to follow him. When he sees that his hearers have become inattentive, he must arrest attention by a sudden change or some other device, or he will soon lose his congregation. The preacher in China must keep two objects before his mind. One is to interest, and the other to instruct his hearers.

During a visit to T'ien-tsin, I had a long and interesting conversation with a learned man from one of the provinces, who, with more than three hundred others, on their way back from the *han-lin* (examinations at Pekin), were passengers for Shanghai. This was much later than 1849, but the conversation will throw some light on the state of mind of an intelligent Chinaman.

As the steamer lay at the wharf at T'ien-tsin, this scholar, a man of very commanding appearance, came to me as I sat on deck and said, "I hear that there is a great man on board, one who knows Chinese and everything else." I replied, in Chinese, "You must have been wrongly informed, as I have never seen such a man. Is he a Chinaman or a foreigner?" "Oh," said he, "he is a foreigner, and you must be the man, for I was told that he was a long man and that I would find him on the poop deck. Do not be diffident, for I come to be instructed by you." "Well," I replied, "take a seat; if it is in my power, I shall be too happy to answer any question that you may have to propound."

He and several of his friends drew close to me and he asked, "Why is it that the Chinese cannot think out things like you foreigners?" I said, "Please be more particular; what things do you mean?" "Well," he replied, "here is this steamer and her perfectly incomprehensible engine, the telegraph, machinery for making cloth, astronomy, and such like things; what is it that prevents us Chinese from thinking out such things?"

"I think I can answer you," said I, "but you will not be

pleased with my reply. The hindering cause is your *Wen-li*, the very instrument with which you have been striving at Pekin, in the hope of rising higher. This has been the chief cause of the mental inactivity which has kept you Chinese from thinking out and originating anything new for more than two thousand years."

Surprised, and deeply interested, he exclaimed, "How can that be?"

I continued, "God, who created man in his own image, endowed him with a mind capable of discovering and comprehending the laws of nature. We foreigners, by thinking, by analysis, and by combination, have discovered some of these laws. We have learned how to multiply power by the use of machinery and how to apply this increased power to useful purposes. We can send messages fifteen thousand miles to the United States and to-morrow we can have our answer. And we have just now commenced, by means of electricity, to talk with each other, though many miles apart, and to light our houses and streets brilliantly. All this is the result of original thinking; and, believing that we have just entered on the field of discovery, we are constantly looking ahead and seeking something new and useful.

"But you Chinese are not allowed to think. Your system of education is a bar to all thought and originality. By it your minds are fettered from your youth up as effectually as are the feet of your sisters. From the time you commence to study, the only duty that your minds have been called upon to perform has been to commit to memory the words and thoughts of others. Your whole life—and you are now fifty years old—has been devoted to the endeavor to imitate, in thought and style, your ancient sage, Confucius. Your ambition now prompts you to seek the highest degree, that of a *han-lin*. In all this you have been a mere copyist, and have looked backward more than two thousand years to your model. Hence, in the scale of civilization, you Chinese are just where you were two thousand years ago. And, let me tell you, unless you change your system of education, abandon the worship of ancestors—the greatest bar to innovations—and realize that you have minds capable of

thinking as well as other people, you will remain just as you are, and never rise above the rank of imitators."

The man rose in an excited manner and posed himself before me and said, "Every word that you have spoken is true, and now I see it. Why could I not see it before?" I replied, "Because you did not think; your system did not allow you to think." "And can you tell me how we are to be liberated?" "Yes," said I, "if you and your friends here have the courage to brook opposition and ridicule. You say that you see the light. Each of you can go and convince your friends; they, in turn, can convince their friends; thus you will soon have a community strong enough to be independent." He thanked me and retired, saying, "We will have more talk to-morrow."

The next day the boat was at sea and I supposed that he was seasick, for I did not see him again before we reached Chefoo, where I left the boat.

The letter which follows was written by Mrs. Yates, and was intended especially to interest children. In the latter part of it, reference is made, of course, only to the lower classes of the Chinese.

Shanghai, May 15, 1849.

The country is almost a perfect level, and almost every acre is cultivated. There are no fences, but each man's land is divided from his neighbor's by a ridge of earth a few inches high and about a foot wide. These ridges also serve for foot-paths. Those who cultivate the land are poor, living in small, low houses, built of brick and having no floor but the ground.

One almost wonders that the word clean is found in the Chinese language. The benches and tables in their houses are covered with an unsightly varnish of dirt and grease. Nor does it stop there; one might literally scrape the dirt from the faces and necks of the inmates. Their clothing, though swarming with insects, is seldom changed, and, when washed, it is only dabbed a little in cold water. And then their food! I speak the truth when I say that I should prefer to eat what I have seen prepared for pigs in North Carolina so far as cleanliness goes.

Shanghai, July 13, 1849.

To Rev. Thomas Meredith:

I have suffered much from partial paralysis of the optic nerve, and have been threatened with entire loss of my sight, but, through the mercy of God, I am now quite restored.

During the last six weeks there has been an almost incessant fall of rain. The crops in this vast and fertile plain are all from one to six feet under water, and the people are threatened with famine. The mandarins (officials) have taken steps to stop the rain. They say that the gods are enraged and that something must be done to appease their wrath. They have repaired to their great temples to worship their gods of wood and stone; but the rain continues to fall.

In my ramblings two days ago I chanced to come upon four men who had been called upon by the priests to look after the comfort of three idols. These unsightly images had been taken down and placed on the floor, that an exceedingly thick coat of mould might be removed from their royal faces as well as from their garments. A multitude of people were at the same time in the front part of the temple worshiping these idols, which could not protect themselves from a small leak.

We have reason to be encouraged in our work. Three enquirers have come before our church and will doubtless receive baptism in a little while. Our regular services are well attended and the gospel is listened to with apparent interest.

One of Mr. Yates' colleagues in China says that during the famine referred to in this letter and elsewhere in this chapter:

Chinese merchants entrusted hundreds of dollars to him to be distributed according to his judgment, saying that they dared not trust the money to their own people, mandarins, and relief committees, but knew that Dr. Yates would do the best.

He was a man of affairs rather than of books. His practical common sense and business sagacity suited the practical Chinese.

Shanghai, September, 1849.

A little to the north of Mr. Shuck's dwelling, near a beautiful grove, is a quiet pond. On its surface, in the early morning,

were reflected the shadows of the trees, as they were gently moved by the summer breeze. A little band stood near this pond, attracting the attention of all the passers-by. Many stopped and looked on in silent amazement. The pastor of the little Baptist Church in Shanghai went down into the water and baptized three of their countrymen. This is the first administration of baptism at this great heathen city.

These three were the first fruits. One of the candidates, a young man, was disowned by his family after his rejection of the gods of China. He was encouraged by the missionaries to learn the art of cutting blocks for printing as a means of support. Having become proficient in this work, he afterwards rendered valuable service to the Baptist and other missions in Shanghai.

CHAPTER IX.

A LONG, STEADY PULL—1850-1852—AGE 31-33.

THE extracts in this chapter from Mr. Yates' reminiscences and letters reveal the growing enthusiasm and untiring activity of the missionary.

In 1850 or 1851, I met in my itinerant work an interesting man, a tea merchant from an interior province, on his way to Shanghai. I invited him to call at my house and to come to my church. Soon after my return home, he, having sold his tea, called at my house.

I had repeated interviews with him. His frequent attendance at my church showed that his attention had been arrested. When about to return to his home he called to thank me for my attentions. I presented him with a copy of the New Testament, in Chinese, and several tracts.

My prayers followed that man. The next year, when he came to Shanghai, with his new tea, he called on me and, in an excited state of mind, gave me a history of that New Testament.

He said that his home was in a city within an amphitheatre of lofty mountains; that the only means of ingress or egress were two natural tunnels; that all the tea produced within this circle of mountains had to be brought out through these tunnels on men's shoulders; that there was a large population in the cities and towns within, who knew absolutely nothing of the outside world except what they got from books and the reports of merchants; that when, on his return, he produced the Testament, the people devoured it and said that it was a great and good book, and that Confucius must have had access to it; that in order to secure more copies, they had taken off the binding and distributed the leaves among many writers to copy, until they had sixteen copies of the whole Testament, and many copies of portions of it; that the book had been introduced into their schools as a text book.

He said, moreover, that they had discovered from the study of the book that there was another and older volume, and that they had instructed him to be sure to apply for the other volume of sacred classics. This I gave him in two volumes. He urged me to go home with him and preach to the people of "the inside world," and I was strongly inclined to do so, but the ominous roar of the thunder of civil war warned me to wait for more peaceful times.

The Tai-ping rebellion had broken out and I sought to dissuade my friend from attempting to return until we could have definite information as to whether he could safely do so. But though he had a large amount of silver with him and feared robbers, he insisted on starting homeward.

As he never returned, he was probably robbed and murdered, or fell into the hands of Rebels. In the confusion which ensued when the Rebels approached Shanghai, I lost the memorandum which he had given me of his name and city. Hence I have never been able to follow up and direct the work begun by that Testament.

Nearly fifty years have elapsed since that little Chinese Testament started on its inland mission. That the history of its influence, direct or indirect, will ever be disclosed in this world is highly improbable. But it is pleas-

ant to imagine that some of the harvests of which we are now hearing may perchance have sprung from seed scattered by pioneer planters. For we are now told that last year (1896) twenty thousand Chinese in a single province (Fukien) applied for membership in evangelical Christian churches.

In China, as elsewhere, we sometimes meet a man or woman whose heart seems to have been prepared for the reception of divine truth. A year or two later I met a literary man of note from the Chinkiang Province. After hearing me preach, he came up to me and said, "I have long been seeking a religion which would satisfy the cravings of my heart, give rest to my disturbed mind, and inspire me with cheerful hope for the future. The religion of Jesus seems to meet my case. Can you furnish me with a book which contains all the religion of Jesus?"

I gave him a copy of the New Testament, and he devoured it day and night. In a few days he called and informed me that he had read the entire book and knew its contents. I was surprised to find that he could repeat whole chapters.

He heartily embraced the Christian religion, having cast away every vestige of his old system, and, in accordance with his wish, I baptized him. He was full of joy and comfort, and delighted to dwell on the *liberty* of the gospel, saying that all his life he had been in bondage.

Some years afterwards, when the rebellion was over, I visited his place, and found that the powers of darkness had compelled him to hide his light under a bushel. On his return home he began to teach his new religion. This gave such offense to his patrons that they threatened to withdraw their patronage unless he should desist. He was a teacher of young men who were preparing for the literary examinations. As he had no other means of supporting his family, he yielded to their demands. He said to me that it was yield or starve, but that his own trust was in Jesus, and that he should die in the faith. I have since heard of his death.

No one in a Christian land can appreciate the trials of a lone believer living in a Chinese heathen city twenty-five years ago. It is better now.

During the year 1850, Mr. Yates again suffered greatly from the condition of his eyes. He could neither study, nor read, nor write. But his faithful wife read to him, and his letters for this year were penned by her hand at his dictation. He was not prevented, however, from preaching constantly. And it was a year of marked progress in his knowledge of the language and of the people.

Shanghai, May 6, 1850.

Are there not young men in the Southern churches whose hearts glow with love to the Saviour and melt with compassion for the heathen? I would ask them upon what grounds they have decided that it is not their duty to consecrate themselves to this work. And I would beseech them to be certain that the arguments with which they have been hushing the voice of conscience will stand the test of the final judgment. Where is ———, whom I knew at Wake Forest College, and whose energy of character is so well suited to missionary life?

Lord Jesus, lover of souls, director of spirits, conqueror of hearts, choose thine own instruments, prepare thine own weapons, open to some understandings the glory of this work among the heathen, touch some hearts with the invisible constraints of thy dying love.

Shanghai, Nov. 13, 1850.

From Mrs. Yates to Rev. J. B. Taylor:

A week ago Mr. Yates left for Ningpo, where, by the advice of our physician, he proposes to remain a month.

He had become very thin and weak and, so long as he remained here, it seemed quite impossible for him to refrain from work. He was constantly restless and unhappy because he could do no more; but we hope that the change of scene and entire cessation from work will restore him.

Shanghai, Jan. 20, 1851.

I spent the day in preaching and teaching till nine o'clock at night, when I returned to my boat with a heavy heart, feeling more sensibly than I had ever done before the impotency of an arm of flesh and our utter dependence on the aid of the Holy Spirit for success among these people.

And yet there is much that is encouraging. We have free access to the people; our services are well attended; our preaching is heard with attention; the truths of the gospel are being diffused far and wide.

But the everlasting promise that Christ shall reign over all the earth is the missionary's sure foundation. Here he rests his hopes, and labors on with the confident belief that, even if not in his day, Christ will reign in this and every land.

Only let the people of God be united, active, faithful, patient, and of good courage, and the cause *must triumph.*

Referring to Oo-kah-jach, the outstation of the Shanghai mission, a visit to which is now described by Mr. Yates, Rev. J. L. Shuck wrote:

The Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention was the first Protestant Board in the world who ever held property and gained a permanent footing in the interior of China.

Shanghai, March 13, 1851.

Last Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock I left Shanghai, on foot, to visit our out-station. The weather was fine, the roads in good order, the wind bracing, and I found it pleasant walking. The ferry boat over the Whampoo River was crowded with passengers. To these I spoke of Christ and salvation during the half hour required for crossing.

The people all along the way were affable, often asking me to stop and rest. At 11 o'clock, being somewhat fatigued, I stopped in a tea shop to rest. Soon I was surrounded by a crowd of men, women, and children. They were clamorous for books and wanted to hear me preach. I told them that if they would keep quiet and give me their attention, I would preach to them. They became silent and I stood in their midst and preached to them Christ as the Saviour of the world.

About 12 o'clock I reached Oo-Kah-Jach. After a few minutes of rest, I preached to a good congregation in our school room. Then I took some lunch and conversed freely for an hour with those who were coming and going.

At 2:30 I left. On my way home I preached in four villages. A little before dark I found myself back in Shanghai, somewhat fatigued, but much gratified with my visit, having walked twelve or fourteen miles, preached six times, and distributed four hundred tracts.

The friendliness and simplicity of the people lead us to hope that the seed that we are now sowing will bring forth a rich harvest. We sometimes make journeys of several days into the interior, by means of the canals, which intersect the country in every possible direction. On arriving at a city or a town, we usually repair to the principal temple, and there, standing before the chief idol, we tell the multitudes, as Paul did the men of Athens, of the living God.

In the towns there is an eager demand for our books, but a large proportion of the country people cannot read. It is a rare thing to find a woman who can read.

In another letter, referring to this "eager demand for our books," Mr. Yates wrote:

So great is the press as, in our boats, we go along the canals around and through the cities, that we can only put a tract or a book on the end of a long pole and hand it to the people on the banks. Thus we spread knowledge, and from our boats we preach Jesus. Often the crowd would become so great that we have to move off some distance to another place.

It is truly a privilege to labor for Christ among the heathen. I would not change my place for any in the gift of men. I am thankful that I am here and that I can, to some extent, speak the language of the people.

The house mentioned below was a substantial dwelling which had recently been erected on land purchased for the Mission. It was outside the walls and within three hundred feet of the great north gate. On the same lot were another dwelling, a chapel, and a school house. All these, though rebuilt and enlarged, as will be seen in due time, are still used by the Shanghai Mission.

Shanghai, Sept. 8, 1851.

I have now a comfortable house and am sure that it will add

SUNG WAY DONG (BAPTIST CHURCH CHAPEL), IN EARLY 50'S.

much to my comfort and efficiency; for, before, I was never without anxiety for the comfort of my family.

Chinese have often asked me why I did not preach at Sung-Way-Dong at night, stating that their business would not allow them to attend in the day. So I have begun night services twice a week, and have large and attentive congregations. But the work of the Holy Spirit is not manifested.

Shanghai, Oct. 3, 1851.

I have had an interview with Dr. Lockhart, in which I asked his opinion about resuming my studies. He most positively forbade it, stating that, as my physician, he could not give his consent that I should engage in any more hard study. He added that he was on the eve of sending me home last summer, and that he was certain that, if I began hard study again, I should have to leave the field in six months.

Then, in a most flattering manner, he said that it was acknowledged by both foreigners and natives that I had an extraordinary capacity for "lingo," such as no one else in China had, and that it was my duty to use it, confining my whole attention to preaching. I shall follow his advice, at least for some time.

In alluding to this interview, I have necessarily been compelled to make myself prominent. But I could not avoid it and, at the same time, enable you to understand my position.

On November 21st, the Mission was bereaved by the death of Mrs. J. L. Shuck.

Shanghai, Dec. 18, 1851.

To Rev. T. W. Tobey:

Our Mission has sustained a heavy loss by the death of Sister Shuck.

The loss of a wife or a fellow-laborer in America is not what it is in this far-off land of moral darkness! Oh, the night; the night!

This day, five years ago, there were in Richmond, or expected there, Shuck, Tobey, and I, with our wives, and Johnson and James—eight laborers for China. Now, where are they? Johnson, Tobey and his wife have been driven from the field; James and his wife lie beneath the waves; Shuck is crushed to the

earth, and his wife is in her grave. My wife and I are the only unbroken family left of that little band.

How mysterious are the providences of God, and how well that we cannot know them. How fortunate that we are to live by faith in the Son of God.

Shanghai, Feb. 5, 1852.

To Rev. T. W. Tobey:

This forenoon I had a visit from Yaw-sz-ya, the assistant of the magistrate of this district. His intercourse with foreigners has been confined to official interviews with foreign consuls. On these occasions, the strictest etiquette has been observed, and he could not conceive that any foreigner would meet and converse with him or other Chinese officials on friendly terms. My teacher, who is intimate with him, assured him that he was entirely mistaken. So he ventured to call and, after no little dispute as to which should take the seat of honor, I managed to get him seated in his proper place.

He was quite affable and, as is usually the case with intelligent Chinese, very inquisitive. During our conversation I endeavored to impress his mind with the importance of the gospel of Christ, though, I fear, with little success. When he took his leave, he appeared to be much gratified with his short visit. I made myself as agreeable as I could, though he knocked the bottom out of his pipe two or three times upon my floor. But he did not mean to be impolite.

February 6.—The favorable report made by Mr. Yaw of his visit yesterday was the cause of our having another distinguished visitor to-day, in the person of the private secretary of the Tautai, the highest officer in this region. Finding that we were not engaged in trade, he made many inquiries as to the purpose of our visit to China. I told him that our business was to preach the gospel of Christ to this people. He then asked me what was the object of the gospel. I told him that it was to turn men from wickedness—in a word, to make them good. "And do you give them money in order to accomplish this?" said he. "No, we do not give them money; we expect to accomplish it by moral suasion." "Ah," replied he, "we have tried by argument and beating to get these people to obey our

laws. We have tried in vain, and if you do not pay them, how can you expect to change them?"

February 12.—This is a great day with the Chinese, being the day on which they send their kitchen gods to render their annual account to the chief of the celestial gods. On this day old Chaw-Cwin (made of paper) is taken from his seat amid the smoke and soot (and looking none the better for it), and placed on a table. Before him are placed lighted candles and dishes of delicacies for his refreshment before his exit. While in this position, each member of the family bows before him, begging him to *tso-meh* (cover up). Lest he should not comply, they set before him a peculiar kind of candy, the object of which is to cause his lips to stick together and prevent him from revealing the real state of the household. They also give him two kinds of fruit, *sz-ko* (yes), and *peh-ko* (no), thus allowing him, while in the presence of his majesty, to say only "yes" and "no."

All this foolery being ended, they put him in a paper sedan, well crammed with other paper, and set fire to it. Thus, amid firing of crackers, he is dispatched in a volume of smoke. On the fifteenth of their first month (March 7th), they procure a new kitchen god for the next year.

Shanghai, June 24, 1852.

To the Raleigh Association:

I doubt not that there are churches in your body which, though the gospel has been faithfully preached to them, have had no additions during the past year. You must not be discouraged, therefore, to learn that this, your distant branch or member, has had no additions this year by baptism from among the natives. And yet we are encouraged to labor on, though the blessing be delayed. We shall certainly reap, if we faint not. The lamented Judson labored for years in India for his first convert. Now there are thousands. When we shall have expended the same amount of labor, we may expect like results.

Christians at home can never conceive of the many difficulties and discouragements in propagating Christianity among an idolatrous people. They are degraded by superstition and opposed from prejudice to all innovations upon the ancient cus-

toms of their forefathers. They regard a stranger from a far country, when he preaches to them Christ and the resurrection, with the same contempt which was manifested to the apostle Paul by the Athenians when they asked, "What will this babbler say?"

We are few in number and, at best, but feeble in body; but we are mighty through Christ, who is our strength. This world is to be converted to God by missionary labor. Then, brethren, be not faithless, but believing. Let us have your prayers and your aid, and send us more men, *more men.*

Shanghai, Sept. 27, 1852.

*To Rev. C. King:

At the time when your letter was received, my eyes were in such a condition as not to allow me to do much writing. I am now blessed with good eyesight

I now find myself able to preach in Chinese with some fluency. But, alas, the people seem to be given over to hardness of heart. They are chained by superstition and idolatry.

Yet there are some encouraging features in our work. The people come in crowds to our church to hear us preach. And, be assured, brother, it is no small privilege to preach the gospel daily to hundreds of these heathen people. This privilege, this honor, is now mine.

Shanghai, Nov. 24, 1852.

From Mrs. Yates to The Recorder:

Though this is a "literary country," we find here no school houses or academies. A teacher, wishing to open a school and having received promise of patronage, rents a room or obtains permission to use the back room of a temple. He occupies a place therein on a platform. Before him is a table on which are books, writing materials, the indispensable teapot, and a ferule for lazy boys. Over the table is placed a Confucian tablet and before it, at certain times, incense is burned. Each scholar furnishes his own table and stool. There are no fixed tuition fees, though it is understood that the rich and the advanced scholars are to pay more than the poor and the backward.

*A Methodist minister in North Carolina.

The scholars con their tasks aloud in a singing tone and keep their bodies in a swinging motion back and forth. After a time they are called up, one by one, to *bay-sho* (back-book), which means that he must lay down his book, turn his back to it, and repeat the lesson. While doing this he swings from side to side like a clock pendulum.

There is no fixed time for recess or for closing. When the time for dinner, at his home, approaches, the scholar leaves, having saluted, first Confucius, and then the teacher.

Shanghai, Dec. 21, 1852.

To his Sister:

How I should like to look in upon you and Mr. ——— and see the antics of that little missionary you have committed to your charge. See to it that you bring him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. And, next in importance, provide for him a good education. You know not what station he is to fill in the world. He may be a Clay, or he may, in the providence of God, be a Judson. If he cannot aspire to the eminence of these great men, it may be his duty to become an humble missionary among the Chinese. It is your duty to provide him with a good education, and God will assign him a field of labor.

Shanghai, Dec. 30, 1852.

The labors of the year 1852 have been characterized by such unbroken sameness as to leave me without striking incidents to communicate. The gospel has been preached regularly to large congregations. Last Sabbath we had three services, at each of which there were not less than five hundred hearers. There is a general spirit of inquiry about our religion. But it is all head work. There is no heart work about it. But we know that the mind must be informed before the affections can be moved.

Ours is pioneer work. I trust that the Board and the churches will not become weary in waiting long for the harvest at Shanghai.

CHAPTER X.

REBELLION RECORDS—1853-1856—AGE 34-37.

A TRUE history of the Tai-ping Rebellion will probably never be written. Affecting, as it did, all parts of a territory as large as the United States, arousing the passions of four hundred million people, and continuing through many years, it has not been equaled in its extent and magnitude in modern times.

From a rising of peasants and mountaineers in 1850, the movement had grown by 1853 to an enormous insurrection of ungovernable fury and indiscriminate slaughter, and threatened the very existence of the empire. At first a religious, it became in time a political movement. What had begun as a struggle for religious freedom degenerated, first into fanaticism, and then into aimless and destructive massacre.

We have to do here with this war only so far as it affected the life of the subject of this memoir. And it will be seen, as we read his narrative and letters, that it came very close to him and affected his life most materially.

I witnessed three cruel panics during the war. One was in midsummer and at midday The rebels were known to be not far off and were to be expected at any time.

Two brothers were at work in a rice field. About noon one of them called to the other, "*Van-how-tsay*" (rice is ready). A neighbor woman heard the loud call and understood him to say, "*T' sang-maw-lay-tsay*" (the long-haired Rebels are coming). She caught up her two children and ran as fast as she could with her cramped feet and, as she ran, she screamed for other neighbors to hear, "*T'sang-maw-lay-tsay.*" They, too, caught up their children and ran, making the same outcry.

Soon many thousands shared in the panic. As they rushed past my place, many poor women and children, unable to go further, came in and filled my yard, while the great throng went on into the city, the north gate of which is near my house. In a short time, the whole city, with its hundreds of thousands, was in a panic. Many, seeking to cross the river in overcrowded boats, were drowned. The number of lives lost as the result of this little incident will never be known.

At the taking of Soochow, at a later period, a large number of Imperial troops fell into the hands of the Rebels and were all put to the sword. More than eighty thousand of the people of Soochow, rather than fall into the hands of the monsters, as they considered these destroyers of temples and idols, took their own lives. They threw their children and wives into the canals in and around the city. They then jumped in after them, and all perished together.

Dr. T. P. Crawford and others made an attempt to reach the rebels and found that the broad canals, for a distance of two miles from the city, were so choked with dead bodies that a boat could not make its way through them.

During these times of trial we gained the confidence of the people. They seemed to think that we knew, or ought to know, whether or not there was danger. Their gods and priests, in whom they had been in the habit of trusting, were yielding to the fiery ordeal like stubble before the flames. Their officials and soldiers were fleeing before the storm. They now looked to foreigners for protection.

One man, during a panic, in his frantic efforts to find a place of safety for all the silver he had (about two hundred dollars), threw it over the wall into my yard and continued his flight. He simply had confidence that I would take care of it for him. His confidence was not misplaced. After the panic was over, he came and received his money.

I have found, however, that the men for whom I did the most have shown the least inclination to put their trust in the God of gods and the Lord of lords. But there is no doubt that the confidence of the people in idols and idolatrous worship received a terrible shock from the indiscriminate destruc-

tion of temples and their contents by the Rebel leaders. The latter were the declared advocates of the Christian religion.

Though the priests have, during the last twenty years, been making a feeble effort to commence rebuilding some of the temples, they have been able to do little more in many localities than erect temporary buildings and place therein a few idols.

The idols are paralyzed and must remain so for a few generations. What an opportune time for the spread of the gospel if we had the men and means.

Before the beginning of this rebellion of iconoclasts, it was very difficult for a foreigner to secure possession of an idol that had been worshiped, even though a large price was offered for it. Now, however, they were for sale at almost every curiosity shop along the streets, and could be bought for a trifle. Images as large as men, which had been objects of the adoration of thousands, were now common curios in the homes of foreign merchants.

It was at this time that Mr. Yates sent from Shanghai to the Mission Rooms at Richmond several gilded idols of heroic stature. These uncrowned and humiliated gods were sent, not merely as curiosities, nor yet as trophies. To the mind of Mr. Yates they were dumb prophets of the downfall of paganism.

On September 7th, 1853, the city of Shanghai was taken by the Rebels. There was almost no resistance, and but little bloodshed. In the gray dawn of morning, Mr. Yates was a witness of the rush of the six hundred men into the north gate. Of succeeding events he wrote:

I went at once to the Foreign Concession and reported to the United States Minister, Hon. Humphrey Marshall, that the city was in the hands of a band of Rebels. He doubted it and, desiring to see for himself, asked me to accompany him as interpreter. We found the city in quiet possession of six hundred men. There were barely enough of them to allow a guard of one man to a street, but the people stood in their doors as if petrified.

Within a few days many thousands of Rebels had gathered, and the city was sacked. An enormous quantity of silver and gold bars was collected at the headquarters of Lieu, the commander-in-chief of the Rebels. The division of this treasure and other causes gave rise to a most serious dispute between the leaders, each of whom had a large following. This produced a state of excitement and peril which no pen can describe.

At this juncture, the American minister, fearing that harm might befall the American missionaries who resided in the city, wished to send a dispatch to Lieu in regard to this matter. I volunteered to take the dispatch, for Brother Crawford and his wife were among the residents within the walls.

I was admitted at the north gate, and conducted to Lieu's headquarters. To reach the place I had to pass through a narrow alley, about four feet wide. In this alley there were three turns, each at a right angle. A cannon, loaded and then filled to the muzzle with brick-bats was stationed at each of these angles. They were primed with powder over and about the touch hole. Two fellows, looking like ruffians, were standing by each gun, with lighted torches in their hands, ready to touch off the cannon at the first appearance of an enemy. They waved their torches at me and demanded the object of my errand. I continued to advance with my dispatch in my hand, for they, being Cantonese, could not talk much with me. This challenge was made at each of the angles in the alley for a distance of about one hundred yards.

My dispatch to Lieu was my passport through each of these ordeals. I was, however, exposed to the greatest possible peril from an accidental discharge. The ruffians handled their torches so carelessly over the cannon, that sparks and burning coals were constantly falling, and the surface of powder exposed about the touch hole was as large as a man's hand.

On reaching the ante-room, I felt that truly I was bearding the lion in his den. There were in the room a score or more of ruffians, all with drawn swords. They appeared to be quarreling among themselves and at the point of fighting. They challenged me. I demanded an interview with Lieu, at the same time showing my dispatch. They said that they would

take it to him. I said, "No, I must deliver it in person and have some words with him." An officer retired, and on his return conducted me to the commander-in-chief. On my way I passed through a large room filled with bars of silver (each worth seventy-two dollars) as a Southern corncrib is filled with ears of corn. The pile extended to the roof and allowed a space at the other side of the room about two feet wide through which to pass.

I delivered my dispatch and received the assurance that the foreigners in the city should be carefully guarded.

Having discharged the duty which I had undertaken, I retired through the same excited crowd and dangerous alley. It was only after I had reached the street in safety that I began to realize the great peril to which I had been exposed. The very thought of it quickened my pace. My safe arrival at home was the occasion of praise and thanksgiving to God.

On the night after this adventure Mr. Yates wrote in a letter:

This day of indescribable anxiety has passed away without injury to my person or property. And now I am alone and shut in from the scene of confusion and anarchy which reigns without. The curtain of night kindly excludes from my view any danger that may be near. But God is here, and why should I think of danger? And yet I feel it difficult to be composed. I will read the fifty-first Psalm, and ask God, my preserver, to prepare me for a quiet night's repose.

The story is resumed from the reminiscenses:

The Taotai, or chief magistrate of the city, had been imprisoned by the Rebels when the city was taken. One faction insisted that he should be executed, and the other that his life should be spared. The American minister sent a message to Lieu that he would protect the Taotai, if he should be placed in his charge. But Lieu found it impossible to get him out of the city until two foreigners assisted him over the wall, dressed as a common countryman. Once over the wall, he made his escape to the foreign settlement in a sedan chair borrowed from Mr. Yates.

Not being able to find the Taotai, the faction inimical to him became frantic with rage, and resolved to attack the foreign settlement. The foreigners were on their guard at all approaches through the entire night. My servants all left me and begged me to run, saying that it had been resolved to take the life of every foreigner.

My family being on a trip to the country, I sat at a window alone throughout the night. The infuriated mob more than a dozen times got up courage enough to rush toward the foreign settlement. When, however, they came in sight of the powerful reflectors, which had been arranged so as to reveal their approach, their courage failed, and they withdrew. The noise and excitement were fearful.

After a few weeks, the Taotai, having collected a force, sought to retake the city. The first attack was made right at my house.

First and last I witnessed sixty-eight battles around my house, my premises being the cover under which the Imperials approached to within three hundred feet of the city wall. I could often hear the shot strike the roof tiles of the houses.

CHAPTER XI.

ON GUARD IN ONE'S OWN HOUSE—1853-1854—AGE 34-35

THE personal adventures related below are condensed from Mr. Yates' reminiscences.

The erection of a battery three hundred yards west of our mission premises and the arrival of large reinforcements to the besiegers suggested that it would no longer be prudent for the ladies of the Mission to remain in such an exposed position. Brother Cabaniss' house also was exposed, and he secured rooms in the Episcopal Mission, away from the scene of danger. Mrs. Yates and our daughter moved in with them, while I remained to protect, if possible, our Mission property.

Having surveyed the situation, I took steps to guard against

danger. I did not think that the Rebels would fire intentionally at my windows, but I was exposed to stray shots. So I made barricades with mattresses, and moved my bed to what seemed a perfectly safe position. Then I committed myself to God to guard me against unforseen danger.

Shot frequently crashed through the outer windows and against the wall at the foot of my bed or into the mattresses. But I soon became accustomed to this, as one does to the washing of the waves against the sides of a ship at sea. I now devoted myself to the study of the language, and made good progress during the eighteen months that I was shut out from the rest of the world. It was during this period of forced inaction in other Missionary work that I rendered into the Shanghai dialect "The Two Friends," a tract which has been of much service.

After many unsuccessful assaults upon the walls, the Imperalists set themselves in good earnest to the task of starving the Rebels out. To this end they constructed between the city and the foreign settlement a wall fifteen feet high. This cut me off from all supplies. I therefore demanded a gate in the wall, which would enable me to get to market. As an alternative, in case I should be compelled by the refusal of this request to leave the Mission, I demanded a guarantee of indemnity for all damage that might be done to the property. The commander-in-chief, knowing that the treaty guaranteed such an indemnity, agreed to my demand. The next day I received evidence that the indemnity had been paid into the consulate. Then, after standing guard over my house for sixteen months, a spectator of sixty-eight battles and of scenes of cruelty and horror, I had, with a heavy heart, to abandon my dear home.

As soon as I vacated our premises, the Imperialists took possession and occupied them as a battery. The doors and windows were used as port holes, and this drew the enemy's fire. The whole of the wood work, the doors, frames, floors, was taken out and used for fuel.

At last the Rebels secretly withdrew from the city, having bribed enough of the Imperialists to render this possible. When the besiegers heard that they had left, they entered the city

with great caution. Fearing that there might be some trap, they fired the city. It burned for three days, and all the most valuable portion was destroyed. During these three days, the Imperialist army was allowed to sack the city. The scene cannot be described; it can scarcely be imagined. Many, who attempted to defend their property, were slain or seriously wounded. Strict search was made for the coffins of all the Rebels who had died or been killed. The corpses within them were decapitated in order to aggravate the sufferings of the dead Rebels in the spirit world.

Scores of millions of property were destroyed, and the ruin of the city seemed complete. This was the end of the useless and disastrous local rebellion which, though contemporaneous, had no real connection with the Tai-Ping movement. What remained of our Mission property was returned to us. The indemnity which I had secured, by standing up for my rights, was sufficient to rebuild the houses and put them in a habitable condition.

The question may naturally arise in the minds of some, "Were you not, from the position of your house under the city wall and at the point of attack, exposed to imminent danger?" Yes, I certainly was. But I had looked to the Lord for guidance, and it seemed to be my duty to guard the Mission property. I felt quite sure that, so long as I maintained a bold front, neither the Imperialists nor the Rebels would dare to molest me personally or enter my premises for the purpose of pillage.

And I was correct in my estimate of the Chinese character. To both parties, when they applied for permission to enter my house to see if any of their enemies were secreted therein, I made the same reply, "Your enemies are thieves; and do you suppose that I would for any consideration allow one of them to enter my premises?" This answer was usually satisfactory.

Towards the last, however, the Imperialists became very ugly and demonstrative. On one occasion, two or three hundred men came unobserved by the Rebels to my back gate and pounded so furiously that it seemed as if they really intended to force their way in. I went out and demanded to know what it all meant. They called upon me to open the gate, or they

would force it. I replied with all the boldness that I could assume, "I shall not open the gate to you, and you dare not force it. Are you pirates or are you Imperial soldiers? If you are soldiers, show me your orders to enter and search my premises." Thereupon a number of matchlocks were thrust through my bamboo fence (I did not have a wall at that time), and a fierce demand came from many voices that the gate should be opened.

At this juncture matters looked serious. I saw that there was nothing left for me but to assume a bold front and *charge them.* So I walked up to the bamboo fence, where I could catch their eyes and hold them, and then, in an imperious manner, I ordered them to withdraw their matchlocks or I would bend them double. They instinctively obeyed my order and called out "*hi-ya*" (he is brave). I called for the officer in command and reprimanded him for the lawless conduct of his men. I also assured him that, if the offense should be repeated by his men or any other Imperial soldiers, I would report him to headquarters.

Having cowed them, I at once withdrew to my sanctum, to avoid further reference to the matter, for I had exhausted my last round of ammunition. This bloodless victory was none the less real for having been won under circumstances of great peril by *dignified bravado.*

During the numerous battles around my house I was also exposed to danger from stray shot, for it was next to impossible not to look on during an engagement right under my windows. On the south side and east end of my house there was hardly a foot of space that had not received a shot of some kind.

When the engagements were at night, I remained quietly in my barricaded sanctum and listened to the musket balls crashing through the windows and rolling over the floor of the adjoining room. My safe retreat, not being casemated, was not entirely proof against cannon shot or shell from above. From this quarter I did not apprehend any danger, as the Chinese batteries were on a level with my dwelling-house lot, and they had no shells.

On the morning that the mine under the city wall near the

Ningpo Joss was sprung, some one in charge of the battery a few hundred yards west of me, in attempting to put a shot against the North Gate, aimed so wide of the mark that he put it through the roof of my house. It pierced one of the main roof beams and then, failing to bury itself into the next beam, it dropped on the ceiling of my room and rolled on the laths. These began to give way under its weight. Seeing that it was going to drop on a pet table, I jumped upon a chair and caught it in my hands as it fell. Thus I saved my table from injury. It proved to be a nine-pound, wrought-iron shot. Like the Irishman's deck plug, it was neither oval, square, nor round. This oblong shot, made by a blacksmith, was the only cannon ball that penetrated my sanctum during the strife.

Some shot from the battery on the west, after piercing the vacant house of Mr. Cabaniss, dropped at the wall of my house. Others from the battery on the other side of the river, more than a mile away, dropped at the foot of my eastern wall. As, however, a cannon ball from either the east or the west had to pass through three walls before it could penetrate my sanctum, except by the roof, I felt quite secure while in my room.

But outside of my room there was danger when the batteries were in action. On one occasion the Rebels set fire to the house of a Chinese neighbor, just at my back gate. The poor inmates, who were about to suffer the loss of all that they possessed, came to us crying out, "Save, save." I rushed into the midst of several hundred Rebels, who were standing in the garden, to see that the house was destroyed, and promised them that, if they would extinguish the fire and allow the family to remove their things, I would guarantee that the house would be pulled down within three days. After this assurance from me, the fire was extinguished. During the few moments that I was talking to the Rebels, they were fired on by the battery a little distance west of us, and the twelve pound shot passed only three feet above my head. The space between my head and the cannon ball was easily determined by the mark of the shot on a tree beyond me. The concussion prostrated me as well as many of the Rebels who were in the line of the shot, but, apart from a

severe fright, I sustained no injury. Without further warning I retired to my sanctum.

But I accomplished my errand and received the inmates of the house, more than twenty souls with all their goods, into my house and compound. These people have remained stolid heathen to this day, and, though they live next door to a Baptist church, they never attend a religious service. The terrorism of their false gods and their superstition keeps them away.

Time would fail me to tell all the incidents of personal adventure and narrow escapes. I was shot at twice with a rifle by a foreigner in the service of the Rebels when I was making my way to my family, as I tried to do once a month. But, thanks to a merciful Providence, I was delivered from all my perils and still live—a monument of God's mercy and grace.

The many Chinese who looked to me for help and protection seemed to feel perfectly safe within my house or in my presence. They believed in me, and trusted me in all things except as to the way of salvation. They were content with their systems.

The confidence with which the Chinese appealed to Mr. Yates for all kinds of assistance is illustrated by an incident which occurred during his earlier missionary career. It is presented here just as it is related by Dr. W. R. Lambuth, formerly a missionary in Shanghai, and now Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the Methodist Church at Nashville, Tenn.

A poor old Chinaman called one day upon Dr. Yates. He told his story of poverty and hopelessness in a few words. It seems that he had no children, and now in old age he and his wife, expecting shortly to die, had neither money to pay funeral expenses nor children to bury them when dead. He addressed the doctor as follows: "I have known you by reputation for years. Though I am not a Christian I have attended your chapel services and heard you preach. What is more, I have watched you day by day for years, and am convinced that among all my countrymen there is none more honest than you. I have perfect confidence in your word and your honor. My old wife and I make an unusual request of you to-day. We have no

money with which to buy our coffins or pay the expenses of our burial. We ask you to furnish the former and attend to the latter when we die."

The doctor was utterly nonplussed, and at first thought concluded to dismiss the old man and his singular petition without further consideration. But seeing that he was so wrought up about it, and at the same time so deeply convinced of the disinterestedness of the missionaries, Dr. Yates concluded to give the matter a little consideration. He replied, "Come back tomorrow and I will answer." Upon consultation with Mrs. Yates they agreed to meet the expense required, and so answered the old man on the following day. He was perfectly delighted when Dr. Yates furnished $100 with which to purchase two coffins. Bowing his thanks he left the house, secured coffins for himself and wife, and had them deposited in his house in preparation for the time when his wife and himself must occupy them.

A few weeks after this was attended to, the old man returned and requested another interview with Dr. Yates. After salutations had been exchanged he proceeded to draw from the folds of his girdle a greasy paper. "This," said he, presenting it to the doctor, "is the title for a little piece of ground I own in the suburbs of the city. It is not worth anything, but I have nothing else in the world to offer you for your kindness." Dr. Yates refused the offer, but the old man persistently urged him to accept it. Not willing to be ungracious, he finally did so, and had the lot registered in his name.

In due course of time the old couple died, and were buried by the doctor at an additional expense of about $50.

Years elapsed, when one day an Englishman in Shanghai called upon Dr. Yates and desired to purchase a piece of land which he owned in the suburbs. The doctor repeatedly denied that he owned a lot in that quarter of the city. The Englishman insisted that such a lot was registered in his name. They went to the consulate to inspect the records, and found it to be the case. It was the lot given the doctor years before by the old man. New streets had been opened as the city grew in size, and the small piece of ground had largely enhanced in value.

It was sold for about $1,500, which reimbursed Dr. Yates for his initial expense and gave him a balance of over $1,200, as bread cast upon the waters which had returned after many days.

CHAPTER XII.

DICTIONARY MAKING AMID DANGERS—1853-1854—AGE 34-35.

THE letters of the solitary watchman, having been written in the midst of the struggles around the mission premises, give even a more vivid account of details than is presented in the reminiscences. The sharp contrast between the hubbub and slaughter without, and the calm man within, coolly working on a Chinese lexicon, needs no comment.

Shanghai, January 29, 1853.

To Rev. T. W. Tobey:

The Rebellion is progressing. Already three provinces have been overrun. We are encouraged in our work by the good attendance on our ministry.

The ice this morning is two inches thick. A few days ago we had deep snow. Many poor Chinese are to be seen dead in the streets this morning. You know something of these scenes.

Having heard that there was impatience and dissatisfaction at home, because progress in China was slow and the converts few, Mr. Yates wrote:

Shanghai, August 6, 1853.

Those who complain of our want of success should remember that the China Mission has been in operation only about ten years. The language had to be acquired, the Bible translated, tracts prepared, and prejudices overcome. What would farmers think of a neighbor who, having prepared his soil and sowed his seed, should, in the month of June, sit down and lament over

his want of success, with the crop springing up all around him? Would they not say that he was unreasonable?

The churches have no reason to be discouraged, so long as the Missionaries are encouraged.

Shanghai, October 11, 1853.

On the morning of October 1st the Imperialists made a desperate attack upon the Rebels under cover of our Mission premises. I witnessed the whole battle. The scene was most exciting. My dwelling received eighteen balls. We stay by our dear homes to keep them from being used as breastworks, and I am willing to subject myself to no little discomfort to save the North Carolina Mission dwelling from certain destruction. I have barricaded one of the least exposed rooms, and am determined to stay by my home till the roof is shot from over my head.

Shanghai, November 29, 1853.

To his Parents:

There has been much cannonading to-day by both of the belligerent parties. I can sit at my table engaged with my teacher and hear the cannon balls rush through the air and strike among the houses in the city.

Two months have passed away since I entered the city to preach. The city gates are closed and barricaded. Now that I am debarred from preaching, I am devoting all my time to the preparation of a dictionary of the spoken language of this region. There is no work of this kind in this dialect; hence I do not see how I can, under existing circumstances, better serve the cause of missions than by preparing a work which will enable the new comer to acquire this dialect with greater facility. It is an arduous undertaking, but I trust that I shall be able to complete it.

The rebels shot a man to-day near the corner of my lot. His body is still lying where it fell.

November 30.—I have done a good day's work on my dictionary of words and phrases. Brother Cabaniss called and informed me that wife and daughter are well.

December 1.—To-day the weather has been fine, and I have performed my usual day's work.

The Imperialists attacked the city to-day in good earnest, both by land and water. My house was again surrounded by fighting men, and the eighteen-pounder near my house was in constant action. The scene was exciting till I began to see dead bodies carried off. Four were killed near my house. I have bought a coffin, and have had buried the body of the man shot at the corner of my lot day before yesterday. There must be great suffering, perhaps starvation, in the city; for there are at least seventy thousand souls in Shanghai who live to-day on the labor of yesterday.

December 2.—This has been the most fearful day that has dawned since the war commenced at Shanghai. The attack upon the Rebels on the wall was begun at four o'clock this morning, and it is not yet ended (at 9 P.M.). There have been hardly five minutes during the day when my house has not been trembling from the firing of cannon. I have the prospect of a sleepless night.

December 3.—The events of to-day have been even more sanguinary than those of yesterday. At daybreak five hundred Rebels sallied out of the city gate and challenged the Imperialists to a fight in the open field. About fifteen hundred Imperialists came out to meet them. The engagement lasted two hours. It was a burlesque on war, for no order was observed by either party. But I saw many wounded. Fifteen, I am told, were killed.

December 5.—The weather being very cold, there has been no serious engagement to-day. Hence I have been able quietly to prosecute my labors.

December 6.—Twice to-day there have been sallies from the city. I saw several fall. Among them was a man of mark, having a white button and feather in his cap. Many were wounded.

December 7.—Just three months ago the Rebels took Shanghai. The excitement of that day was as nothing compared with that of to-day. The air has been vocal with the music of cannon balls. The Imperialists have six hundred cannons on land and water. From the powerful armament they poured for hours a storm of shot into the city. And the Rebel cannons on the

wall were not idle. I have had a good shaking, such as I do not care to have again.

The thirty-one pirate vessels in the employ of the Imperialists have this afternoon attacked a Rebel battery. Since this attack, troops have landed and have fired the city outside of the walls in several places. I have just been (7 P.M.) to the window. The scene is awful. For three quarters of a mile the city is burning, and the wind is high. I can distinctly hear the cracking and snapping of the burning timbers. This extensive suburb on the river, the most wealthy part of Shanghai, is doomed to destruction in this conflagration.

Notwithstanding the great hubbub to-day, I have performed my usual task of labor.

December 8.—Stormy. Strong wind and rain. The fire continued to burn all night. The rain has now well nigh put it out. Being unwell, I have been unable to get out to make enquiries. The Chinese say that the loss of life is very great. I have done my usual amount of work to-day.

Shanghai, December 18, 1853.

I have felt it more necessary that these houses should be preserved, because, if the Imperialists enter the city, our rented dwellings there will probably be burned. In that case, the other families could be crowded in with us for a time.

While debarred from preaching, I devote my whole time to the preparation of a dictionary of the words and phrases of the spoken Shanghai dialect. The lack of this has long been felt by all who have attempted the study of this difficult language.

February 28, 1854.

To his Father:

The Rebels still hold the city; the Imperial troops still continue their attacks. My dear family are two miles away. I, a solitary watchman, remain at the North Carolina Mission House. I have been just between the contending parties in forty-two engagements. God, in his great mercy, has thus far preserved me from all harm. You are doubtless ready to ask whether I am not afraid to stay here. No; for you know how insensible to danger one becomes in war. But while this state

of things lasts we can do nothing in the way of missionary work. Oh, when is it to end?

March 14.—Since I wrote the above, things have moved on about as usual. There is fighting every day or two. Cannon balls continue to whistle by my door. One struck my house a few days ago, but did not do much damage. This kind of diversion has ceased to be a novelty.

This goes by the ship Mandarin. Much love to dear mother and all the family, white and black.

Shanghai, May 27, 1854.

To Rev. T. W. Tobey:

The Imperialists are still besieging the city. We shall probably have several years of great commotions in China. But we know that in the providence of God it will be for the good of this great Empire.

The commandant of the Rebels has issued two proclamations concerning idolatry. He declares it to be the worship of the devil. Though he evidently knows nothing of the spirit of Christianity, he professes to be anxious to "eat the foreign religion." Our congregations are not large, but the people seem to enjoy having our presence and sympathy in these troublous times.

I have about half completed a dictionary of the language spoken in this part of China, and hope to finish it by the end of this year.

Whether this work was finished by the end of that year is not known. That it was completed, however, is shown by a reference to it in a letter written by Mr. Yates exactly five years later. In this he said: "I have, in four hundred manuscript pages, a dictionary of the Shanghai dialect."

Shanghai, May 29, 1854.

As there has been but little fighting since April 4th, we have resumed our preaching services. The attendance, though not so good as formerly, is not to be despised. Some of our congregations would make an interesting group for a painter, consisting, as they do, of Rebels, in various costumes, all having

their weapons, men, women, and children, including the diseased, the blind, and beggars. The people appear pleased to have us go into the city, and, especially, to have our sympathy in their time of trouble.

There is abundant evidence that to the end of his career Mr. Yates gave, not merely his sympathy, but his help in many ways to his Chinese neighbors. Dr. R. H. Graves, of Canton, has said: "His influence among the Chinese was very great. Even those heathen who rejected his religion revered and honored him as a man."

Shanghai, July 21, 1854.

To Adolphus G. Jones, Esq.:

I am gratified to learn that the Raleigh Association, in appointing you as its Corresponding Secretary, has taken another step in the right way. Had one been appointed when I was accepted as their Missionary, I should not have lived the last three years without receiving a friendly letter from any member of the body except my own kindred. I propose to write quarterly. These letters may serve as the basis of a report to be presented to the body at its annual meeting.

The presence of a large besieging army, rendering life insecure, has very materially interfered with our Missionary labors. Up to the twenty-eighth of last September, when the Imperialists came to attack the city, it was my privilege to preach five days in the week to large and encouraging congregations. Since that time I have been engaged in the preparation of a dictionary of the dialect of this place—a desideratum long and seriously felt. By the end of the year I hope to have the entire work ready for the press. Should this work, when completed, be the means of enabling future missionaries to learn this language with more ease and greater accuracy, I shall feel that my daily toil, in the midst of great peril, has not been in vain in the Lord.

Shanghai, September 28, 1854.

To Rev. J. J. James:

I am truly delighted to see evident signs that the Baptists of North Carolina are becoming roused as to the importance of female education. This is encouraging, for a liberal policy in

regard to the education of females forms the basis of all improvement, religious, civil, and social. Educate the females, and the education of the other sex will regulate itself.

I conceive that female education has the same relation to the education of the other sex that efficient operations in Home Missions have to Foreign Missions. When every nook and corner of North Carolina and favored America is visited and enlivened by a pure gospel, then we may expect the corps of foreign missionaries to be greatly increased, and the treasury of the Lord to overflow with the first fruits of cheerful givers. Till then, the burden must be borne by a few.

It is truly lamentable that in many of our churches and ministers there is indifference, not to say direct opposition, to Foreign Missions.

Foreign Missions propose nothing more nor less than the accomplishment of the design for which the Saviour came into the world.

Viewing the subject and the field from this far-off standpoint, and feeling deeply solicitous for a more enlightened sentiment, and more liberal policy as to missions, I conceive that the most effectual way to bring about this change is to educate; educate the females and the rising ministry, and send forth into every district a pure gospel. The best talent in the churches may perhaps be more profitably employed in this department of labor than in any other.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALMOST SUPERHUMAN EFFORTS—1855-1856—AGE 36-37.

WHEN the cessation of hostilities at Shanghai allowed the resumption of regular missionary work, Mr. Yates and his colleagues, as if to retrieve the time that had been lost, began preaching and teaching with redoubled zeal. The title of this chapter is justified by its contents.

Shanghai, March 6, 1855.

The city of Shanghai is now a mere wreck. The Imperialists, when once within the walls, did not stop their wanton destruction till nearly half of the best part of the city was in flames. The fire burned to within one house of the Baptist church. This had been seriously damaged by shot and shell from French cannon.

Shanghai, April 11, 1855.

For some days we have been much confined to our dwellings by the almost constant rain. The weather prevented me from going to my eleven o'clock service to-day. This afternoon, though the storm had not abated, I did not feel satisfied to allow a Sabbath to pass without trying to preach to some one. So, drawing on my rain boots, I plodded for a mile to the church. The ringing of the church bell called in about twenty. I tried to preach for a half an hour or so, the people coming in all the time.

Having finished what I must confess was a very poor effort, if not a failure, I dismissed the congregation. I was greatly surprised to find that not a man rose from his seat to leave the place. You can imagine my embarrassment.

Seeing others coming in, I resolved, the Lord helping me, to try again. So I resumed my stand and preached with ease for an hour concerning Christ as the Saviour of men to a large

and apparently deeply interested congregation. I felt that the Lord was there in our midst.

Shanghai, April 20, 1855.

Our Mission property will soon be restored to its original state. I moved into my house two months ago. Mrs. Yates' school house has been rebuilt in a more eligible position. Hereafter, when we refer to it as a preaching place, it will be under the name of Kiaw-hwo-dong. The Sung-way-dong will be ready for use again in a few days. The cost of all these repairs will come within the indemnity received from the Chinese government.

The next letter is brief, but of profound significance It tells of the first female ever baptized in China upon a profession of faith in Christ, the file-leader of the host of Baptist women, of the thousands who are now and of the millions who are yet to be in the Empire of China.

Perhaps it was to be expected that this event should occur at Shanghai rather than at any other of the open ports. It appears that here, more than elsewhere, the way was open for carrying the gospel message to females. Not long before this time Mr. Shuck had written:

Being so long accustomed to female exclusiveness in the South of China, I was surprised, on coming to Shanghai, to find females everywhere frequenting the shops and stores and streets. We have had as many as fourteen to visit our house in a day.

Shanghai, June 1, 1855.

Last Sabbath we received by baptism the first female member from among the multitudes of this city. It would have done you good to be present and hear her tell what the Lord had done for her soul. During my address on this occasion, I saw tears flow freely from the eyes of several in the congregation.

Shanghai, June 1, 1855.

To his Parents:

We are just entering the heat of summer, and we all feel it, more or less. I have of late had some indications of a return

of my old trouble in my head. I hope, however, that it is only temporary.

You will rejoice to know that the Lord is at work in our midst. Last Sabbath we received one by baptism. Another has professed. We have now several interesting enquirers.

Shanghai, June 26, 1855.

To Mr. S. P. Norris:

As soon as the city fell into the hands of the Imperialists last February, the authorities turned over to us the wreck of our Mission. I proceeded at once to restore my house to its original condition, and it is now as good as new. The indemnity of $5,000 from the Chinese government will restore all our Mission property and leave a small balance to go into the Mission treasury. My own personal loss by the war, to say nothing of my trouble and peril, is $100. This is a dead loss.

After the fall of the city, we renewed our attacks upon the strongholds of idolatry. Many of the temples have been demolished, idols and all, by the Rebels. We have been holding seven services a week to an average attendance of about 2,500. In the midst of their many troubles, the people listen to the peaceful truths of the gospel with more interest than they did before the war. And they have had ocular demonstration of the weakness of the gods on whom they relied, when they saw the idols thrown into the ditches. Many now seem to be giving to the gospel the attention which its importance demands. We have received two into our little church since the fall of the city.

June 27.—We moved back home yesterday, but it will take some days to get things arranged.

Shanghai, September 12, 1855.

To his Sister:

You doubtless think that the life of a Missionary is much more adapted to the growth of piety in the heart than that of a farmer. Do not think this. Every heart knows its own sorrows, and every situation in life has its peculiar trials.

Just eight years ago to-day we landed in Shanghai. During these years we have seen much hard service. God has been very merciful to us.

If yours is a house of prayer, you may be a very happy family. If there is no family altar there, your children, I fear, will grow up ignorant of God and the way of salvation. You should not depend upon the preacher to teach your children the requirements of the gospel when they shall have grown up to be large girls and boys. In youth is the time to sow the seeds of virtue. If the good seeds are not sown in youth, the wicked one will be sure to sow the seeds of vice. It is high time that you had realized the responsibility resting upon a mother. It is the mother that shapes the character of her offspring. And if she fails to impart in youth those lessons of truth which are calculated to lead her child into the ways of virtue and holiness, she will have abundant reasons to regret it when it will be too late.

Allow me, my dear sister, to impress upon your mind the importance of maternal influence and watchfulness. We all know that the most lasting impressions upon our minds were received in our youth. Since, then, this is the age for receiving the most abiding impressions, it is the age for imparting the most important instructions. "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." A child, when he is old, should go in the ways of holiness and peace; then, as soon as he is able to talk and understand you, teach him the simple truths of the gospel, and teach him verses of Scripture. He may not know the meaning at first, but the seed sown in youth will remain in the heart. Never let him go to bed without saying a little prayer. If you have no little childrens' prayers, you must make some.

Shanghai, September 12, 1855.

To the Raleigh Association:

This is the eighth anniversary of my arrival. In embarking in this enterprise, I gave myself wholly to the Lord to promote his glory among the heathen. And although it has been my lot to pass through many hard trials, I have never once regretted my decision. My retrospect of the past fills me with hope for the future. It is impossible for you to estimate results by the number of converts reported, or to form a correct idea of what has been done. One who settles in a new country must perform

much hard labor in the way of felling trees, building houses, and clearing land. Then, when the brush wood is all removed, the soil, matted with roots, must be broken up before it is in a fit condition to receive seed. And there must be an outlay of funds before the land can begin to yield large profit.

So with a Mission in its incipient state. And in China, where the devil has had unlimited sway for ages, there are briars and thorns of many centuries' growth, and you can readily see that much time must be employed in making way for and sowing the seed. Now, since the age of miracles closed, the gospel has made progress in proportion to the means used. And when we consider the agents at work here and the means at their disposal, we are filled with gratitude to God for the progress made. We rejoice to know that the seed we have sown in a soil long preoccupied by the most noxious weeds are beginning to spring up and to bear fruit.

This is probably the only stage in the whole range of your existence during which it is in your power to glorify Christ by helping to extend his kingdom.

Shanghai, January 5, 1856.

The past year has been eventful. In February, when the city fell into the hands of the Imperialists, our North Gate Mission premises were in ruins, and our chapel in the city much injured. My house was built without disturbing the old walls. Brother Cabaniss' house had to be rebuilt from the foundations. The chapel, now known as Kiaw-hwo-dong, has been rebuilt in a more eligible location. Our chapel in the city had to be re-roofed, and twenty feet of the bell tower had to be taken down. All this work has been completed at a somewhat less cost than the amount received from the Chinese government.

Shanghai, January 5, 1856.

I do not think that we have been able to do as much effective preaching in any previous year as during 1855. We now have four preaching places, and maintain eighteen services a week, with an attendance at all of them of about twenty-five hundred persons. Besides, we hold many private interviews with enquirers. Our business is to sow the seed beside all waters, and leave the event with God.

You will see that your missionaries are putting forth almost superhuman efforts to reach the multitudes with the gospel; with what success, eternity alone will reveal.

There are five day schools in connection with our Mission, with an average attendance of fifty boys and fifty girls.

Last year we published five thousand "Epitome of the Bible," three thousand "Ten Commandments with Commentary," and three thousand "Two Friends," an admirable tract. We now have in the hands of the printer an edition of five thousand of the "New Testament."

During 1855 we distributed several thousands of these publications.

Mr. Yates had good evidence that in some cases the books and tracts distributed brought forth good fruit. But in after years he became skeptical as to the wisdom of indiscriminate book and tract distribution. In 1877 he wrote:

We should not be too sanguine of good results from all the books we distribute. The people will not destroy a Chinese book, but they will sell them to book scavengers. These are employed by a class of men who show their reverence for the Chinese written characters by collecting and burning all the paper they can find with these characters printed on it.

For many years it was a marvel to me what became of all the religious books distributed by missionaries. I resolved, if possible, to find out. In every shop in a long street I left a tract. A month or two afterwards I went through that street enquiring after my tracts. Strange to say, I could not find a single copy. Some said that the books were so good that they had given them to their friends. I did not believe it, for no one could tell anything about the contents of the tracts. My difficulty was not solved.

Some days afterwards a Chinese friend told me that, if I would go to a certain small temple early in the morning, I could find out what became of our books, or a large portion of them. Soon after I arrived at the temple, seven or eight coolies came in, each bearing a sack of books and printed paper. I emptied

one sack on the floor, and found that it was filled mainly with religious books and tracts from most of the Treaty Ports. Among them were some of those which I had distributed, and had sought for in vain. I looked into the other sacks and found them filled with similar material.

These books were to be burned before the idol. Some of the ashes were to be cast into the canals and rivers to furnish the spirits of the departed with reading matter. The remainder, mixed with oil, was to be used to form the paste of which the smooth surfaces of lacquered ware are made. There is quite a business in the ashes of paper for these two uses.

I am happy to say that all books are not so treated, for indiscriminate distribution has been discontinued. Notwithstanding the many disappointments, the *judicious* circulation of books must continue to be a means of aggressive work.

Shanghai, May 22, 1856.

A party of us, including Mrs. Yates and Annie, have just returned from a long trip into the interior. We were gone fifteen days, and travelled about four hundred miles, most of the time through the silk growing district. We visited many towns and cities, as well as the mountains. From these we could look right out to the sea.

The mountain scenery and the broad expanse of water beyond were refreshing to our eyes, after an imprisonment for nearly nine years. The silk district is indeed a fine country, than which none is better watered. Canals, from ten to fifty yards wide, intersect the country in every direction, at intervals of from one, two, to three miles, with something like the regularity of the streets of a city. These public highways, the work of human hands, form the thoroughfares of this plain. All traveling, whether for business or pleasure, is done on water. These canals answer to our railroads; they are, however, much more numerous, and were in successful operation a thousand years before railroads were thought of.

Shanghai, July 30, 1856.

To Rev. T. W. Tobey:

You can form some idea of the heat here when I tell you that

we have had no rain since March. The crops in this rich plain are cut off by drought. I am very feeble, though perfectly well, and am as limber as you can conceive a man to be.

The insurgents have regained this year more than they lost in 1855. No one can tell what will be the fate of this bigoted old Empire. I cannot see now, how any good is going to come out of the insurrection. I am a Rebel in feeling, but the Chinese have not found it out.

Shanghai, August 29, 1856.

I have not attempted to do much preaching for the last two months. I am perfectly well, but have suffered from great debility. A few months ago I was the victim of malaria. These eastern agues must surely come from a land of giants. They give a man, even of my stature, a most awful shaking.

Shanghai, September 6, 1856.

By this mail I send an article addressed to the pastors of the South. It is long, but I cannot be short on such a subject. It has haunted me for years. This much I know; all your efforts will be of little value unless you can instruct the pastors of churches. The pastors are not interested themselves, and consequently they do not try to instruct others. I tell you, my brother, unless you can rouse the ministry to a sense of their duty to a lost world, the millions of heathen now living are lost.

During the spring and summer of 1856, some objections had been raised by missionaries in the field to existing regulations. The Board in Richmond invited the several Missions to submit suggestions as to desirable changes. The Shanghai Mission agreed upon the following, among other regulations:

The old plan of forming the missionaries at or near the same place into a body or "Mission" for the transaction of business is hereby done away with, and henceforth each missionary stands, so far as the Board is concerned, independent of his fellow missionaries, and directly and individually responsible to God and the Board for the faithful discharge of his duties.

The views of Mr. Yates in regard to the whole matter

are given in two letters which are reproduced here. No evidence of subsequent change in the views expressed in them has been revealed in any of the hundreds of letters which have been examined in the preparation of this volume.

Shanghai, October 28, 1856.

I must say to the Board what I have told my associates I felt bound to say; that, as I do not feel any necessity for, and cannot conceive any advantage to be derived from, the innovations proposed, I do not wish to be understood as advising the change contemplated; but that, if the Board think best to adopt it, I will work under it.

I must state, however, that I believe the adoption of the article in question will be the first step towards the virtual separation of Missions into as many separate interests as there are missionaries. I regard concert of action as highly essential.

Having labored under the old regulations for nine years, and with two sets of missionaries, I have never known an instance in which any one could say that he was oppressed or restrained in any enterprise for the furtherance of the gospel among the heathen.

I have to ask the Board to excuse me from taking any further part in making regulations for our government. I hold myself ready to adopt the regulations that may be returned to us by the Board.

Shanghai, July 30, 1857.

I regretted very much to learn from your letter that the action of the Board upon regulations for the government of their missionaries would be deferred till after the Convention. The time has come when the Board must act with firmness and decision if they wish to avoid the distractions of the Northern Board. There must be an acting Board or Mission abroad, or there is no necessity for one at home.

I conceive it to be the duty of the Board to adopt reasonable and equitable regulations, and then receive no missionary under their patronage who will not come under them; and then to retain no missionary who will not cheerfully work under them. The Board must govern their Missions, or they will soon claim

the right to dictate to the Board. A single ambitious or rebellious member of a Mission can destroy the peace and neutralize the influence of that Mission as long as he is connected with it.

What I desire is for the Board to adopt a policy and maintain it firmly. It will be seen that I have no selfish ends to attain by these remarks. The Board may adopt a policy which may be as much against my views as those of other people.

May you have wisdom from above!

Shanghai, November 6, 1856.

To Rev. W. T. Walters:

Most assuredly I remember you as an old college mate; and I am delighted to hear cheering intelligence from you as to my Alma Mater. I rejoice to know of the state of moral and religious feeling among the students. I look with no little interest upon the influence that the young men who go out from the college will exert upon the churches.

My health has been declining for some time, and the Board have invited me to return to the States to recruit my exhausted strength. But I do not see how I can leave Shanghai, if it can be avoided.

We are comfortably housed, and have four places of worship, than some of which none are more commodious or more eligibly situated. We are all able to preach, and are heard in our daily and Sabbath services by at least twenty-five hundred persons a week. Our day schools, six in number, are well attended.

Even though we could not report a single conversion, we have laid the foundation for a mighty superstructure. And this is no mean part of an important work.

Shanghai, December 31, 1856.

Would that I were able to report such results as would both encourage and rouse the churches; but duty requires me to speak the language of history rather than of fancy or enthusiasm.

We now have two chapels. One of these, Sung-way-dong, is in the most thronged part of the city. The other, Kiaw-hwo-dong, is near the North Gate Mission premises. These, in-

cluding the dwellings and school rooms, are worth $20,000. We have, besides, two rented places.

We have daily services during the week and twice on the Sabbath at Sung-way-dong, and at least three times a week at each of the other three places. We preach, I suppose, to about twenty-five hundred persons a week, with what results, eternity alone will reveal. But it would be as unfair to estimate the results of our labors by our present membership, as to estimate a crop by the first ripening ears.

Our day schools, six in number, are well attended. We shall, however, have to wait some years before we can hope to see much result from this experiment in schools.

The man of little faith who is easily discouraged by difficulties, would see but little to encourage him in the great struggle in which we are engaged. But the man who looks at our work through the telescope of the promises of God would see much to encourage him in our present position at Shanghai.

We have ascended the Hill Difficulty (the language), and have taken our positions among the people. We have been publishing the word of reconciliation to tens of thousands every year. The message of salvation is listened to with attention. Some have boldly embraced Christianity.

Let those who are disposed to charge us with inefficiency or to yield to despondency, look to the prophecies, the commands, and the promises of God's word. We are assured that we shall reap if we faint not. Hence, though we could not report a single case of conversion, we are not without encouragement for persevering effort.

We have done the best we could. We have laid the foundations of a mighty superstructure. This is no mean part of any work of importance.

This last paragraph is one of the most significant and suggestive utterances of the great missionary. "We have done the best we could. We have laid the foundations of a mighty superstructure." The recurrence of this sentence in two letters, written a month apart, suggests that the idea was habitual and dominant in his mind. Courage, faith, patience, and hope are all implied

by these words. From the beginning to the end of his life, Mr. Yates' conviction that China was to be a part of the kingdom of heaven never faltered. He did his best, laid solid foundations, and was content to be patient while waiting for results.

Since Mr. Yates' death, Rev. R. T. Bryan, one of his co-workers, has said:

He laid his foundations deep and broad in every thing. The stone foundation of the Shanghai Baptist Church, and the solid instruction which he gave the members, tell us of his thoroughness. His thoroughness was also seen in his speaking knowledge of the Chinese language. I asked a very intelligent Chinese teacher, a few days ago, who was the best speaker of Chinese among the missionaries in Shanghai. He immediately replied that Dr. Yates was the best. I said that he was dead, had died six years ago. "Yes," he said, "I know, but he is still the best speaker of Chinese."

And Rev. R. J. Willingham, D.D., has said:

As to his methods of work he wrote: "We aim at solid work, no clap-trap, no sensational enterprises to write about. We believe thoroughly in schools; but, for evangelizing agency, our reliance is on the law and the gospel. The Lord bless his own appointed way."

His work was to a large extent that of preparation, opening up the way for others, laying broad foundations for future workers.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH THE HERO IS WRECKED AND STARVED—
1857-1858—AGE 38-39.

THE narrative in this chapter is condensed from Mr. Yates' reminiscences. The vigor, simplicity, and vividness of its style remind one of Defoe or Stevenson, and afford a hint as to what the writer might have done had he devoted himself to literature.

In 1857 my health became so much impaired that my physician advised me to leave Shanghai for a year in order to recuperate. I had no disease, and yet I had but little strength. I know now (1881) what was the matter. I was not sufficiently nourished. For ten years I had been trying to live on seven hundred and fifty *Spanish dollars. And out of that I tried to save a little for my family, so that they would not be entirely destitute in case anything happened to me. Mrs. Crawford and our daughter were in delicate health, and both needed a change. Under these circumstances it seemed to be my duty to leave with my family and Mrs. Crawford. Brother Crawford remained in charge of our work.

On September 1st we set sail in the good ship Ariel. A worse time could not have been selected; but we knew Captain Cutler well, and his ship could not be detained. In passing through the Chusan Islands, after four days of thick weather and falling barometer, the captain became anxious, expecting the approach of a typhoon and knowing that he was not in a favorable place to encounter it.

At noon of the fifth day, before we were fairly clear of the islands, our good captain knew from the rapid falling of the

*The Spanish dollar was at this time subject to a large discount in China.

barometer, the violence of the wind, and the heavy seas, that he was running right into the teeth of a typhoon. The only way of escape from our uncomfortable situation was to put the ship about and run for the islands, a distance of fifty or more miles.

Captain Cutler ran into the Chang San passage and anchored under shelter of an island several hundred feet high, with two anchors down and a hundred fathoms of cable on each. It was thought that the vessel would be able to ride out any storm.

The darkness of the night came on apparently before the time. The center of the typoon had approached near enough to give us some idea of its terrible force. A description is impossible. What with the roar of the waves and the hissing of the wind, for it had gotten beyond a howl, an awful buzzing noise was all that could be distinguished. If there was thunder, it could not be heard. To sleep under such circumstances was an impossibility.

Some time during the night the watch on deck called down the gangway to the captain, "The ship is drifting ashore, sir." The captain rushed on deck, and I followed to the door of the gangway. After a hasty survey of the situation, he called out, "Call all hands to save ship; all hands to your axes; cut away the weather rigging." This was soon done. Then came the order, "Cut away the masts, fore and aft." When only a few blows had been struck on the main mast, all three of the masts were snapped off by the force of the wind and fell clear of the ship. It was now found that the ship had parted one cable, and had dragged the other nearly ten miles from where she had been anchored. As we rolled and pitched under the perpendicular wall of Chang San Island, like Paul, we "longed for the day." Our only hope of safety, humanly speaking, was in the ship's one anchor.

The daylight revealed that the wind had veered, and now blew down the channel, and that the ship was drifting along a rocky shore. It was impossible to see more than two ships lengths away. The top of every wave was taken off by the violence of the wind and carried through the air in sheets and thick mist.

Suddenly the men lashed at the wheel called out, "A large

Singapore junk coming down right athwart our bow!" Captain Cutler exclaimed, "If she strikes us, it will be all over with us!" I rushed to the gangway door, and there was the junk in the trough of the sea, coming right against our bow. We could do nothing to get out of the way; and the men on board of the junk had no control of her. On she came, and, strange to say, when about a hundred feet from us, the junk, without the help of man, turned and drifted past us, stern foremost, missing us about thirty feet. The men on board, grouped about the stump of the foremast, cried to us, "Save, save, save!" But nothing could be done to save them. The junk soon disappeared in thick mist, and doubtless went to pieces on the rocks. The movement of this junk to avoid us will forever remain a mystery. We thanked God for that deliverance.

That night our good ship drifted directly toward a promontory which projected into the channel. This discovery, in the darkness, and not until we were very close to the perpendicular stone cliff, filled all hearts with consternation and dismay, for we were powerless to help ourselves.

Captain Cutler, seeing that, if the anchor did not hold the ship, her stern, after a few more pitches, would be dashed against the rock wall, and that sudden destruction was imminent, furnished Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Yates, and myself with ropes. He told us, if the ship touched the rocks, to run on deck and tie ourselves to some part of the vessel. This was with the hope, I suppose, that our remains might be kept afloat and be picked up by some one.

The report that the anchor was holding filled all hearts with joy and hope. It had probably caught upon a shelving rock, and the cable was strong enough to bear the strain. A man with a sounding line every few moments sung out, "Steady, sir." This report was thrilling.

We put our little daughter into her berth. Occasionally she called out, "Father, is there no danger?" "Go to sleep, my child," was all that I could say. Soon she was fast asleep. Then the two ladies and I seated ourselves on the floor of the cabin (for we could not sit on chairs or benches) with the ropes in our hands. We spent a short time in earnest supplication for

deliverance from impending peril. And our prayers were answered, for I then and there felt that all would be well. I said to Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Yates, "We shall have no use for these ropes; we are not to perish here. I feel that my work is not done. I have a realizing sense that God in his providence will bring us safely out of this great danger. Let us commit ourselves to him, and, resting there, try to find quiet of mind." One of them said, "Oh, I am so glad to hear you say that. Your faith helps me." Strange to say, notwithstanding we were tossed back and forth over the very jaws of death, we all, at about the same moment, fell into a deep sleep, and slept soundly till long after the day broke.

In the morning we found ourselves far beyond that dreaded point. The wind had veered during the night, and at flood tide the vessel swung away from the stone wall and drew our faithful anchor from its strong holding ground. When the ebb tide set in, the Ariel passed around the dangerous promontory. We were now fast drifting out to sea, and the wind was still blowing half a gale. Early in the afternoon the sea was open before us to the north and east, but on the south, within a mile or two, was a group of small islands extending out to sea about five miles. This danger was greater than the solid wall of Chang San, for our ship was drifting in their direction. The danger was apparent to all.

Now was the time for seamanship. God helps those who help themselves, and there was no time to be lost. Shears were made ready on the forecastle in order that an old top-gallant sail might be hoisted on them, when the ship was turned around. But to make it turn seemed an impossibility. The captain ran out over the stern a large hawser to serve as a drag. At the same moment the anchor cable was let slip, for it was not possible to hoist the heavy anchor with its hundred fathoms of cable. It went overboard, never again to be seen—or forgotten—by us. The ship gradually came round before the wind; the sail was raised, the hawser was cut; and, at last, just after dark, without masts or anchor, but with light and joyful hearts, we had passed all danger from islands and rocks.

Early the next morning a vessel was sighted far to the lee-

ward. Captain Cutler hoisted the stars and stripes with the stars down, as a signal of distress. A gun was fired on the distant vessel to let us know that our signal was understood, and after a few hours she came to our rescue. With great difficulty a boat was lowered to take our party to what proved to be a Siamese vessel.

Here was a new sensation. The waves were so high that when our boat was in the trough of the sea, we could see neither of the vessels. When we approached near the Siamese ship, and saw how heavily she was rolling, the mate of the Ariel, who was in charge of our boat, said, "It is not possible to board that vessel." The boat's crew called him a coward, and urged us not to feel uneasy. When near enough, I hailed the captain and asked if he thought we could board his ship. He thought we could if the men would be very careful not to allow the boat to be swamped when his vessel rolled to. It was a perilous undertaking, especially for ladies; but Mrs. Yates was calm.

As we approached the ship's side, I saw that the rigging was full of swarthy men, Indiamen and Siamese, whose countenances betokened fixed determination. When alongside, it was found that the men in the rigging could not reach our little daughter's hands. As the ship rolled away, after this first effort, a stalwart Indiaman, who had learned how by climbing cocoanut trees, suspended himself, head downward, by his feet, with which he grappled the rigging. When the vessel rolled to again, he clasped the little girl's hands. I let go and shut my eyes. His companions hauled the man up by the feet, and our daughter was safe on board. At the next roll of the ship, two men suspended in the same way grasped Mrs. Yates' hands and arms, and, in a moment, when the vessel rolled back, she was suspended thirty or forty feet in the air. The men in the rigging hauled these men up by the feet till they could get hold of Mrs. Yates' arms. Then they hauled her up till she got her feet on the chain-plate and her hands on the ship's rail. There she remained until I got on board and took her over the rail. When we had all of us gotten safely on board, we fell on the deck from sheer exhaustion.

Once on board, I was able to suggest a plan by which Mrs.

Crawford reached the deck with comparative ease and comfort. We dipped the White Elephant flag and sailed for Shanghai, about two hundred miles distant, and in ten days reached that city. After all, the Ariel, with the help of a steam tug, had reached Shanghai a few hours before us, and Captain Cutler had informed Brother Crawford that our party had been put on board a Siamese vessel ten days before. As it was known in Shanghai that a Siamese vessel had been wrecked and all hands lost, he was overcome with apprehension and grief. His suffering, however, was of short duration. When, just after dark, I gave a vigorous rap at his gate, he was so overjoyed that (like the damsel who did not open the gate to Peter), though he knew my voice, he climbed to the top of the gate to see if his lost wife was really there before he opened to us.

After a few weeks detention, the Ariel's cargo and passengers were transferred to the Nabob, a large clipper ship which sailed for New York November 17th, 1857. The captain assured us that she was well provided with every comfort for a company of invalids. We found that this was not true long before the voyage was half over. For, before passing the Cape of Good Hope, with two months of our voyage yet before us, the supply of flour, biscuit, coffee, tea, sugar, and salt had been used up. We asked the captain to put in at St. Helena for supplies, but he refused to do so, having been ordered to go direct to New York. There was a good supply of dried apples, but living on apple sauce three times a day becomes monotonous. Mrs. Yates suffered keenly.

I resolved to try to secure something fresh from the sea, as fish seemed to be abundant. Having procured a piece of southern pine, I made a bow longer than any that Tell ever saw. Out of a piece of white oak I made an arrow five feet long, and as large as my third finger. Among some curiosities which I was carrying home I happened to have a Chinese file, flat and about fifteen inches long. This, ground to a sharp point and barbed with a cold-chisel, furnished a spike for my arrow. A line was made fast in such a way as to make the spike end turn up when I hauled it in.

The second day after all was in working order, three fine

fish, three feet long, were seen swimming after the ship not more than fifteen feet from the rudder. With some agitation I took good aim at the fish in the middle and let fly. My arrow went between two of them that seemed to be touching each other, and I hauled in nothing but my arrow. Some one said, "Do not be discouraged; that was a good beginning." But not another fish was seen during all the rest of the voyage!

While walking on the deck one bright moonlight night, I observed numbers of rats, almost as large as squirrels, racing about the deck. The next night, having prepared plugs, and having located, as I supposed, all the holes from which they came, I stopped up all the latter. But next morning not a rat could be found on deck. They evidently had some back stairway to their dens below which I could not find. I had become so desperate that I would have eaten every rat on board, but no opportunity was offered for me to try a stew or a broil.

We all began to look much out of condition. But we did what we could to keep cheerful and nerve each other to the endurance, first of a few more weeks, and then of a few more days.

When we were told, one evening, that we were only a hundred and fifty miles from New York, we rejoiced beyond measure at the certainty of a Fulton Market beefsteak the next day. Alas! before morning our vessel was grappling with a fierce northwest snow storm and a strong gale which was dead ahead. For *eleven days* we beat up and down the coast. Deck, ropes, and sails were iced over, and a third of the sailors were too badly frost bitten to leave their bunks.

We landed at last, but in pitiable plight; for we were worn out in mind and body. All, however, were in a condition to recuperate, and as soon as we were able to travel, we went South.

Missionaries to the far East will in the future never know anything about the four and six months voyage around the Cape. They will take fine steamers at San Francisco, live as if in a good hotel, and, within twenty days, be at Yokohama, only eight days from Shanghai. The way to the hundreds of millions of China has been made straight, short, and easy.

Even more "short and easy" has the way been made since Mr. Yates wrote these reminiscences in 1881. Yokohama can now be reached in twelve days from Vancouver.

CHAPTER XV.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS IN THE UNITED STATES— 1858-1859—AGE 39-40.

MORE than eleven years had elapsed since Mr. Yates had left his native State. Of the welcome he received, of the reunions enjoyed, of the sadness with which he perceived the gaps in the ranks of his acquaintances, he has left no "reminiscences." Many there doubtless were who, like his friend Rev. Thomas Meredith, were sadly missed. But the joy of meeting again his mother and father, his sisters and brothers far outweighed, with so sunny-natured a man, all depressing influences.

The earlier months of his sojourn were spent with his kindred in "the old neighborhood," with frequent visits to Raleigh. In May he lectured nightly for a week in that city to crowded audiences. Contemporary accounts represent him as "a pleasant and effective speaker." The fluency and ease of his use of English were mentioned as remarkable for one who for so long a time had not spoken publicly in English.

Part of the summer was spent in the mountains of North Carolina, that lovely Land of the Sky, which was then a terra incognita to the outside world. That it was not altogether a pleasure trip is suggested by a letter to Rev. J. B. Taylor.

Green Level, N. C., September 27, 1858.

My health is considerably improved by my visit to the mountains of Tennessee and Western North Carolina. Mrs. Yates

and I were the first foreign missionaries ever seen in that part of the State, and our presence created quite a sensation. I lectured at Lenoir, Statesville, and other places. I was also present at the Western Convention at Taylorsville.

He returned in time to attend the meeting of his own old Association. Great crowds came from far and near to meet him, and also to hear the annual sermon, which, by special appointment, was preached by him.

Rev. T. E. Skinner, D.D., relates an interesting incident in connection with this meeting.

Some of the members of his old church were criticizing Mr. Yates for being dressed too fine. They said that if he had not gone to China, he would not have been able to dress any better than they did. Other brethren were greatly disturbed by this unbecoming talk, and asked me to say something about it. At first I hesitated, but finally concluded to allude to the matter. This I did, as delicately as I could, in a speech on Foreign Missions.

After I took my seat, Mr. Yates arose with an almost heavenly smile on his countenance. He said that he did not dress extravagantly; that nearly everything that he wore at the time had been given to him by Brother Skinner and other brethren eleven years before, when he went to China.

The effect was overwhelming. No one could be found who would confess that he had ever said anything about Mr. Yates' style of dress. My only answer was the playful remark that I wished I knew how to keep my clothing so well that I could look as Yates did in a suit of clothes eleven years old.

The letter which follows was addressed to the churches of his mother Association.

Wake Co., N. C., September 28, 1858.

To the Raleigh Association:

Allow me to call your serious attention to the action of the Association in 1846. Have you forgotten that at that session myself and wife were unanimously adopted as your missionaries to China, and that you pledged yourselves for our support?

Your moderator, in announcing to us this action, said: "You and Sister Yates go down into the well, and we will hold the rope."

We, on our part, entered into this contract in good faith. We left our friends and native land with little or no expectation of returning. For nearly eleven years we have labored in that dark region, have erected churches and dwellings, and, with the help of our colleagues, have constituted at Shanghai a church of twenty-six praying native men and women. We have preached the gospel and circulated the Scriptures among millions in that vast Empire. This is a small beginning. But let us not despise the day of small things. The history of missions does not record a more successful mission for the same length of time. We have ample ground for hope that the gospel will ultimately triumph in that populous Empire.

But have you performed your part of the contract? For a few years you acted nobly. By degrees your interest began to decline. At the recent session of the Association, I found, to my surprise and dismay, that about two-thirds of the churches had entirely let go of the rope.

Dear brethren and sisters, what is the matter? Are you tired of us, or do you think that your work is done? Now we expect to return to our field of labor some time next year, if my health is confirmed. What are we to depend upon? Is the Raleigh Association prepared to support us, or shall we look to other associations and the Convention for support and sympathy?

Some think that we have done our duty and ought not to return. We do not think so, and the friends of missions do not think so. No, brethren, we are bound to go back. Our work is in China. Our hearts are there, and to China we must go.

A few days later he attended the Centennial of the historic body to which he alludes below.

Green Level, N. C., October 7, 1858.

I have just returned from the one hundredth meeting of the Sandy Creek Association. Not less than five thousand people

were present. We had a glorious meeting. Our benevolent operations received a powerful impetus.

My health is much improved, and I trust that the approaching winter will restore it. *Sick or well*, I must attempt to reach my field of labor next year. Shall I not have a reinforcement to go with me?

At the State Convention which met in November, Mr. Yates was the central figure. Most of the delegates looked for the first time into the face of their missionary to China, whose name had already become a household word in the Baptist homes of the State. The business of the body was suspended that he might be heard at the most favorable hour. The minutes testify to the eloquence with which he spoke. The saintly and now sainted Wingate wrote a few days after the body adjourned:

Who of us will forget the loved face of our Brother Yates, as he pressed so palpably upon our hearts the godlike work of missions, and called so touchingly for men and means, but most of all for men. I trust that we shall all remember the earnest words that rang through all our meetings for men, and the melting prayer of our venerable Brother Stradley, and the tearful, earnest faces of those who bowed low around him to implore the God of his people to send forth laborers into his harvest.

In his address to the Convention he alluded to the question, much mooted at the time, of the wisdom of establishing

"A Chinese Professorship" in the Greenville (now Louisville) Seminary. The object, as stated by Dr. Jeter, was "to prepare young men to enter the foreign field qualified for immediate and effective labor." Dr. Jeter had expressed his belief that "the plan is not only practicable, but eminently economical." Rev. T. P. Crawford had written from China that he could "see many powerful reasons for it," on the score of economy, health, time, and means.

Mr. Yates wrote an article (November 18, 1858) which was widely republished in Baptist newspapers. The whole question was so ably and thoroughly discussed therein that there was a general acquiescence in his conclusions. The following extracts will serve to present his views, and, in part, his reasons for them:

"The whole scheme is beautiful in theory, but, in my opinion, of very doubtful practicability. Its object is certainly very desirable. But if brethren expect to accomplish it by placing the candidate under a Chinese professor at the Seminary, they will, in my opinion, be very sadly disappointed. In my judgment, it is next to an impossibility, from the very nature of the Chinese spoken language, for any one to be qualified in this country for effective labor among the Chinese. No system can be prepared which will teach the student, in America, how to hear and imitate these nice shades of sound. The ear requires no less education than the organs of speech. This can be successfully obtained only in China and among the people. There the ear, by hearing nothing else, more readily becomes accustomed to the sounds of that strange language; and, besides, the missionary is compelled, from the day of his arrival, to use the language as fast as he acquires it. And, while acquiring the language, he becomes acquainted with the character and methods of thought of the people, without which knowledge no missionary can be an effective laborer.

"Again, if men are to be prepared for the different stations there must be several professors. There are mission stations at Canton, Amoy, Foo-Chow, Ningpo, and Shanghai. A professor from any one of these could not prepare a man to labor at any of the other points. Indeed, the dialects spoken at these several points are so different that a *native preacher* from any one of these places cannot preach so as to be understood at any one of the other places. And this diversity of dialects extends throughout the Empire."

The winter was spent at his father's home, and in an extended tour through the churches of Eastern Carolina. A little later he made a trip to the far South for the two-

fold purpose of visiting relatives and awakening interest in missions.

Green Level, N. C., March 28, 1859.

I am just returning from a visit to my brother in Mississippi. I lectured on missions at many places. I was sorry to find but little interest in missions as now conducted. I heard much said about the changes necessary to be introduced into our missionary organizations, the best plans of conducting missions, etc. I fear that the cause of missions is to receive a severe shock in May. May the great Head of the church bring order out of confusion!

The reference here is to the meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention in May, 1859. For many months a widely circulated and ably edited paper had been attacking the policy of the Convention in managing its mission work through central boards. This meeting was looked forward to by brethren in all parts of the South with grave apprehension.

During the four weeks preceding this meeting, Mr. Yates published four articles, entitled "Thoughts on Methods of Conducting Missions." As these papers are of more than ephemeral interest, extracts are inserted here. They indicate in no uncertain tone the opinions of a wise and experienced missionary.

The public discussion of the difficulties between the Boston Board and their missionaries (where real difficulties do exist) has started the enquiry at the South (where such difficulties do not exist), whether radical changes are not needed in our organizations. And this feeling is more general than many are inclined to believe. This is a matter that calls for deliberate and prayful consideration before we act. It is much easier to break down an organization than to organize a better one.

As I have been a missionary for eleven years under our present system, I may be excused for giving my views of the relative merits of the different plans proposed.

Are there any difficulties existing between our missionaries and the Board at Richmond? *I know of none.* Has the Board

ever been in the habit of exercising undue authority over their fellow laborers in the foreign field? This charge has never, to my knowledge, been preferred against them by their missionaries, who have the best means of knowing. The relations which have existed between them and the Board have been of a most fraternal character. The Board has uniformly occupied towards the Missions the position of an advisory council. And while they have given their advice in regard to matters of a general nature, they have ever acted on the principle that missionaries on the ground knew best how to manage the details of missionary work. As almoners of the churches, they require us to render a faithful account of all the money received by us for mission purposes. Could they do less without forfeiting the confidence of the churches?

The Board has been censured for requiring a candidate to appear before them for examination before he can receive the appointment, thereby throwing discredit upon the association or church that ordained him, by arrogating to themselves a higher degree of ecclesiastical authority than is known among Baptists.

Now we should bear in mind that the Convention, in committing to a Board this department of their benevolent operations, have imposed upon a few men a weighty responsibility. We should remember, too, that when men from a distance (and nine out of ten are strangers) apply for appointment, the Board have no other adequate means of ascertaining their qualifications than by a personal examination. Even by this means, they cannot always tell who will or will not make a good missionary. If, with all their superior advantages for acquiring information, a Mission Board is sometimes disappointed, what might we not expect if they were required to appoint all who applied on the recommendation of their churches? And since the Board would be blamed for all the failure and expense resulting from injudicious appointments, they cannot be too careful or too well acquainted with the men whom they send abroad.

The change proposed is to abandon conventions and all general and centralizing organizations and throw the work of

evangelizing the world upon associations or individual churches. The object aimed at is to get rid of cumbrous machinery and the concentration of so much power in the hands of a few individuals.

Now, in considering the changes proposed, let us not allow ourselves to be influenced by side issues, but let us keep in view the end to be attained—the conversion of the world. To have any other end in view, in seeking to break up our present plans of operations, is to subserve the interests of the wicked one.

I object to change, first, because it will deprive missionaries of the benefits of concentration of labor. In the present state of our missions to China, nothing is more important for the permanence of the work.

Let me write the history of a mission undertaken on the plan proposed. Few churches, or even associations, would be able to keep on the field more than one missionary family. The expense of reaching China, the cost or rent of a house, the salary of a teacher, and some incidentals, must necessarily be paid. If the missionary be blessed with health, and has tact in the acquisition of language, he may be able to preach after a residence of two or three years. He then locates a mission in one of the great cities of China and commences alone, without the counsel or sympathy of others, his arduous work. He labors faithfully three or four years, and this, with the time given to the study of the language, is more than the average term of service of missionaries in China. He may have been very successful, but sickness or death forces him to leave this interesting but immature work.

The church or association now bestirs itself to find another man to occupy its vacated mission. In the course of one, two, or three years, the man is found; but on reaching the field he finds no traces of a former occupant except a dwelling and preaching place. He labors under the same disadvantages that his predecessor did, with perhaps more or less success; then he too is forced to leave the field. And so likewise with a third or fourth. Thus years may pass, thousands of dollars be expended, and valuable lives be sacrified without making any

permanent impression. Now this failure is not to be attributed to the men employed, but to the plan of operation.

Our present plan, under a general organization, works very differently. Two, three, or more missionaries are sent to the same station to co-operate with each other. They aid each other in the acquisition of that most difficult language. In locating a Mission, they have the united counsel of the whole Mission. If one is forced to leave the field, the remaining members keep the interests of the whole Mission together.

The history of our Mission in Shanghai is in point. When, one after another, missionaries have been compelled to retire from that field, others were left to keep up the work. Reinforcements have enabled us to make our efforts continuous and unbroken. And the history of the past does not afford a more successful Mission than the Baptist Mission at Shanghai.

I am fully persuaded that a successful attempt to break down our present plan of operations abroad will effectually paralyze the efforts of the few in our churches who are interested in the Foreign Missionary enterprise.

Moreover, the change would not remove the evil complained of, *i. e.*, the machinery of a Board. If an association or church should undertake to support a mission, the first important step would be to appoint an Executive Board or Committee to collect and transmit funds and confer with their missionary. In a word, this committee would do just the work that is now done by the Board in Richmond; with this exception, that, having less experience, they would probably not do the work so well. It is utterly impossible to carry on missions abroad by contributions from home without some kind of management by a Board or Committee. And the Board of a general organization, with a paid secretary, would be much more likely to attend to the work than a multiplicity of boards with secretaries rendering gratuitous service.

We need some plan for our home department which will throw more responsibility upon the brethren of the different States, will lead them to feel more identified with the work, and, at the same time, retain our central organization for the purpose of efficiency abroad.

Brethren, what think you of the following?

Let the Foreign Mission Board discontinue all its agents, and let each State, by the State organization, or by a separate missionary society, appoint its own agent for Foreign Missions, a man in whom the churches have confidence. Let his whole time be devoted to the Foreign Mission work, collecting funds, infusing into pastors and churches the missionary spirit, and seeking out young men for the foreign field.

Now, to stimulate the churches and agents in the different States, let each State seek out from among its young ministers a man who feels that it is his duty to go to the heathen, or adopt one already in the field who went out from their midst. Let the State fix the salary and become responsible to the Board, not only for that, but for all the expenses of that missionary.

Let the funds collected by the agents of the different States be sent up to the Board at Richmond, and by them be transmitted to the foreign field. Except the fixing of salaries, let the Board have the management of the Missions as they have been doing. Let the Missions, composed of men from the different States, report to the Board, and let the missionaries from the different States report their proportional part of the annual expense of the Mission to the respective State organizations. And let each denominational organ devote one or two columns to the subject of missions.

Some States will, perhaps, have no missionary. Others will contribute more than enough for the expenses of their men in the field. Others may not contribute enough. The surplus sent up by some States can be appropriated to meet the deficiencies of those who have sent out more men than they can support, and to defray the expenses of the Board.

Mr. Yates spoke several times in the Convention in Richmond, emphasizing the brighter side of missionary life and describing the joy of preaching the gospel to the heathen. He took no part, however, in the debate between the giants upon the questions of policy which had been agitated among the Baptists of the South. He rejoiced, however, that the victory remained with those

who opposed the abolition of the Boards and the destruction of the Convention.

An address of Mr. Yates at a mass meeting for Foreign Missions during this meeting was destined to influence profoundly the career of Mr. Charles H. Ryland, who was at that time a student at Richmond College. That he afterwards became, and is now, one of the most honored and beloved ministers in Virginia hardly needs to be stated. Thirty-eight years after this meeting Dr. Ryland writes:

> Mr. Yates was making a powerful appeal to young men to hear the call of God, prepare for the ministry, and go to China. My heart had been greatly troubled upon the subject, and I trembled and wept under this appeal. . . . That night decided the question with me. I then and there made the surrender, and said that I would do anything and go anywhere for the Master. Mr. Yates' speech was powerful, and I still have a vivid recollection of it. I have always claimed him as my father in the ministry.

Of this result of his address Mr. Yates remained in ignorance for a quarter of a century. Of the joy that the belated disclosure brought to the heart of the lonely missionary on the twenty-fifth anniversary of this occasion, he will himself tell in due order.

Mr. Yates was encouraged at this time by the hope that the Shanghai mission would be strongly reinforced. Of one of the expected recruits he wrote:

> May 27, 1859.
>
> If Brother Rohrer is to go to Shanghai, it would be very desirable for him to go with me. I have in four hundred manuscript pages a dictionary of the Shanghai dialect, and could teach him more Chinese during the voyage than he could learn in a year at Shanghai.
>
> I have travelled over five thousand miles since I have been in the United States, and think that I have not travelled in vain.

During the summer Mr. Yates appealed to the Board,

and not without success, to pay their missionaries salaries which would enable them to lay by something for a rainy day. In this appeal he said that his loyalty and affection would not be affected by the refusal of the request:

For one, *I am determined to co-operate with the Board.* I have no confidence in the stability of any faction that may spring up in opposition to the Board. As servants of Jesus, we are willing to labor among the heathen for a mere support, but we are not willing to throw ourselves or our families upon the sympathies of the churches when we are no longer able to perform active service. No missionary with natural feelings can prevent the oft-recurring enquiry, what will become of my family when I fall? This hangs like an incubus upon the minds of your missionaries and greatly interferes with their usefulness.

He suggested that the Board could

"Remove this incubus, by increasing from this time forth the salaries of their missionaries and allowing them to arrange to take care of themselves. This would place them on an equality with other salaried men."

The same subject is further discussed in the two letters to Rev. A. M. Poindexter:

Green Level, N. C., August 8, 1859.

I never can, with my consent, place my family or myself, when I am no longer able to render active service abroad, in the position of paupers upon the charities of the Board or the churches.

It is the policy of the Board, in fixing the allowance of missionaries, to give "a comfortable support only." And when the missionary is no longer able to earn a comfortable support, he or his widow "may receive such special appropriations, if in destitute circumstances, as the nature of the case may justify."

Dear brethren of the Board, the policy referred to is wrong. Your missionaries have certain duties to perform towards their families which it is impossible for them to discharge if this policy is enforced. The history of employer and employee does

not furnish another instance where the employee is expected to serve for life for a bare support.

Green Level, N. C., September 24, 1859.

I presented the matter to the brethren of the Board and asked them to fix a sum and let us have it now, in the way of salary, in order that, when we are no longer able to render active service, we may be independent of the Board, and the Board be under no obligation to support us. The amount allowed by the Board was $150 a year more than we have been receiving.

If the love of money possessed our bosoms, it would be comparatively easy for us to realize thousands where, by this change, we realize one. I love my work more than I do tens of thousands of money, or I could now have been a wealthy man. I have never stepped aside from my work to make a dollar.

Many reasons might be assigned why I desired the change. I will, however, be content with a single statement. I desire to save myself and family, in the hour of destitution and affliction, the mortification of having to beg.

How can you expect the self-denial of those who go, to be greater than that of those who send? Are not your missionaries a type of those who send them? By what scriptural authority do you require your missionaries to sacrifice everything but an economical support, for the propagation of the gospel, while the same class of men at home contribute only what they can spare without inconvenience? Is not the world the field; and are not Christians as much bound to make sacrifices for Christ in one part of the field as in another?

Mr. Yates and his wife, anxious that their daughter should be reared under the influences of American civilization, had almost decided to leave her in North Carolina to be educated. But when the time for parting came, they could not bring themselves to the point of leaving their only child behind them.

Nothing was lost by their final decision to take their daughter back to China with them. When, more than twenty years afterwards, the daughter visited Richmond,

a lady remarked: "What a pity that all our young women were not born and reared in China!" Subsequent pages will reveal Mr. Yates' anxiety as to the education of his child, and the fact that she was enabled to spend two years in the excellent schools of Geneva, in Switzerland.

New York, October 22, 1859.

To the Recorder:

We are still in New York, expecting to sail for our distant home in a few days. We go in the ship "Eureka." She is commanded by an old friend of mine, Captain Cutler. He is a member of a Baptist church, and takes his wife and child with him. So far as ship and captain are concerned, we are very fortunate. With the blessing of God, we hope to have a safe and pleasant voyage, and to reach our home by March 12th.

Very dear brethren, our visit to the United States is over. We have seen your faces, enjoyed your society, and endeavored to interest you in our work. May the young men who have expressed to me a deep interest in the foreign field continue to ask where the Lord would have them labor. And when the Spirit directs, may they never consult with flesh and blood, but take up the cross and follow whithersoever he may lead.

Could I meet my brethren in the approaching Convention, we would strive to realize together that the world is estranged from God, that it must be converted to God, and that we are the instruments for accomplishing this end. Let us all strive, with our talents, our fortunes, and all our influence, to bring a lost world back to God.

Brethren, pray for us, that an effectual door may be opened to us, and that we may win many souls to Christ. Brethren, sisters, friends, farewell. Let us strive to meet in heaven. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

CHAPTER XVI.

SUPPORTING A MISSION—1860-1865—AGE 41-46.

A SHREWD calculation it was, in the letter at the end of the last chapter, or else a happy guess, which came within two days of the length of a voyage of over four months on a sailing vessel. This voyage was in marked contrast to that which had brought Mr. Yates and his companions to America, being uneventful and altogether pleasant.

Another long stadium of steady and successful work is now entered.

Shanghai, March 31, 1860.

We arrived here March 10th, and a warm welcome awaited us. The native members of our little church, in particular, were delighted to see us back again. Some of them said, "Well, now he can begin anew again." They have had rather a trying time for the last eight months, several of them having been persecuted on account of their religion.

Shanghai, April 27, 1860.

To his Sister:

A young man who came out in our ship got his leg broken, and we have brought him to our house to take care of him. He was very kind and pleasant to us on the way out, and we are glad to do something for him.

Shanghai, May 14, 1860.

When we commenced operations here in 1847, the officials and the scribes and Pharisees of this great city ignored the existence of the Christian missionaries. They evinced a supercilious regard for the influence of a few Christians upon the people. Of late, quite a change has come over them. The wealthy are contributing funds, and Chinese scholars are establishing opposition schools in different parts of the city.

Shanghai, May 30, 1860.

To his Father:

Many of the people of Shanghai are moving away. They have taken a panic, and think it safer somewhere else than in Shanghai. The Rebels are moving upon Soochow. There is, however, no danger. The English and French have eight or ten thousand troops in this port, and have to-day put a thousand men in different positions around the city to guard it against the Rebels. They are determined that this city shall not be again disturbed by lawless bands. There is a guard of two hundred men in about two hundred yards of my house. The native authorities are apprehending quite a number of suspicious characters. Within the last three days, forty-one of these poor unfortunate creatures have been beheaded. This morning ten were beheaded not far from my house. Their heads are stuck up over the city gates as a warning.

Shanghai, August 1, 1860.

The Rebellion has broken out afresh. The allied French and English armies have occupied Shanghai. Our congregations are small, consisting mainly of Chinese from the interior. Fortunately, the year before I sailed for the United States, I studied the Mandarin language, and now I am able to preach to these strangers in their own language. Many of them seem much interested in the gospel.

I do not feel that I was much benefited by my visit to the States; spiritually, I sustained a serious injury.

Shanghai, August 9, 1860.

The Rebels now have the whole of this province, except Shanghai and a few small places. Under existing circumstances we can do but little aggressive work. The great mass of the people moved into the country more than a month ago.

Shanghai, September 2, 1860.

This is truly a trying time for us and our work. Rebels, batteries, barricades, guards, and soldiers, with all the vices consequent upon having troops quartered upon a heathen people, absorb the attention of the few who have not fled to some place of supposed safety. But now that we can do little more than

hold on, God is at work. The Chinese have been humbled; an effectual door will soon be opened.

Shanghai, October 1, 1860.

The great mass of the population of the city have not returned to their homes, consequently our congregations at Sung-way-dong are small. Truly this is a dark hour for us at Shanghai.

My services at Kiaw-hwo-dong are well attended. There are many who come regularly and manifest some interest in the gospel. A rice merchant near our place has been interested for years. Hitherto he has not believed that he could keep the Sabbath and do a living business during the week. He is now prepared to obey Christ, let the consequences to his worldly interests be what they may.

The rice merchant referred to above, and whose baptism is mentioned in the next letter, was Wong Yih San Dr. Yates' letters of a later period will have much to say of his consecration, self-denial, and usefulness. No native Chinese Christian has probably more fully illustrated the transforming power of the grace of God than has this man, who became widely known and loved as Deacon Wong. It will of course be remembered that he and Wong Ping San, the native pastor, were quite distinct persons.

Shanghai, October 20, 1860.

I had the pleasure, last Sabbath, of baptizing in the baptistry of our church a very interesting man named Wong. He is a merchant of some standing, a near neighbor of mine, and a man of considerable influence.

He has been interested two or three years; indeed, at one time he offered himself for baptism. Owing to some difficulty in regard to keeping the Sabbath, he was not received. Now he has joy and peace in believing; his desire is to obey Christ, and he finds no difficulty in closing his store on the Sabbath.

There is a freshness about a young convert who has just come out of heathen darkness that is very refreshing.

Shanghai, November 30, 1860.

I am encouraged in my work. The congregation at the Kiaw-hwo-dong is very good. The chapel is crowded when-

ever I open it, day or night, and several seem to be more or less interested. Many attend services regularly three times a week. I hope, ere long, to gather a harvest here.

Shanghai, December 30, 1860.

To his Sister:

We have been blessed with health since we reached home, but have been surrounded with war and bloodshed. In all these trials we have been mercifully preserved. The English and French war with the Chinese is now over. The people who fled when the Rebels came last summer have returned to their homes. And, in addition to the people of this place, there are not less than a hundred thousand who have fled from other places which have been taken by the Rebels. Imagine, if you can, a field seven miles in circumference, thick with men and women, with their children, dogs, cats, and chickens about their feet, and you will have some idea of the crowd at Shanghai. And if you will look closely, you will see me, a head and shoulders above the crowd, trying to teach them about the way of life.

Though surrounded by many difficulties, we are encouraged in our work. My church is a long way ahead of yours. There are now twenty-four members. They have a weekly prayer meeting among themselves. Seven of the male members pray in public, and most of the others pray in their families. They meet together every Sabbath for worship. Compare this state of religious culture among our few with almost any of our churches at home, and is there any ground for discouragement? In our little flock, there are two whom we call preachers. Others speak in public.

Shanghai, December 30, 1860.

This has been a bad year for missionary work. The Anglo-French war with the Chinese has greatly interfered with our operations. But it will be overruled for good. The Tien-Tsin Treaty opens for Mission work the whole Empire; that is, so far as treaty stipulations can possibly do so.

Shanghai, January 21, 1861.

In almost every congregation there are a few men of the world in whom the minister feels more than ordinary interest,

not only for the salvation of their own souls, but because of their influence over others. I have long had two such men as my near neighbors, Mr. Soong and Mr. Tsang. Last summer, when the rebels came before the city, it was in my power to do Mr. Soong and his family a favor. During the excitement, I had an opportunity of making a personal appeal to him in regard to his soul. A few weeks afterwards he began to attend my services occasionally. At first he would sit near the door and leave before the services ended. He is now a regular attendant three times a week, and has moved up gradually, till now he sits within four seats of the pulpit. He appears to be deeply interested.

Mr. Tsang is the man from whom our mission property was purchased. Though I have known him for years, and though he lives within twenty steps of our chapel, I have never seen him or any of his family in it until recently. They would laugh at those of the neighbors who did go.

Some six weeks ago, Mr. Tsang got into a difficulty with a French officer, and was imprisoned by the native authorities. As I had been an eye-witness of the unfortunate affair, I interested myself in his behalf, and rescued him from a heavy punishment and many months in prison. He is now a regular attendant at my night services. Yesterday Mrs. Yates prevailed on his wife and two of his tenants to be at church for the first time. Oh, that the Lord would bring these men to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ! When they come, they will bring a long train with them.

Shanghai, March 20, 1861.

The political condition of our once glorious Union is truly alarming. That it should make it necessary to reduce our annual estimate by one-third, and that the Board should have to resolve to send out no more missionaries under existing circumstances, confounds me beyond measure. If the Southern States secede, and a civil war ensues, what are we to do? This is a dark providence, occurring, too, just at the time when we ought not to retrench, but double and multiply all the appliances necessary to bring the gospel to bear on the millions who have recently been made accessible.

March 21.—We have just received Brother Taylor's letter of December 25th. and news via England to January 10th. Five States have seceded! May the God of nations save our country from a fratricidal war! Viewing the whole matter from this distant point of observation, our people, North and South, seem to be mad.

The Lord bless us and sustain us in this dawn of darkness and great anxiety.

During the Civil War in America, when the Southern States were almost entirely cut off from intercourse with the outside world, there were long and anxious intervals during which the Board heard nothing from their missionaries.

It is not unlikely that during some of these years Mr. Yates was doing much of the best work of his life. At any rate, there is no question that, being compelled to enter government employ as a means of support, he greatly enlarged his opportunities for subsequent usefulness.

The summer of 1862 was a trying one to the missionaries in Shanghai. Asiatic cholera prevailed in its most fatal form and carried off hundreds of thousands of victims. The city was still threatened by the Rebels, and panics were not infrequent. The church building inside the walls had been destroyed by fire. Liberal subscriptions had been made by the residents of Shanghai for its restoration, and the work was then nearly completed. The same fire had destroyed the entire stock of Bibles and books. There was not a copy in the Mission for distribution.

In a letter to a friend, written twenty-three years after this time, Dr. Yates gave the details of an incident which had both a serious and an amusing side.

During the bad cholera season of 1862, my servant reported to me just before night that the body of a dead man, stripped of clothing, had been left at my front gate. It was a rainy even-

ing in September. I knew that some poor family had left it there in the hope that I would give it a decent burial.

Before dark, I went out and examined the corpse. It was as cold as clay, except the region of the heart, where there was some indication of warmth. There was no indication that he breathed, even when a lighted candle was applied to his nostrils. I ordered some straw to be brought, placed him on it, and poured a half teaspoonful of diluted pain-killer down his throat. Two hours afterwards I went out and, to my astonishment, found that the warmth about the heart still continued. I administered a double dose of the remedy and added more straw, for it was raining.

Early the next morning I went out and found the man alive and seated against the wall. I took him in, put warm clothing on him, gave him a mild stimulant and fluid nourishment every hour. Before night he was able to walk to his house, which was not very far distant. Imagine the surprise of his family at seeing its head return to them from the spirit world dressed as a foreigner. The fame of this cure went far and wide.

The man refused to receive religious instruction. He was a Buddhist, and said that his daily prayer to Buddha was that his spirit, at death, might be transmigrated into a donkey for me to ride in the spirit world, because I had given him so many more years to eat rice and enjoy life. For years he was known as my donkey, and was generally called by that name.

Every summer the Chinese suffer more or less from cholera. In some cases it assumes a peculiar form, and is attended with a terrible cramp. In that case, unless speedy relief is given, the patient dies in about two hours.

Relief is sought, not from a doctor, but from a barber. With a large needle he punctures the body in various places, thrusting in his needle one or two inches deep into the back of the neck and the stomach. The last thrust is under the patient's tongue. All this seems more like butchering than curing a man; but in many cases the effect is to relax the cramped muscles, and the patient slowly recovers.

Shanghai, October 6, 1862.

The present condition of things at home induces the belief

that we cannot reasonably calculate on a support through the usual channels. We are therefore looking about us for the means of supporting ourselves for the time, without abandoning our missionary work.

The Municipal Council of the Foreign Community has offered me the position of Interpreter and Superintendent of Chinese taxes. This position will enable me to gain an unbounded influence over a population of not less than 80,000 Chinese.

It will not interfere materially with my labors in the city. I have, therefore, pretty well made up my mind to accept the appointment. The pay will be about $2,000 a year. This will support my family and enable me to do missionary work.

He was right in believing that he would gain large influence, though it was probably due more to the man than to the position.

After Mr. Yates' death, Rev. T. E. Skinner, D.D., of Raleigh, N. C., wrote:

His acquaintance with the highest mandarins of China, and his popularity with the Chinese authorities and the common people, were only discovered by us after we learned that he had been made Interpreter in the Foreign Courts, and that he at the same time acted as Assistant Consul for the United States.

He spoke the Chinese language so perfectly that few of the natives could be persuaded that he was not a Chinaman himself.

A merchant from Shanghai told me in London that Dr. Yates had more influence over the Chinese, and also over foreigners, than any other person in Shanghai.

Dr. William Muirhead, of the London Missionary Society, writing from Shanghai, under date of February 14, 1897, says:

Dr. Yates' stalwart appearance, his activity in missionary work, and his habit of mingling largely with the people, brought him into wide notice, while, it is well known, he performed many acts of philanthropic usefulness among the Chinese.

In consequence of the war in the United States, he was led

to occupy positions in connection with the Municipal Council and the United States Consulate, which enabled him to exert a beneficial influence in the interests of his mission work. He was also, in this way, placed in relations to the foreign community at Shanghai, which were altogether unique, and which increased the respect and honor with which he was regarded, both in his private and public capacity.

Dr. Yates was a devoted servant of Jesus Christ. The great end and object of his life was preaching the gospel. He was a pioneer in this part of the field and was successful in a high degree. He helped to lay the foundations of what is a growing church here. It would have been a matter of intense interest to him had he been spared to witness the course of things now going on in China.

More recently Rev. R. H. Graves has said:

Among the traits which made his life the forceful one that it was, I would put his insight into human nature, especially Chinese nature. The Chinese regarded him as having an almost supernatural knowledge of the human heart. When he fixed his keen glance on a man, and discerned the motives that prompted him, the man felt that he saw him through and through.

His experience as assessor in the Mixed Court also gave him this knowledge of character. He told me several instances of his being requested by merchants to detect dishonesty in their employees, and always with success.

An illustration of his penetration of character is furnished by one of Mr. Yates' intimate friends:

After Mr. Yates had been in China a number of years, and had won the confidence of the natives, an official sought an interview with him, regarding him in the light of a prophet. He stated that he had lost a sum of money and many valuable jewels, and besought the missionary's aid in recovering them. Yates replied that he was not a prophet nor an expert in that kind of work. The Chinese officer, however, continued to beg the great foreigner to help him, and intimated that he thought that some one of his sixteen servants might be the guilty party.

Finally Dr. Yates agreed to try, on the condition that the culprit, if discovered, should not be cruelly punished. So he sat in a room alone, and the Chinaman, at his request, sent in one servant at a time. As the first entered, Mr. Yates looked him steadily into the eyes, and the servant gazed at Yates. "Pass on, sir," was Dr. Yates' order. In came the second servant, and he likewise was ordered to pass out. In this way fifteen of the servants came in and were ordered to pass on. When the last of the sixteen entered, he was seen to be better dressed than the others. He flashed his eye on the missionary and then looked down and began to put on some airs. "Stop, sir," said Mr. Yates, and called for the master to come in. "This is the fellow who took your money," remarked Dr. Yates. "Is it possible," said the officer. "He is the one whom I have trusted more than any of them." The servant at first denied it. Dr. Yates made a sign for the master to leave the room, leaving them alone together. After a moment Yates rose to his full height, confronted the fellow, and said: "Now, sir; at once show me that money!" The rogue hastened to a private room, Yates closely following him, and there produced the money and jewels.

Dr. Lambuth, formerly of the Methodist mission, referring to this incident, writes:

The Chinese were more certain than ever, after this occurrence, that Mr. Yates possessed some miraculous power which enabled him to read their inmost thoughts. Upon being questioned afterwards as to the secret of his being able to detect the thief, Mr. Yates replied, "There was one man who kept swallowing every time I fixed my eye on him. After a long experience with the Chinese, I have found this a positive indication of guilt and consequent embarrassment."

Shanghai, April 6, 1863.

To his Father:

Your letter of December, 1861, was the last that we have received from any one in North Carolina. You have doubtless felt much anxiety on our account. If this reaches you it will put your mind at rest, so far as we are concerned. My family is provided for. When I saw the dark day approaching, I

secured a little money and purchased a piece of land when house lots were quite low. Within a few months the value of land increased so much that I was able to rent this lot of ground for ten years, payable yearly in advance, for a sum sufficient to enable me to pay for the lot out of the first year's rent. As soon as the deed for the first lot was registered, I mortgaged the land to procure money to purchase another lot. This I have also rented for ten years at a rate sufficient to enable me to pay for it out of the first year's rent. The income from these lots will in a few months be sufficient to support my family. For the last five months, I have been acting as Interpreter to the English and American Municipal Council. I work four or five hours per day, for which they pay me a little over three thousand dollars. I mean Mexican dollars. This is sufficient to support my family and enable me to carry on my missionary work. I have abundant reason to be thankful to God for his mercy to me and mine in this our time of great need.

Our daughter's education has been a source of anxiety to us. We had expected to send her to Raleigh this spring. This plan is now impracticable. And her education cannot be deferred. I have made up my mind to remain alone in my work in Shanghai while Mrs. Yates and my daughter go to Geneva, in Switzerland. It is a sore trial, but duty to an only child seems to demand it.

I am sending this letter by way of Nassau, with the hope that it may run the blockade. I am very anxious to hear again from home. I do not dare to hope that I shall hear that you are all alive. Some of my relations have doubtless fallen in battle.

Shanghai, September 20, 1863.

To his Parents:

Though there is but little hope of this note ever reaching you, I wish to do all in my power to communicate with you.

I shall, with the blessing of God, leave here in March or April to join my family in Switzerland. I expect to spend about a year away, recruiting my health; and then we will all return together to Shanghai. At least, this is our plan at present. We cannot tell what the future may develop.

I am all alone. My family is in Europe, and all the other members of the Mission are settled in Shantung. This is a dark day for Shanghai. Most of the missionaries have sought other fields of labor. There are here only three or four missionaries to preach the gospel. One million eight hundred thousand souls! what are we among so many? Most of those here able to preach will leave soon. Bishop Boone, many years a missionary, cannot last long. He is feeble. Dr. Muirhead, of the London Mission, will go home soon.

Shanghai, September 20, 1863.

I am meeting all the expenses of the Mission at present. The Municipal Council pay me ten dollars per day, and I maintain four regular services in my missionary work each week.

Shanghai, October 7, 1863.

I know you are anxious about our support. On this point set your mind at rest. I have a good position as Interpreter at the Municipal Council. There I have but little work to do, simply to talk Chinese, some days fifteen minutes, some days half an hour. For this service, I receive three hundred Mexican dollars each month. This is enough to support me and my family; they are in Europe. And, as this work does not interfere with my mission work, I shall continue in the employ of the Council until the cruel war in America is over.

I have not been strong this summer, and I feel that it will be prudent for me to spend the summer of 1864 away from Shanghai. In April I expect to join my family in Geneva, and, after spending some months or a year with them, bring them back with me to Shanghai.

I am entirely alone now. The health of Brother and Sister Crawford failed in July. The doctor told them that they could not safely remain longer at Shanghai. They left, as soon as they were able to travel, for Shantung, in the north of China. I have heard from them. They arrived in pretty good health. I shipped all their furniture only three days ago. I am alone, and lonely it is.

I am encouraged in my work. Last week had a very interesting case of conversion.

Few and infrequent were the letters of Mr. Yates which reached his friends in America after the blockade had become effectual. Fortunately, this gap can be filled in part by a letter from Rev. T. E. Skinner, D.D.

In 1864 Mr. Yates learned that I was in England, and wrote to me from Geneva to meet him in Paris on the fifteenth of July, the fete day of Napolean III.

On my arrival at the Grand Hotel, the appointed place of rendezvous, I enquired of the intelligence man if Mr. Yates had arrived. "Yes, sir," he answered, "and he requests that you remain in until he returns." Mr. Yates had impressed this man, as he did all whom he met, as a great personage. He took him to be an American diplomat.

Oh, how many incidents rise up before my mind's eye as I recall the days we spent together in Paris. It was estimated that a million and a half of strangers were in the city to witness the celebration of the Emperor's birthday. All were polite and good humored. A lady from Shanghai was at the Grand Hotel with her two sons whom she had brought to Paris to be educated. Her husband, one of the largest merchants of Shanghai, had, before his death been a special friend of Mr. Yates. She was a native of Mobile. Though nearly as tall as Yates, and very large, she was quite active and a good walker. The pyrotechnic display on the night of the fete surpassed all power of description. The crowd was so dense that one could move only as it surged and swayed. In this ocean of humanity, Yates, with the lady on his arm, became separated from me. At the same time a sudden movement of the crowd pressed me against a gentleman and his lady. I apologized in English, and then discovered that I was speaking to my old schoolmate, Captain James Waddell, of the S. S. Shenandoah. We had not met for thirty years until that night. The next day he called and was very attentive to Dr. Yates and myself. Indeed, we should have missed much of Paris but for his kindness.

I was surprised to learn that Mr. Yates expected me to go with him to Geneva; he said that he had promised Mrs. Yates and Annie to bring me back with him. When I announced my

decision to return to England, with candor and love he asked me if it was the expense that decided me. Then he added: "It shall not cost you anything if you will accept it from me as a brother beloved; and remember, Skinner, I have never had an opportunity before of expressing my gratitude for the many favors you rendered me when friends were few."

The two weeks that I spent with him among the mountains of Switzerland and in Geneva were among the happiest of my long and eventful life. We worshipped together in Calvin's old church and stood together at his (supposed) grave. We met D'Aubigne, who reminded me much of Dr. Wayland. One of Mr. Yates' near neighbors in Geneva was Mrs. Mumford, from Columbus, Ga. She was a great sufferer, and received no relief from the physicians of Europe. In 1871, while I was pastor in Columbus, Dr. Yates visited me for two weeks. But so greatly had he impressed Mrs. Mumford that she vehemently opposed Mr. Yates' stopping at my house, and made him her guest. Her father, though not a Christian, gave him $200 for his work in Shanghai.

Thus it was that wherever Yates was known, he charmed and magnetized the people.

He returned with me to England. There we spent another delightful fortnight together, visiting Warwick Castle, Kenilworth, Stratford on Avon, and other interesting places in the neighborhood of Leamington, where my family were residing at the time.

Geneva, September, 1864.

To his Father:

Your letter was the first that I have received from you since my arrival in Switzerland.

I have rather bad news from Shanghai. Real estate has gone down very much. I shall, however, be able to live. Mr. ——— did a very imprudent thing in publishing a private note of mine, in which, to quiet your minds, I wrote that I had an income of $6,000. At that time I had a salary of $4,800. Now I am not receiving that salary, and the property I have at Shanghai is, on account of the American war, greatly depreciated in value. So you see my currency is somewhat de-

preciated, as well as yours. I fear that that letter will do both me and the cause of missions much injury.

I am glad to hear that you still keep up the Sabbath school, and that you are able to do so much for the wives of the brave soldiers.

Had Mr. Yates been less consecrated to the work to which he believed God had called him, he could doubtless have amassed a large fortune. It happened that Hon. Willie P. Mangum, who had been a fellow student with him at Wake Forest College, was United States Consul General in China. This gentleman urged the missionary, of whose fine business gifts he was well aware, to devote more attention to the making of money. But Mr. Yates fled from the temptation of becoming secularized. He was glad to be able to support himself while cut off from the Southern churches. And, having entered into government employ as a means of support, he was able to save from his earnings. His savings and a moderate inheritance which came to his wife were wisely invested. But these possessions, like their owner, were consecrated to the Master's use. Subsequent pages will tell of the wise and faithful administration of his stewardship.

As a mattter of fact, Mr. Yates used very sparingly his opportunities for the accumulation of wealth. Mr. Mangum, who knew well the man and the chances that he had, did not hesitate to declare that Mr. Yates, if he had wished to do so, could have made half a million dollars in China.

The following letter reached its destination in the midst of the gloomy days of reconstruction. About four months had elapsed since the close of the Civil War. The draft for $250 came as a timely and beautiful gift into the hands of kindred who had met with great and sudden losses.

Geneva, September 6, 1865.

To his Brother:

You will find the amount small, but a little in these times will

perhaps give my aged parents a few comforts, or at least assure them of my will to help them.

Your last, with one from my father, gave me unspeakable pleasure. How thankful I am that all my brothers and brothers-in-law are spared. Truly, God has been merciful to us all.

We are returning to Shanghai, not knowing what is to befall us there, as the Board will not be able for some time to send us funds, and my own income is reduced to a good living. I shall try to be thankful for that.

I long since committed myself and my family to the Lord. I hope that I shall be able to trust him in all things. We shall be happy, if our health is continued to us. We have, however, been too long in China to expect this for a much longer period.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I HAVE REACHED THE CHINESE HEART"—1865-1869—AGE 46-50.

REINVIGORATED by rest and travel, Mr. and Mrs. Yates, with their daughter, now a cultured young woman, left Switzerland in the autumn of 1865 for their home in China. In the earlier years of their missionary life, "home" always meant America. From this time to the end, when Mr. Yates refers to "home," he means China.

Steamship Imperatrice, October 11, 1865.

Within less than forty-eight hours we shall be at Galle, on the south end of Ceylon.

We sailed from Marseilles on the nineteenth of September, with about a hundred other passengers, men and women of all nations and tongues. We were blessed with a perfectly smooth sea to Messina, in Sicily. Etna, as we passed, was sending forth a perpetual stream of white smoke. From Messina to Alexandria we experienced a fresh breeze, and our ship,

the Moeris, rolled badly. Many were very seasick. Mrs. Yates, for the first time, was not. I am never seasick.

From Alexandria we were hurried through, by train, to Cairo, where we passed a night at a miserable hotel. The next day we crossed the desert to Suez, where we took this steamer.

I am sure that I can never forget the extreme heat of the several days we passed between Suez and Aden. It was something awful. It was like walking along a broad street with the houses on fire on both sides. The thermometer showed 135 degrees. The extreme heat from the sand hills on either shore did not allow the air to cool at night. Many strong men and women fainted. There were no deaths, though one man came near it. A single death would have caused many.

October 12.—At Ceylon, all well and in fine spirits.

Shanghai, March, 1866.

To his Parents:

My property here is not worth much now. I hope that it may be better by and by.

How I should like to see and talk with those *veterans*, ——— and ——— [his nephews]. I hope that they will be able to educate their children. Education will be much more needed now than if there had been no war. The education of their children, till it is completed, should be the great business of their lives.

I am still alone at Shanghai. I continue to preach and pray, but cannot say that I see much to encourage me in my work. But what we are commanded to do is to preach the word. With the blessing of health, I hope to continue in this good work a little longer.

Since I returned from Europe, I have had no secular business. But I do not attempt to preach now as often as I used to do, from five to eight times a week. I find it advisable to husband my strength.

It is not likely that the foregoing letter, though addressed to Mr. Yates' parents, was read by more than one of them. His father had probably passed away before it reached America. His mother died a few months later. As the years of the Civil War had wrought havoc among

the young and vigorous, so the years immediately succeeding its close, with their changed order of things were, as was often remarked at the time, exceptionally fatal to those who had passed the meridian of life.

Shanghai, November 26, 1867.

To his Sister:

Both of our dear parents are now at rest in heaven, where they will forever be free from anxiety and trouble. We should try to feel thankful that they were spared to us so long. And now that there is so much trouble in America, we should not grieve that they have been taken to their rest. Our summons will come in due time.

I have baptized five Chinese within a month. I am alone, having had no colleague since Mr. Crawford went North. My field is a large one. It has more souls in it than you have in the United States. There are more than forty million people to whom I could preach if I had mouths enough. I am tired of constant labor. I preach in the day, and work every evening for a support. The Board cannot furnish us, these hard times, with money enough for our support. But I am willing to spend and be spent in the service of the Lord.

Give all your children a good education, if it takes all you make each year. I made some money in 1863 and spent it on the education of our child. I do not regret it.

Shanghai, January 16, 1868.

Missionaries may now travel and preach with impunity. They may also preach at interior cities without fear of serious opposition. Making a virtue of necessity, the Chinese have discovered that our religion teaches morality, and therefore is good. With the men and means, we could preach the gospel to a hundred millions this year.

I do not wish the churches to make sacrifices for me. If they do it for Christ and for missions, it is well.

During the dark days after the close of the Civil War, Mr. Yates published an address to his brethren in the Southern ministry. From it a few extracts are taken:

Now that the afflicting hand of God is upon our land, does it not become his ambassadors to enquire how we have executed

Christ's command, "Teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you?" Our obligations are but half discharged when we preach justification through faith.

Allow me to enquire if a grievous evil has not crept into our ministry and our churches. I mean *popular preaching*, to the exclusion of *teaching* the churches. Have they not greatly lowered the standard of church membership?

Is not the practice of writing adulatory notices of young men just entering the ministry very demoralizing? Is it not well calculated to increase the number of men who seek to become popular preachers rather than faithful pastors?

Has not this retrograde movement come to this, that many pastors dare not proclaim the whole counsel of God to their people? They are constantly adding fresh recruits to the host, but they do not lead them on to victory against the powers of darkness.

Shanghai, May 24, 1868.

To his Sister:

You said nothing in your letter about the education of the boys. I was truly glad to hear that ——— and ——— [his nephews] had joined the church. I hope that they will become working members in their Master's service. He who labors for Christ will enjoy more of Christ's presence than he who hides his talent.

If the war deranged your plans for their education, let them read and study every night at home for at least an hour. Tell them never to pass by a single word or passage that they do not understand. Let them keep a dictionary and map by them. Let every important fact or idea be fixed in their minds before they pass on to something new. Boys are very apt to skim over a book without knowing anything about it when they have read it through. One book well read is worth a dozen hastily passed over. Your boys can form no idea what an improvement a few years of close attention would make in them. But excuse this long essay on education.

Living is very expensive here now. I have thus far managed to make a living by working, sometimes late at night. What I can earn from time to time, added to what I receive from the Board, has kept us from suffering.

I am doing what I can in our mission work. The people come to hear me preach, but will not turn from their sins and idols. Many of them become more or less interested, but it is too often like the morning dew. As I am now prepared for this work, I suppose that it is my duty to continue in it. The field is the world, and this is, by far the largest field on the face of the globe. China does not look large on the map—but the people—there are four hundred millions here, and all going the downward road. It seems to be the will of the Lord that I should wear out here.

Shanghai, July 13, 1868.

After service yesterday I opened the door for the reception of candidates for baptism. One woman who lived in my family seventeen years ago came forward and was received. This is receiving bread cast upon the waters many years ago.

Shanghai, October 13, 1868.

During the past summer we have been kept from serious illness. I have been able to keep up my regular preaching services during the whole summer. Many Chinese manifest a deep interest in the gospel, and say that they believe in Christ. Few, however, have the fortitude to put on Christ.

Shanghai, December, 1868.

Our religion is attracting the attention of the literati and officials. The power of the gospel of Christ is making itself felt in China. The thinking classes are not slow to see that it aims at an entire subversion of their ancient systems. Opposition will not injure our cause. It will only attract attention to the new religion, as, in days gone by, it has done in the West.

Shanghai, December 31, 1868.

My church is growing in knowledge, and in some cases greatly in efficiency. My idea of a properly trained church is that every member should feel that he or she has a work to do for the conversion of others.

Never have I felt more certain of the ultimate triumph of the gospel in China.

Mr. Yates' views as to "a properly trained church" were much more fully expressed several years later in the great Missionary Conference:

To secure an aggressive native church, there are some things which I regard as fundamental.

1. A converted and evangelical membership. To admit any other element into our churches, even though they may be persons of wealth or influence as scholars, is to paralyze the whole church. For the persons of wealth and influence will give the moral tone to the church.

2. They should be taught that, when they embrace Christianity, they become the disciples of Jesus Christ, and not the disciples of the missionary.

3. As they have become the disciples of Jesus, they should become thoroughly acquainted with his teachings in the language in which they think and speak. They should be encouraged to commit to memory precious and practical portions of the New Testament in the spoken language of their particular locality.

4. They should be taught the individuality of their religion, that they are personally responsible to God; that they can and ought to exert a personal influence in behalf of the religion which they profess.

We need to take hold and show them how it should be done; this will be easy to do, for the Chinese are good imitators, and example is a good teacher. And at first, if they need a little aid, we should render it, for nothing is so encouraging as success. We should strive to avoid the depressing influence of failure. And let it be ever borne in mind that we need not expect our native preachers to be aggressive unless we are aggressive ourselves.

There is testimony from many quarters that in his own work Mr. Yates practiced the principles set forth above. He could have added large numbers to his church, and have sent home glowing reports. But he knew that in order to lay solidly "the foundations of a mighty superstructure," he might not use unhewn stone or untem-

pered mortar. He could be patient that his work might be abiding.

Mr. Bryan has written from Shanghai:

He was noted for his common sense and good judgment This is seen not only in the locations of his mission stations, but also in the characters of the native Christians whom he gathered into his churches. Some time ago I called on an Episcopal missionary physician and found him telling another physician that Dr. Yates did not gather in so many native Christians as some others, but that he gathered in better ones. Nearly every denomination in Shanghai has some of his members employed in important places.

And Dr. Graves has written from Canton:

As a missionary, he gave his main attention to the work for which he was best fitted, the oral proclamation of the Word. He was more careful as to the quality than the quantity of his converts, and some of them were men of marked character.

Shanghai, February 7, 1869.

The fields are whitening for the harvest. It is impossible for any one not in the work to imagine my feelings as I cast my eyes over this populous region wholly given to idolatry and superstition.

An article sent to America by Mr. Yates at this time contains the following sentences:

This huge, rotten, monstrous thing, China, cannot exist as it is. It is an outrage against nature, civilization, and the principles of right that are beginning, at last, to live in the world's history.

Shanghai, April 19, 1869.

The Board has not been able for the last sixteen months to send me more than half the amount required for our salaries and to keep up the Mission property.

Shanghai, April 24, 1869.

At my morning service every seat was occupied by very attentive hearers. While preaching, I saw tears flowing freely

from the eyes of more than one. This is an unusual sight in a heathen congregation.

May 7.—To-day I baptized two. Our present type of Christians is much better than that of former years.

May 17.—And still they come. Yesterday I baptized two more. Others are waiting for the opposition of friends to cease. Thus, while the churches at home seem to have utterly forsaken me and my work, the Lord is verifying his promise, "I am with you."

It costs the Chinese, especially women, something to become Christians. I am delighted with the spirit of the late converts.

After more than twenty-one years of labor, I have reached the Chinese heart. Oh, there is joy in my little church.

My church, of *believers* only, is attracting more and more attention. There seems to be something in the simple act of immersion that impresses the Chinese favorably. It carries with it the idea of truthfulness and stability.

Shanghai, May 9, 1869.

I asked our native preacher, Wong, a few weeks ago how he would explain the apparent change of feeling in our congregation. He replied: "Your preaching goes to the heart now: formerly it only went in at one ear and out at the other. You preach much better than in former years."

A few years later Dr. Yates expressed in the Missionary Conference his opinions as to the essential conditions for successful preaching to the heathen. Some of these are as true for America as for China.

Too much importance cannot be given to preaching as a means of converting the heathen.

First of all, a missionary, to be successful preacher, must be well up in the use of the spoken language. He must be able to speak with fluency and be ready, without premeditation, to controvert any point that may be made.

Again; it is necessary that he be well acquainted with the religious systems which he seeks to overturn. Ancestral worship, especially, should be well understood. The physician should know, not only the disease, but the constitutions of his

patients. And ancestral worship is, so to speak, the constitution or soul of the religious systems of China.

Again; thorough preparation of our sermons is of the highest importance, if we expect them to be effective. In my judgment, we should in each sermon strive to make one distinct impression upon our hearers. A diffuse style of preaching, ranging from Genesis to Revelation, in one sermon, leaves no definite impression.

Again; let us avoid facetiousness and rudeness when we have occasion to animadvert upon their religious systems. We shall gain nothing by it; we may lose much. Our great work in preaching is to present the love of God in Christ Jesus as the only antidote for all the fears and woes of this people.

It is likely that few men knew Mr. Yates more intimately than did his early college mate and lifelong friend, Rev. T. E. Skinner. Soon after Dr. Yates' death, Dr. Skinner said:

As a preacher, his subjects were generally practical and selected with an obvious aim to be useful. His deportment in the pulpit was grave, self-possessed, and devout, as became the man of God. His prayer, which was comprehensive, appropriate, and fervent, prepared him to deliver, and the people to hear, the message he had received from God.

Dr. Yates could speak four languages, but his power as a preacher was in the Chinese tongue, which had, to some extent, displaced his vernacular, the English. His acute ear enabled him to pronounce with accuracy and distinctness the frequent gutturals of the Chinese language so as to disguise the fact that he was a foreigner. The strain of frequent preaching in Chinese at last so elongated the vocal chords that for a season he lost his voice and could speak only in a whisper.

None but the Chinese can ever tell how he preached; but we who knew him can imagine how, as the sermon expanded in its delivery, the predominant qualities of the preacher became very marked; the clear, ringing voice, which never faltered for the fitting word, filled every part of the sanctuary; the ardor of the preacher rose higher and his action became more animated as the well worded sentences rolled forth; at last came the

climax, an overwhelming burst of oratory, flashing with the colors of a gorgeous imagination, in which the truth rushed like a flaming thunderbolt into the sinner's conscience, or fell with thrilling power upon the hearts of believers.

In June, 1869, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Mr. Yates by the trustees of his Alma Mater. This was no empty compliment, but a sure evidence of the esteem and honor in which he was held by his brethren in his native State. The fact that Wake Forest had been so cautious and sparing in the bestowal of this degree as to have given it to only six ministers in thirty-six years, adds emphasis to this statement.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DUMB PREACHER—1869-1875—AGE 50-56.

FULL of encouragement and hope to the lone missionary had been the earlier months of 1869. With attentive and often tearful interest, large congregations listened to his message. Again and again were the doors of the church opened to receive converts of a better type than had been known before.

All this was over-stimulating to Dr. Yates. He sought to reap the largest possible harvest in this revival season. But there was no colleague to assist or relieve him, and in the very flood tide of successful missionary work his voice suddenly failed. This was thought at first to be due to bronchial irritation; later on it became evident, as has already been intimated in the quotation from Dr. Skinner, that his vocal chords had been overstrained by too constant use of the trying guttural sounds of the Chinese language.

The following letters will tell their own story of how the eloquent man, doomed to silence, chafed at his long

inactivity, of his voyage around the globe and other lonely journeys among strangers, and of his final recovery of his voice, which failed him no more until his death.

Steamship Kirshu, September 23, 1869.

I am now returning from Manchuria. The voyage and six weeks of sweet rest in that bracing climate have had a most beneficial effect upon my health. I am as strong and elastic in body and mind as I was twenty years ago. My bronchial affection is much better. A moderate amount of ordinary conversation does not affect me; but prolonged conversation or half an hour of speaking brings on a distressing fit of coughing, and is followed by temporary loss of voice.

I fear that I shall not be able to do anything like my usual amount of preaching this winter.

Shanghai, October, 1869.

I have entirely lost my voice, and for weeks have not spoken above a low whisper. This is a sore trial to me. The doctor says that I am suffering from a complete prostration of the vocal organs, the result of long overuse, and that I must absolutely abstain from speaking for at least one year. They say that what I need is not medicine, as I am in perfect health, but rest.

Now, with heavy heart, I am preparing for a winter in Manchuria, where the climate is dry and bracing.

I am now aware that in trying to make up for the deficiency in the number of missionaries, I have taxed my voice beyond measure. I have been in the habit of using it about seven hours a day. But, as it has always been so full and clear, I little thought of a failure in that quarter.

My family will remain at Shanghai and aid by their presence and efforts Rev. Wong Ping San, whom I have placed over the little flock.

Before his conversion, Pastor Wong had been a school teacher. Having good literary taste, and being, withal, something of a poet, he composed a number of hymns. Some of these are said to be among the best in the collection used by the Christians in Shanghai. When

about to assume the undivided responsibility of serving the church, he wrote as follows to the Board:

Shanghai, October 8, 1869.

In the spring of 1856 I was baptized in the river by Pastor Yates. From that time my heart has been at rest. I have been able to view life and death with composure. In all times of trial and temptation the Holy Spirit has been my support and comfort.

Within a year ten have been baptized; but, alas! just at the time when all hearts seemed to be moved under the power of the truth, Pastor Yates made efforts beyond his strength, his voice failed and he is now silent. The disciples are all sad and disconsolate.

In 1866 I was raised to the high position of pastor. I am weak and of small ability; but there must be some one to guide the church, or the disciples would become disheartened. Moreover, it becomes me to do all I can to accomplish the will of God.

Shanghai, April 11, 1870.

To his Sister:

I have been from home, away up in Manchuria, for five months. Two weeks ago I reached home as well as a man could desire to be, and am as strong as a small horse. My only trouble is an injury to my vocal organs from too much speaking. Two doctors have examined me and say that there is not one man in a hundred as sound as I am, but that I must abstain altogether from speaking. This I could not do at Shanghai. So I went to the North, where I could rest, as the Chinese there do not know me.

Now that I have returned home, the doctor says that I must go to the United States. I do not like the idea of leaving my family for so long a time. To take them with me is out of the question, for the expense would be too great. If I find that I can rest here, I shall not leave. If I go to the States, I shall not go South, where the people know me, until winter. But I shall find some quiet place among strangers and take a good rest. I have not preached for six months. The order is to go,

but I am not very obedient. What right has a doctor to tell me to leave my family for a year or more?

I believe that I continue to grow. I am six feet two and a half inches in height. I am fifty-one years old, and my doctor says that I am good for thirty years more.

My Mission now is out of debt, and I hope that there will be no trouble in the future. Never was I more encouraged in my work than I was when my voice failed me. The interest is still kept up under my native pastor, Wong. He baptized two while I was away, and there are two other applicants.

It seems to me that the churches at home have almost forgotten Foreign Missions. No one comes to my aid. There is something wrong. When people have much of the spirit of Christ, they have the spirit of missions. It is the duty of pastors to teach their people to observe all things whatsoever Christ commanded them.

This letter is of peculiar interest, in that it gives Dr. Yates' own testimony to his belief that he continued to grow in stature. The very remarkable fact that, after passing the meridian of life, he was constantly growing taller, and that this growth continued for some years, is well attested by others.

His lifelong friend, Dr. T. E. Skinner, says:

Although twenty-eight years of age when he first sailed for China, he had grown one inch in height, as the mark on the posts of his father's door showed, when he returned to this country eleven years afterwards. Between this time and his last visit to the United States, by the same measure, he had grown two inches in height. This made him six feet two and a half inches, without his shoes. His normal weight in his later years was 244 pounds. As Fuller once said of Boyce, "The reason why God gave him such a big chest was because his big heart required it."

Referring to the facts mentioned by Dr. Skinner, the editor of the Religious Herald wrote several years ago:

We have known no other case of the kind. The growth was evidently healthy, for his body retained its proportions, and his

intellectual was quite equal to his physical development. Was the change due to climate, or to some peculiarity of constitution?

His mental growth can be accounted for by his temperate habits, care of bodily health, faith in God, and hard work, persistent study. His spiritual growth can be explained by his absolute obedience to the will of God, by his fidelity at the post of duty, and by his great love for the souls of men.

Rev. R. T. Bryan, who during the closing years of Dr. Yates' life was his colleague in the Central China Mission, has recently said:

He was in every sense of the word a big man. His mind, his heart, his soul all corresponded to his large and tall body. The work that he did, the fields of labor that he laid out, the large rooms and verandahs in the houses built by him, the size of the books published by him, the very large characters used in printing them (his Chinese Testament is twice as large as any other that I have seen), even the furniture in his study, his chair, his desk, his book cases—in fact, everything with which he had any connection, silently but distinctly tells of the manifold largeness of the man.

Dr. Yates himself wrote some years before his death:

I have never been attacked. I have been told that my size and apparent strength have inspired roughs with a wholesome dread of any defence that I might be called upon to make.

Those who saw him during his visit to America in 1870 can readily understand that a successful attack would have been no easy matter. He was then the embodiment of muscular Christianity. In admiration of his perfect proportions, one lost sight of his unusual height. He was as erect as an Indian and moved with the elasticity and grace of an athlete. And, withal, he was as gentle as a woman.

Though almost a dumb preacher at that time, he occasionally made public addresses. His manner was absolutely free from affectation. The glow of intense

earnestness burned through every utterance. In conversation he was genial; the ice of formality thawed in his presence. It was good to see his dark eyes gleam and sparkle in his ready appreciation of a touch of humor. A royal man this was, my brothers. Because he lived close to God, he was not, therefore, out of touch with men. No effeminate odor of sanctity drove his fellows from his presence. His religion was of the virile type, and his vigorous manhood was permeated with his religion. To be with him was worth a whole course of Christian evidences.

Such were the impressions received by a young college professor when Yates visited Wake Forest twenty-seven years ago.

Shanghai, April, 1870.

It is my privilege to write you once more from my own home. For forty days before leaving for Manchuria, I was unable to make an audible sound. While there, I had little communication with the outside world. After three weeks, my voice began to improve, and I became able to converse, to a limited extent, in my natural voice. But after repeated trials, I find that it will not bear a steady strain. Speaking for a few minutes will cause it to break to a whisper.

After another month of patient waiting, it became evident that Dr. Yates could not regain his voice in Shanghai, where, in spite of all efforts and protests, he was compelled to use it. In May, therefore, he sailed for the United States. A Shanghai paper described the parting between the native church and the missionary as "a most affecting scene."

San Francisco, June 15, 1870.

I arrived here yesterday. My physician insisted on the trip as my only hope of regaining my vocal powers. After a month of mature deliberation and prayer, the course advised seemed to be duty.

It was hard to leave my family. And, need I tell you, it was hard to leave our mission work, now so promising. The Sabbath before I left, though unable to speak above a whisper,

I baptized three. On the Sabbath before I baptized seven. The chapel cannot hold my congregation. And this is not a crowd of people who turn in through idle curiosity, but they are men and women who come expressly to hear the word of God, and they listen to the gospel message with more than ordinary attention.

Syracuse, N. Y., August 1, 1870.

To his Brother:

You will be glad to hear that my two months rest and my trip to the Sierra Nevada Mountains, in California, have very much improved my voice; indeed it seems almost natural. But I am sorry to say that it will not stand much of a strain in the way of public speaking. So I am playing lazy now.

Thank you for your kind invitation to make your house my home. I shall not stay long at any place. *My home is in China.*

Robert Samuel Prichard, of Wilmington, N. C., graduated at Wake Forest College in 1869 with the highest honors of a brilliant class. More and more during his college career had his thoughts been turned to the heathen world as the field for his life work. During his subsequent student life at the University of Virginia he was able to burn all the bridges behind him and to declare his purpose to become a missionary. The only question with him was where the Lord would have him labor. In reply to Mr. Prichard's letter of inquiry Dr. Yates wrote as follows:

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., September 1, 1870.

To Robert S. Prichard:

As you may readily suppose, the subject of your letter is one in which I am much interested. You are considering the all important subject of a personal consecration to the great work of missions among the heathen, and you "wish to know the difficulties and count the cost."

The one great difficulty with a young man called of God to preach the gospel, especially if he has talents and ambition, is the difficulty of attaining a state of perfect abnegation of self, or, in other words, a state of perfect resignation to the will of God. This involves the crucifying of all ambitious feel-

ings, the turning of the back upon all posts of honor, ease, and affluence, and the marching, if he believes Christ commands it, into the darkness of heathenism, there to labor and die for the glory of God, leaving his name and honors entirely in the hands of him whom he has served.

This is the one difficulty that confronts you now.

This overcome, all other difficulties will vanish as soon as they are approached. The language is a great trial, but it can be mastered by any one having an ear capable of distinguishing and imitating the musical sounds. The question of climate need give no difficulty, for there is every variety of climate in China that is to be found in America.

It takes no more faith to be a missionary than it does to be a faithful minister at home. You will not have, it is true, the moral support of sympathizing Christian friends, as you would in the States, and this is a sore trial to a lone missionary.

The life of a missionary is one of incessant labor and care. He must work at the language certain hours, preach at certain hours every day, and twice as many on Sundays.

The case of Judson, to which you referred, is the exception and not the rule as regards the sufferings of a missionary. There are trials, but God gives his servants grace to bear them. I have heard and read much about the peculiar trials and sacrifices of a missionary, but I have never experienced them or known, personally, others to do so.

The qualifications of heart, mind, and body deemed necessary for a good minister at home are just the qualifications required for a good missionary to the heathen. I know of nothing "peculiar" to suggest.

Let me urge you, therefore, to strive to overcome "the first great difficulty" to which I have referred. Success in this is as essential to the usefulness of a minister at home as for a missionary abroad. Dismiss, as far as possible, the associations which may have had some influence upon your feelings, ask the Lord, with a full determination to follow the directions of the Spirit, where he will have you to labor, and then be honest with yourself, following the guiding of the Spirit, without regard to the wishes and expectations of your friends.

I am not prepared to advise you with reference to another year at the University. It would seem unnecessary. A knowledge of medicine might be useful at some stations where there are no physicians. But I am inclined to think, from my own observation, that men who take a partial course in medicine rarely ever practice enough to give them confidence in themselves or to secure the confidence of others. I do not think that mixed professions work well. A year or two at the Greenville Seminary would, doubtless, be very serviceable and desirable.

May the Lord of the harvest guide you aright and direct you into that field where you will in the highest degree promote his glory.

Mr. Prichard had already solved "the first great difficulty," having consecrated himself without reserve to the service of God. With gladness and hope he offered himself to the Board. He was accepted and designated to the Shanghai mission. But God saw best to call him from labor into rest. In January, 1872, this lovely and gifted young man died in Richmond, Va.

Washington, D. C., December 5, 1870.

To his Sister:

I am about worn out. I took the cars the day I left you, went to Columbia and Greenville, S. C., and then to Augusta, Atlanta, and Columbus, Ga. Thence back via Greensboro and Danville to Richmond, and now here I am to have a talk with the President, if he has time to talk about Chinese matters. Then I'm off for New York and San Francisco.

It was during this trip that he made the visit to Dr. Skinner in Columbus, Ga., which was referred to in a previous chapter. After he left, Dr. Skinner wrote:

His last words, as I walked along by the moving car, clasping his hand, unwilling to let go, unable to hold on, were: "Remember, my brother, I am in the advance, you in the rear."

These parting words recall expressions used by Dr. R. J. Willingham in an article upon Dr. Yates in the Seminary Magazine.

More than forty years, steady, reliable, earnest, strong, prayerful, at the front he stood. For a while, voice was gone, for a time paralyzed, through war, through pestilence, through trials, in life, in death, at the front.

San Francisco, December 30, 1870.

We sail to-morrow at noon. By the time this reaches your postoffice, we shall be two thousand miles at sea. My visit seems like a dream.

Shanghai, February 10, 1871.

To his Sister:

Here I am at home with my own dear darlings. I arrived on Sunday, February 5th, the very day that I told you I expected to arrive. Lizzie and Annie and Mr. Seaman were all well and glad to see me. They knew that the steamer might come about noon and drove down to see. I saw the carriage coming before I got on shore. Oh, I am so glad to be at home where I can rest. Though my voice will not enable me to preach, I can talk quietly.

I am much gratified to find that the members of my church are steadfast. The real martyr spirit is in this infant church. My chapel is crowded.

Shanghai, May, 1871.

The whole church seems to be thoroughly aroused. Many of them seem to feel that my affliction is a loud call to them to engage personally in teaching the people the way of salvation. The movement is remarkable.

I am now convinced that I must give up public speaking. The entire loss of my voice, when I last preached, was attended with a paralysis of my right hand. My doctor in New York warned me against straining my voice, lest I should have total paralysis of the vocal chords. The symptoms in my hand were, I suppose, sympathetic. They disappeared afterward. I resolved then not to attempt public preaching again soon, if ever. But I find that I can speak in conversational tones without any apparent injury to my voice.

Every Sunday morning, at the close of Wong's service, I take my seat in front of the congregation and explain the gospels, verse by verse. I began with Matthew. The whole church

seem delighted with the plan. I trust in this way to accomplish as much as by pulpit exercises.

Shanghai, October, 1871.

All my intercourse with men is in a whisper, and is attended with fatigue. It requires as much effort to speak in a whisper now as it did to speak aloud to a large audience. The muscular power of the vocal chords seems to have been completely exhausted by protracted and vigorous use of the Chinese language. The doctor encourages me to hope that, as I am in the bloom of health, I may recover it by rest, so that it will serve me for twenty years for moderate use.

Great as the trial is, I must leave again my family and the work I love so well. The latter will be in the hands of Pastor Wong under Mrs. Yates' superintendence and the guidance of the Spirit of Truth. May God, in answer to prayer, greatly prosper and bless this church.

There are two candidates for baptism; but their friends oppose. The outstation at Kwinsan is prospering well.

Shanghai, November, 1871.

I cannot remain in Shanghai without talking to the people, and I cannot speak to heathen of salvation without throwing my whole soul into my address.

As I cannot work in my present condition, and as there is a prospect of being fitted for work by rest, I think that I shall go to Europe, where living is cheap, and where I shall have few temptation to use my voice. If I do go, it will be at my own expense. I have a little property here which I can sell This, with what I have earned by translating for the United States Consulate General, will keep me for a year or so. Mrs. Yates and Mr. Wong will carry on the work in my absence.

Shanghai, December 9, 1871.

To his Sister:

I am delighted to hear the good news in regard to your children. All members of the church! I can rejoice with you both. May they all be bright and shining lights in the world. To this end they must pray much and read the Bible and other good books. If they cannot go to school all the time, they must study at home, and learn something every day. They must

learn to spell correctly, learn to write well, learn to calculate, and learn by heart passages in the Bible. By learning a little every day, they will know a great deal by the time they are forty. I am a little over fifty, and I keep trying to learn something all the time. And there is yet much to be learned. Every time they see anything that will be useful through life, they should never stop till they make it their own. In this way they will be wise before they know it, and they will find the habit of great use through life.

You will be sorry to hear that my voice is gone again. My trunks are packed to leave home again in a few days for Europe, where no one will have any claim upon me, to rest my voice for a year or two. I have not spoken since the twentieth of September, except in a whisper. I shall go through Egypt, where Moses crossed the Red Sea and wandered in the desert. Then to Italy and see Rome. Then to Switzerland, France, Germany, and I know not where. I shall wander alone like a lone bird, while Mrs. Yates runs the Mission and looks after things here. I shall be gone a year, more or less. Sad separations, but I can render no service in my present condition. The doctor thinks I will get my voice, enough for moderate use, if I will go away for two years. With this hope, I am going out on the wide ocean, not knowing what will befall me. I will write you again when I get to Europe and find a resting place. I am perfectly well, and weigh 223 pounds, but my voice is broken by overuse. And in China I can't help using it. In Europe, where I do not know the languages, I suppose I can rest it.

Shanghai, January, 1872.

Yesterday I baptized two. One is a convert from heathenism; the other, a member of the German Consulate, has long been dissatisfied with his baptism in infancy. He came to me and expressed a wish to obey Christ by being baptized according to the scriptural mode. Several other Chinese are expected to come forward soon. Present membership is fifty-two.

Pastor Wong improves in preaching all the time. His growth in knowledge and grace is really wonderful.

I have not spoken above a whisper since September 20th. About the middle of this month I shall leave for Europe.

The work at Shanghai appears to be progressing slowly, but steadily. Our congregations are large and orderly. Each year shows a perceptible growth in the piety and discipline of the members. They are trying to make the church self-supporting this year.

We have before us a long and trying struggle with the powers of darkness. The officials and literary class are averse to the spread of the gospel. They are convinced that its tendency is to subvert all their long cherished systems. But the truth will prevail. Many already see it and acquiesce in it. The number of such will increase. I bless God for what I have been permitted to see.

In accordance with the purpose indicated in the preceding letters, Dr. Yates left Shanghai for Europe about the middle of January.

Shanghai, February, 1872.

From Mrs. Yates:

It is nearly a month since Mr. Yates started on his wanderings, feeling sadder than I have ever known him to feel before, yet resolute to carry out the physician's advice. His plan is to go up the Nile, then to Rome, and afterwards to London, to consult Dr. McKenzie about his throat. Perhaps it may result in the recovery of his voice. Other good may grow out of his great trouble. We can only wait and trust.

It will be my endeavor to keep up the interest and the order as steadily as if Mr. Yates were here. With the sound doctrine of the pastor and the zealous co-operation of the deacons and our lay preacher, Wong-yih-san, this is not too much to hope for.

During most of the long voyage through the Indian Ocean and the Suez Canal, Dr. Yates did not speak above a whisper. "But," Mr. M. Lankford, his college chum, says, "while the steamer was lying at Jiddah, the seaport of Mecca, and while, one day, Yates was on his knees, praying, his voice was restored."

On arriving at Naples, he could write (February 17, 1872):

It is with pleasure and thanksgiving that I report the restoration of my voice. After whispering for months, I can now speak in my natural tone of voice.

Paris, September 29, 1872.

To his Sister:

Your letter of April 5th was forwarded to me from China, and received a short time ago. I was glad to hear once more that you were all well. I am here in the finest city in the world, eleven thousand miles from home and dear ones in China, and three thousand miles from you in America. Since I landed in Suez, on the Red Sea, where Moses crossed with the Israelites, I have traveled through Egypt, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, and France, where I now am. And, oh! I am so tired of this sort of life. I am among strangers all the time, and nothing to do. I am not happy unless I am doing something or trying to do something to make others happy. My voice seems all right again, and I am well and handsome as a picture. I may spend the winter here, or I may take it into my head to go home. There is no telling what a man will do when he is desperate. I would go to the States if I could be allowed to rest there, but that would be impossible. Every preacher would want me to say just a little to his people. So I suppose it will be best for me to stop among strangers, even if I should go to the States. But is it not hard that a man has to shun his friends?

Meantime his faithful companion, "keeping up the interest and order" in Shanghai, wrote as follows:

Shanghai, October 26, 1872.

We have been moving on this year in an uneventful way. There is scarcely any perceptible change. Wong preaches well and regularly. And the members of his flock attend regularly. Six have been baptized. These are from our station at Quinsan, two days journey from here.

The specialist consulted by Dr. Yates in Paris insisted that he should not attempt to use his voice in public speaking for several months. The remainder of the year 1872 was, therefore, spent in Europe. In January, 1873, he arrived in the United States. As his voice demanded that he should be saved from his friends, he could not venture further South than Richmond.

In April he left San Francisco for Shanghai, and completed for the second time a circuit around the globe. And while making the voyage he wrote as follows:

Nongasaki, Japan, May 1, 1873.

To Mrs. Archibald Thomas, Richmond, Va.:

Here I am within two days of home. After mature deliberation as to what I should do—go to Europe alone, remain in the States, or go home—I decided to seek the quiet of mind and rest which nothing but my own home could give. And, having come to this decision, I did not ask advice from any one.

My trip of seven days and nights by rail to San Francisco was delightful. We had neither snow, ice, nor rain. Two days after I passed, there was a heavy snow storm. What a fortunate man I am!

I sailed from San Francisco on the Alaska, April 1st, and arrived at Yokohama April 27th, after a most delightful voyage. It was simply a pleasure excursion; the sea was so smooth that we could hardly feel the motion of the boat. At Kobe I telegraphed to Mrs. Yates. She had, up to that time, no correct knowledge of my whereabouts. She has doubtless been thinking of me as being in or near France, as I had written her that I should probably return to Europe.

A friend just from Shanghai told me that Mrs. Yates is well, and my daughter is expected there from her home in Hong Kong. Don't you know that we shall be a happy family? I hope so, at least for a while. I do not know that I shall be able to remain in Shanghai long. My voice is just as it was in Richmond. It will not stand a strain. It failed me after a short service on the steamer as well as after an earnest and prolonged conversation. If I cannot remain in Shanghai, I shall go to Europe again and settle down in some quiet place. But I know

not what I should do till I consult with Mrs. Yates. She is a jewel to stand so long by our mission interests here, and she deserves to be consulted.

Shanghai, May 24, 1873.

I had a most delightful voyage from San Francisco. I attempted a service on the S. S. Alaska, but my voice failed me. And now that I am at home, the temptation to use my voice causes me more anxiety than absence from home did. It seems impossible to remain in China and not talk more than I ought, even if I do not preach. But I am here now, and, if possible, I shall remain.

My little church seems to be in a healthy condition. They seem to see the importance of maintaining the purity of the church by rigid discipline. Two were excluded and nine baptized during my absence.

Shanghai, September 11, 1873.

I have not attempted to preach since I returned. My few short talks to the church have evidently injured my voice. I should have remained away longer.

While waiting on my voice, I am merely superintending the mission work and acting as a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord.

The loss of my voice, which threw the responsibility of the work upon Pastor Wong, has been the means, in the providence of God, of making him a very good preacher, one of whom we are not ashamed.

It was about this time that Dr. Yates placed in the hands of Dr. Wingate, President of Wake Forest College, a sum of money to be used in helping some young ministers to secure an education. Concerning this gift, and the outcome of it, Dr. Willingham has written:

While in North Carolina, his heart reached out to China. When in China, his heart reached out to America. A poor, struggling young man in North Carolina was told that a friend would help him go to college. For more than a year he worked at Wake Forest before he found out that his unknown benefactor was Dr. Yates, who wanted to help some young preacher at home. More than three years was this aid given to this

young man, and then to others. The young man referred to is to-day one of Richmond's leading pastors, strong, clear-headed, pious, an ardent lover of missions, a member of the Foreign Mission Board.

Shanghai, October 10, 1873.

My voice is gone. In order to save my life, it may be deemed necessary for me to leave China again. But, for the present, while unable to preach, I have accepted the position of United States Vice Consul General. As I need, must have, and will have another chapel, I shall proceed to have it built at my own expense, appropriating to it all my profits as Vice Consul, until the work is completed.

Shanghai, February 23, 1874.

I am sorry to have to report that my voice is much worse. I fear that I shall not be able to remain here. The Lord reigns and will direct all things for his own glory.

By the request of Dr. Yates, the Shanghai Baptist Church was represented in the Southern Baptist Convention which, in May, 1874, met in Texas. The church had contributed $800 to the objects of the Convention. Converted Seminole Indians, from Indian Territory were selected to represent these Chinese Christians. Thus was presented an object lesson which suggested the essential unity of Home and Foreign Missions.

Shanghai, September, 1874.

In spite of the recent riot near us, we are all well and unmolested. The whole block of buildings just above us was burned. With the cries of thousands of enraged men, the roaring of the fire so near us, and the multitude of Chinese families seeking places of security, it was an awful scene. As I knew that the Chinese could have nothing against me, we remained quietly at home in the midst of it all without harm or alarm.

The condition of my voice remains unchanged, so far as I can tell.

Shanghai, October, 1874.

My new church will be completed in a month; also a nice parsonage on the same lot for Pastor Wong.

Sung Way Dong, 1898.

"Church built by Dr. Yates mainly at his own expense."

I have been urged to accept the appointment of Secretary of Legation at Peking, but I have no ambition or inclination in that direction, and have so informed the Consul General.

Shanghai, March 1, 1875.

To the Recorder:

Some sixteen months ago I resolved to work out the amount necessary to build the church which was required for the best interests of my Mission. To accomplish this end, I accepted the positions of United States Vice Consul General and Interpreter at the Consulate General.

I have now nearly earned the requisite amount, and I am happy to say that the church is completed. It was opened for public worship on February 14th. It was filled to overflowing three times that day, and five new converts were baptized in the new baptistry.

The building cost $3,320. Others contributed $828. The rest I provided. As it was built mainly at my expense, I planned it after my own heart, and it is, in every respect, perfect. It is lighted with gas. Messrs. Russell & Co. have just presented me with a five hundred pound bell for it.

A few days after the date of this letter, Miss Lottie Moon, of Tungchow, who had been present at the dedication services, wrote:

On the Sabbath of the Chinese New Year, Dr. Yates had the satisfaction of dedicating his new church. Such is his modesty that he will not write how nobly and successfully he has worked to build up a true Christian church. The new building is, perhaps, the most complete in all its appointments of any in China.

Shanghai, December 29, 1875.

To his Sister:

You will be pleased to know that my voice seems to be all right again. And I am hard at work preaching and translating the Scriptures. I have finished my new church, a photograph of which I will send you by the next mail. You will see me and my big black dog standing at the gate. It was dedicated in February, and since that time I have baptized twenty

new converts. That is quite as much as some of your preachers have done in a Christian land. Here it is all sin, darkness, and idolatry.

I wish you could see my new house full of Chinese, and hear me talk to them in this strange language. I know you would be pleased and amused, if not instructed. I worked out, and paid out of my own pocket a little less than three thousand dollars. So I may be excused for thinking much of it, for I drew the plan and superintended the work from first to last. And I think it is a real nice church.

You write of the long separation from my family. Well, that is the lot of missionaries. Whether we were born heroes or not, we learn by conflict with difficulties to become such.

Is Mr. N—— getting old? Tell him that I am as straight as an Indian and as handsome as a beau. I don't intend to be old at eighty.

At the close of this year Dr. Yates was able to say that his voice was entirely restored, and that, for several months, he had been able to preach regularly. This being the case, and his chapel having been paid for, he resigned his position as Vice Consul General. This step was taken at the very time when he was offered the more responsible and profitable position of Consul General. He has given his reasons for it.

I could not accept without giving up my missionary work—my life work. No office, no gift of the government, could induce me to do that while I am able to preach and translate I resigned, therefore, the honors and the emolument.

If he had left behind him no other words, these alone would be sufficient to reveal the stuff of which the man was made and the native hue of his resolution.

CHAPTER XIX.

I AM IN DEAD EARNEST—1876-1877—AGE 57-58.

LIKE an undertone in the minor key there runs through many of the letters in this chapter, and more and more until the end, a strain of sadness. There is—we can see and feel it now; alas that we could not then!—something almost heart-rending in the plaintive appeals made year after year by Dr. Yates for men to come and labor by his side. From the time that Dr. Crawford left Shanghai, in 1863, until the arrival of Messrs. Herring and Bryan in 1886—twenty-three years—Mr. and Mrs. Yates were practically alone. Mr. Walker, it is true, went to him in 1882, but his health soon failed, and he was compelled to leave.

The writer of these paragraphs read a few of these letters when, at the time of their reception, they were published in religious papers. And, as he read, he was conscious of a desire that the plea of the solitary toiler down in the dark mine might be heeded. Other pleas, however, because they were nearer, seemed louder and more insistent. But, as he has read these letters consecutively, these and many others which he may not publish, he has been made to see it all in a new light, and to feel it with a force that is almost overwhelming. Again and again he has been compelled by a swelling tide of emotion to stop in the midst of the preparation of this volume. For who could prepare a life of Yates in cold blood? The cry has arisen in his heart: "Oh, Christ, forgive us that we let thy servant—and ours—struggle so many years alone and single handed against the overwhelming odds."

For were there not in the Baptist churches of the South a hundred men who would have been glad to go

and labor by his side if the duty had been laid upon their hearts and the means had been provided? And were there not in those days a hundred Baptists in the South who could each have given, though with sacrifice, perhaps, a thousand dollars? And a thousand who could have given their hundreds? And a hundred thousand who could have given a dollar each?

The lone missionary saw it all in clear vision. Short-sighted and blurred was our view of the duty and the opportunity.

It is not for us to say what might have been. Yet one cannot refrain from imagining what might have been accomplished, what churches might have been gathered, what forces might have been equipped and organized, what enginery of spiritual warfare might have been planted under the leadership of this wise and vigorous man.

We cannot get back into the last generation and do what we then left undone. But it is not too late for us to learn not to leave undone our manifest duty in this generation.

Shanghai, February, 1876.

To the Recorder:

From the dedication of my new church, in February, 1875, to the end of the year, twenty new members were added by baptism. To-morrow I shall baptize a man of some influence, a school teacher. Chang, the giant, has not yet come forward to connect himself with the church. I think that his trust is in the Saviour.

These results may seem small to you. I consider them equal to a revival at home with a thousand converts.

Shanghai, April, 1876.

I have been able, for several months, to labor hard on a revision of Matthew's gospel, in the spoken language of the people of this plain, a dialect spoken by forty millions.

I have built for Mrs. Yates a school house, where, in addition to her day school, in which she is doing good service, she meets the women for Bible lessons.

The congregations at the new church have been large and quite regular three times each week. Rev. Wong Ping San has preached well. During the year we have added twenty to our number by experience and baptism. The present membership is seventy-two. See Seen Sang, stationed at Kwinsan, has constructed a tent, which he moves from one village to another He preaches to or teaches those who call on him at his tabernacle.

The prospect everywhere is good for a steady increase of the work abroad; but the apparent want of missionary spirit at home causes us the deepest solicitude for the future of our life work.

Shall we take no part in giving Japan and the interior cities of this great Empire the gospel of Christ?

Shanghai, July (?), 1876.

A wave of superstition, sending terror into the hearts of all classes of Chinese, and causing the greatest consternation, has swept over several provinces. Its manifestation was various in several localities. In the region of Shanghai, the people professed to see a black cat.

The police caught two men who were circulating the disturbing rumors about the black cat, and brought them for punishment to the mixed court where I sit with a Chinese magistrate twice a week. They were sentenced to wear the cangue, and the Inspector of Police said that he would have a black cat painted upon it to terrify others. I suggested that the cat should be painted with its head off, so that the people could see that it was powerless to do any more harm.

Strange to say, it was a success. From that day the rumors ceased; and I was highly complimented for my sagacity in quieting the minds of hundreds of thousands. Elsewhere, the people suffered beyond description, and did not dare to sleep at night, lest they should be crushed by demons. In some places, the native Christians, not being affected by the rumors, were charged with being the cause of the demoniac activity, and were slain and their chapels destroyed.

Shanghai was saved from all these calamities by the decapitation of an imaginary cat.

Shanghai, December, 1876.

I have tried to emulate the spirit of the many noble enterprises at home this Centennial year, but I find it hard to be enthusiastic all alone. I have not endowed a college, but I have supported myself by being Interpreter for the United States, have built a church, and a school house costing five hundred dollars, and have organized a school for boys, which is endowed for my life or stay in Shanghai.

I look upon the past year as one of great success. The church seems to grow stronger on the milk of the truth. Some are ready to go into the country on Sabbath afternoons and tell the people of the great salvation. Having committed to memory the sermon on the mount, they have much to talk about.

We have three services each week at the Baptist church, a prayer meeting at the native pastor's house, at my house a theological class, and one service each at the church in the city and at the new chapel in the country. These have all been well attended, and I hope for large results. Our membership is eighty. I have baptized seven.

Four thousand copies of my translation of Matthew have been published, and I have a hymn book of seventy hymns going through the press. I have translated to the twentieth chapter of Acts.

It seems useless to hope for reinforcements while the churches do not support the few now in the field. My only hope is that God will revive his people.

Shanghai, January 16, 1877.

To the N. C. Bap. State Convention:

In view of the gross darkness in this great Empire, and of the fact that I am a child of the Convention, I feel that I have a right to express my surprise and disappointment at the neglect of Foreign Missions by the Convention. When I left in 1846, the brethren said to me: "You go down into the well, and we will hold the rope."

They kept their promise for a while. The Raleigh Association contributed for my work from $600 to $800 a year, for many years; but, shall I say it? after a while they let go the rope.

Notwithstanding that this Mission has been treated as a "lost

cause," I have held the fort for many years. And the prospect was never more hopeful than it is to-day.

Will not the pastors try to interest their people in preaching the gospel to every creature? Will they not read my letters to them? I feel like embracing with a most cordial shake of both hands, every brother in North Carolina. I want to talk to them; and I can only do it by writing.

The following letter, which was published in the Biblical Recorder, is one of the many by which Dr. Yates sought to impart information and stimulate interest among his brethren at home. This will explain his appeal in the preceding letter as to the reading of his letters.

Shanghai, February 13, 1877.

Shanghai is on the border of the Yang-tsz River plain, which is considered the garden spot of China, and is the seaport of a score of great inland cities. Among them is Soochow, whose splendor long since gave rise to the proverb: "Above, there is heaven; below, there is Soochow."

More than four hundred years ago this vast plain was intersected by tidal canals, like the roads in a densely populated region at home. It is dotted with cities, towns, villages, and hamlets. All the cities have walls twenty-five or thirty feet high and fifteen feet thick.

The hamlets and villages are so close together that the trees about them and about their water ponds and graves give the plain, every available foot of which is under cultivation, the appearance of a well wooded country.

There are in this plain and its cities ten idol temples to one church in our Christian land. These temples cost as much as or more than our churches do. The people contribute the money to build these temples and to build and gild the idols. A single idol, twelve or fifteen feet high, costs as much as many of our country churches.

The smaller idols are carved out of blocks of camphor wood. The large, immovable idols are built of plaster and lacquer around a wooden skeleton. When it has been gilded, worship

before the new god is inaugurated with public ceremony and music, and multitudes prostrate themselves before it.

Not only are the temples filled with idols, but every house in every city and hamlet has its household shrine. An accurate computation of all the idols and objects of worship would approximate half the population of the Empire. And these millions of gods constitute the powers that be, controlling the government and all domestic and business relations, through superstition.

Paul saw at Athens a city wholly given to idolatry. Here the whole land is full of idols.

Shanghai, April 19, 1877.

To the Recorder:

I see that Brother Harrell comments on the liberality of the Durham Church in contributing an average of $10.29 each in 1876. That is doing well. If all churches would do as much, the Old Ship of Zion, instead of being becalmed and tossed by the ground swell of worldliness, would be speeding under full sail to its destined haven.

As Brother Harrell thinks that such liberality, when known, will incite others to do more, I will state that the Shanghai Baptist Church contributed during the same year an average of $29.55 for each of its eighty members.

Although the grace of liberality had been developed to a high degree among the native Christians, the large average referred to above was mainly due to the generous gifts of Dr. Yates himself. These gifts were recognized by the S. B. Convention when, at its meeting in New Orleans, in May, 1877, it declared that, "The liberality of Brother M. T. Yates in relinquishing his salary, and in building a chapel and school house, ought to stimulate the churches to corresponding liberality."

The General Conference of the Protestant Missionaries in China met in Shanghai, May 10th, 1877, and remained in session fourteen days. This was probably the most notable assemblege of missionaries which, up to that time, had gathered together since the day of Pentecost. There were nearly one hundred and fifty

members, the representatives of almost every mission station and of every evangelical denomination in the Chinese Empire.

In this Conference, Dr. Yates presented an elaborate and able monograph on "Ancestral Worship." He also participated freely in the discussion of a number of other subjects.

Before the conference adjourned, Dr. Yates and Rev. C. W. Mateer volunteered to assume the financial responsibility of publishing the proceedings of the conference. Their proposition was gratefully accepted, and the result was a royal octavo volume of five hundred pages. The book was published under the personal supervision of Dr. Yates, who was made chairman of the editorial committee. It is a storehouse of unique information in regard to China, the Chinese, and mission methods of every kind.

Dr. Muirhead writes (February 19, 1897) from Shanghai:

> Dr. Yates' essay on Ancestral Worship has often been referred to as an admirable compendium of the whole theme, giving a view of its various bearings on the condition of the people, the expenses connected with the practice, and the difficulties entailed by it in the spread of Christianity.
>
> He also did useful work in the revisal and publication of the other papers contained in the report of the conference. He told me that the publication involved him in heavy pecuniary loss, but that he undertook it for the good of the cause which was near his heart.

Soon after this meeting, a Presbyterian missionary, who had been present, and who had returned to this country, said to Rev. T. H. Pritchard, at his home in Raleigh: "Dr. Yates is physically, mentally, and spiritually head and shoulders above any English speaking missionary in Asia." Dr. Pritchard used to relate in connection with this testimony a conversation in which Dr. J. B. Jeter said that he regarded Dr. Yates as the ablest missionary whom he had ever seen. When asked

if he had ever seen Judson, Dr. Jeter replied: "Yes, I knew Judson, but Yates has more mind than Judson."

Shanghai, May 19, 1877.

The Missionary Conference is still in session, and is thrillingly interesting. The essays written in different parts of China and read here from day to day, as well as the speeches made, are a unit on one point—that the native churches must become self-supporting as soon as possible, and that foreign money should be used only for aggressive work.

The average contribution of my church, per head, is more than double that of any other church yet reported.

I offered a resolution for a committee, consisting of one from each Mission in China, to draft an appeal to the Mission Boards, colleges, churches, and religious papers of the world for more men and women for China.

The foregoing letter refers to the policy of throwing native Christians on their own resources as soon as possible for the support of their native pastors and for meeting all other church expenses. Throughout his missionary career, Dr. Yates strongly emphasized the importance of pursuing this course. When the subject was under discussion in the Conference, he said:

I have been a missionary long enough to perceive that self-support is necessary to the life and growth of the native churches, and I have for years been striving to bring my church up to that standard. And I am happy to say that I have succeeded beyond my expectations. At one time my native church had an endowment of something over 300 taels (about $450), but they managed to lose it. I did not regret it very much, for a fund of this sort is not conducive to the growth of a benevolent spirit in the churches.

I am satisfied that a free use of foreign money to supply every want of the church has a tendency to divert the minds of its members from the real object of our mission to a line of business. And, while it may curtail the apparent growth of some churches, I think that we cannot too soon take steps to let it be known that there is no business in becoming a Christian.

Shanghai, June 13, 1877.

To the Recorder:

The General Missionary Conference, which convened here May 10th, and closed May 24th, was the most remarkable meeting that I have ever attended. Perfect harmony and the best religious feeling prevailed to the close. The forty essays read and the discussions which followed each, were of a high order, and covered a wide range of subjects.

On the seventh day of the Conference, I presented resolutions that a committee be appointed to draft an appeal to the Christian world for more men and women for China. It was hailed as a happy thought, and special prayer was offered for God's blessing upon the appeal. I have had four thousand copies of it printed at my own expense, for circulation by the different Mission Boards among all the centers of influence in their several connections.

The Conference was an era in our lives. Never before was there such interest felt in missions to this land as is felt to-day by the missionaries in China. Seeing so many, and learning to love each other, we have been made to feel that we are not alone in contending with the surging tide of heathenism.

Shanghai, June 30, 1877.

I enjoy my freedom from consular and mixed court work. I have received most flattering letters from the United States Minister and Consul General on the occasion of my resignation of the important post which I have occupied.

Shanghai, July 25, 1877.

Southern Baptists have now only four men in China. The reduction of our Missions to a one man power at each has a depressing effect upon that one man, upon the native church, and upon the people.

Shanghai, August 2, 1877.

Notwithstanding the apparently insurmountable difficulties in the way of progress, and the fewness of the laborers, inadequately sustained, our real progress is very great, though, as visible to the churches at home, very small. This has, I fear, discouraged some whose faith in regard to the China Missions is not very long.

Courage, brother! It is necessary to dig deep and lay the foundation of God's building on the rock.

Shanghai, August 28, 1877.

Mrs. Yates to Dr. Tupper, Cor. Sec.:

Much is said about the hardships of missionary life—much that is true and much that is exaggerated, but it seems to me that the Secretary of our Board has even a harder task than the missionaries whose cause he pleads. I think that if I were in his place, I should give up. I should say: "If Christians are willing to help to send the gospel to the heathen, they will give without waiting to be begged." Besides, who values a gift that does not come from the heart? I could not beg, but have I not Bible authority for saying that none but free-will offerings are acceptable to the Lord?

Shanghai, September 12, 1877.

This is the thirtieth anniversary of our arrival at Shanghai. At first the way was in the dark; but every successive decade has shown marked progress in our work. To-day the missionary influence in China is a mighty power. The leaven of divine truth has been deposited in this mass of error and corruption, and its irresistible power is beginning to be seen and felt far and wide.

The Bible has been translated into the literary or dead language of the whole country, and also rendered into the spoken languages or dialects of many localities, a style in which the Chinese have not been in the habit of making books.

Places of worship have been secured, where multitudes come at the sound of the church bell to hear the word of God. Churches of living witnesses have been established. Tens of thousands have been convinced of the truth of the gospel, who have not had the moral courage to make public confession of their faith in Christ.

Thirty years ago, when the prospect was so dark, and the darkness seemed so impenetrable, I would have compromised for what I now behold as my life work. Now, my demand would be for nothing less than a complete surrender.

I am in dead earnest about this matter; for I fully realize that God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, and has

committed unto us the word of reconciliation, and that he has commanded us to make it known among all nations.

I not only do not regret devoting my life to the mission work, but I rejoice that he has counted me worthy to be his ambassador to the greatest Empire on the globe. Now, my one desire is that he would give me wisdom to do his will and be a faithful steward. The Lord be praised for all his goodness and mercy to us in our hours of darkest affliction.

Shanghai, October 2, 1877.

The volume of "Records of the General Conference" is progressing favorably and we hope to complete it by the end of the year. It will be a work of great value. When I come to my Essay on Ancestral Worship, I think that I shall have an edition struck off for circulation at home. It might do much good.

Shanghai, November 5, 1877.

To the Durham Baptist Church:

I do not know many of your faces; but I know that you are co-workers in obeying the Lord's command, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." This is addressed to every Christian from the day it was uttered until now. It does not mean that you should all come to China or go to Africa. To you, it means begin at Durham. You have commenced to obey this command by taking steps to build a suitable church and by organizing Sunday schools. This is applying to religious matters and the command of Christ the same sort of common sense that men generally apply to their business affairs. This is just what we should do.

The greatest happiness that it is possible for a man or a woman to enjoy in this life is found in obeying Christ. Will not each of you take the advice of one on the other side of the globe, and ask God in secret what he will have you to do? And then, when you feel it to be your duty to do anything, to pray in your families, to teach in the Sunday school, to talk about Christ to others, begin, and God will help you.

Shanghai, November 24, 1877.

My congregations continue large, and I am working hard

and am waiting for a blessing from on high. I am trying to teach our members the first principles of our pure and holy religion, and thus fit them for more effective work among their own countrymen.

I have not been well for three months, and have lost flesh. But I hope to get through the winter all right. Then, if I am not well, I may take my family to Europe for a change, and then return for a last long and strong pull.

CHAPTER XX.

BETTER ORE IS STRUCK—1878-1879—AGE 59-60.

SEVERAL letters which will not be published here disclose the fact that Dr. Yates' health was in even more critical condition than would be inferred from the letters in the last chapter. For medical treatment and the rest of a sea voyage, he left Shanghai in December. This trip was entirely at his own expense. He arrived at San Francisco on January 17th, 1878, and there he was relieved by the treatment of a homeopathic physician. That a thorough cure had not been effected, however, will appear later on. He sailed for Shanghai on April 1st, without having crossed the continent to visit his friends in the East.

San Francisco, February 22, 1878.

You ask, "Shall we not see you in the East?" I think not. "Nor at the Convention in May?" No, I think not. 1. I cannot afford to add to the expense of my trip. 2. I cannot afford to stay away any longer than is absolutely necessary. I should enjoy it, if I did not have a great work on my hands and no one to relieve me. I must work on till I wear out.

San Francisco, April 1, 1878.

The ulcer from which I have suffered so much has passed away. It was the result of the splinter of a bone of a fowl, which had been swallowed. The trouble was of a dangerous

character. I am thankful that I can return at once to my family and work. The Lord be praised.

Yokohama, April 23, 1878.

We arrived safely to-day. I leave for Shanghai to-morrow. Since the 12th, we have had to encounter a succession of westerly gales of wind. They were severe enough to force the steamer to heave to for forty-eight hours. Last Saturday night no one on board could sleep for a moment. Our steamer, the largest in the world except the Great Eastern, was tossed by the waves in a frightful manner. My health has steadily improved during the voyage.

Shanghai, May 24, 1878.

I arrived at home May 2nd suffering from a serious relapse. I am now happy to say that by vigorous treatment, in accordance with advice, I am about well.

I have resumed my labors, both in the pulpit and in the preparation of books, and hope to do moderate work.

Shanghai, June 6, 1878.

To Rev. T. H. Pritchard, D.D.:

On the morning of May 11th, I telegraphed to the Convention in Nashville, Matt. 9: 36. The next day I received my reply, "Ezra 10: 4., Boyce." Taking into account the difference in time, this telegram reached Shanghai in thirty minutes after it was sent from Nashville. It had to be sent from New York, from London, from Bombay, from Calcutta, from Singapore, and from Hong Kong. The way was clear for that telegram. It brought speedy comfort to my heart and gave me courage to hold the fort a little longer.

I hope my little electric shock did some good in the Convention. If the churches do not move vigorously and speedily, their missions in China will soon be among the things of the past. The last man at each station has been in the last ditch for years. We are powerless for aggressive work, while the field is white unto the harvest. All that we can do is to hold on and pray for laborers.

But Jesus is faithful. "Lo, I am with you always." That promise upon which I embarked from Boston in 1847 is as buoyant to-day as it was then.

Shanghai, June 8, 1878.

To his Sister:

Have I told you that I arrived at home May 2nd and found Lizzie well, and that three days before I arrived, my old trouble returned upon me? I am about well again. Mrs. Yates and I have both had colds. We seem to take cold easier than we used to do. I suppose our constitutions are giving way a little.

Shanghai, July 2, 1878.

Last Sabbath it was my privilege to baptize three. One of Mrs. Yates' school girls now plays the organ at our regular Sunday services. So you see we are advancing. I think that you would enjoy worship with my little church. You would at least be able to see that a large proportion of those present worship God as people do in America.

Shanghai, July 20, 1878.

I have just put to press an edition of 2,500 of my translation of "The Two Friends." I am now writing a tract to be entitled, "The Way of Salvation."

We have the papers containing a condensed report of the Convention in Nashville. What a pity that there is not sufficient enterprise to have the proceedings and all the speeches reported verbatim and published in all the religious papers. The speeches, I am satisfied, would be read with much interest, and be productive of much good. The men of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.

Kwinsan, September 30, 1878.

I am much pleased with the appearance of things at our out station here. The disciples have all been present, and I have had a delightful communion season with them.

I preached in the morning to a crowded house. The open court yard also was full of most attentive hearers. I secured my congregation by calling out as I walked from my boat up the crowded street: "There will be preaching now at the Sung-way-dong (Hall of the Sacred Assembly)." In the afternoon, I had a much larger audience. Of course many of these came to see "the big monkey." But they had not been there long before a deep seriousness pervaded the densely packed audience.

After I finished, See T'ay San, the assistant in charge here, delivered a most animated and pointed address. A large number lingered for conversation. I was glad to see that there was so much wheat in that congregation, and talked till fatigue warned me that it was prudent to desist.

Having returned to my boat, I was resting and meditating on the extent of the harvest and the fewness of the laborers, when a boy stepped in front of me and called out, "Foreign devil!" I cast my eyes on him and he bolted. I thought, "Well, my blessed Lord suffered a similar reproach, and it is enough for me to be as my Lord."

Then a small crowd gathered on the shore and were gazing at and talking about me, my age, how many Chinamen I could handle, my business there, etc. I was amused and interested. Finally a fellow joined the crowd and said, "Oh, that is the teacher who preached twice to-day at the Sung-way-dong, and I tell you he can talk our language. What he preached is still in my ears and before my eyes. They say that he is a foreigner, but I don't believe it. His speech proves him to be a Chinaman in foreign dress." Finally, one of them said to me, "Preach for us here." Then, as I sat on my boat, I preached to them Jesus and the resurrection.

After the crowd had dispersed, and it was quite dark, several ventured to come to me in my boat, where we sat and talked together till a late hour. I found that the assistant of an official, whose boat was made fast near mine, had been a believer for four years. He was not ready to declare himself a Christian as, by doing so, he would lose the position by which he supported his family. This, I am satisfied, is the condition of thousands, for it costs a man something in China to declare himself a Christian. Some who have heard me, and whom I may never meet again, will, I doubt not, be saved at last, as by fire.

Shanghai, November 14, 1878.

One of my old members went to her reward two days ago. She died in the faith and gave strict injunctions against the use of any idolatrous ceremonies. She said, "I belong to Jesus Christ, and he does not want such useless things."

Shanghai, December 2, 1878.

A few days ago a young woman died under peculiar circumstances. She had once been a regular attendant at my church, and had expressed a wish to be baptized, but, being betrothed into a family of unbelievers, she was not allowed even to come to church again. One of our good sisters, a relative, was present at her bedside and gives an account of her dying moments.

After they thought she was gone, she suddenly came to, and with a startled expression of her eyes, and with much agitation, she exclaimed: "The doctrine (gospel) is true! Ah-boo-lay! Ah-boo-hau-lay!" Ah-boo, the mother of the sister mentioned above, had died in the triumphs of faith six or seven years ago. Hau-lay means "she was beautiful, happy, comfortable." As her agitation continued, the bystanders asked the reason of it. She replied: "I was stopped by two men in white, one taller than the other, who said that my credentials were not good." They asked if she wished to have the priest come and perform religious ceremony. She replied, No. The Christian relative then asked if she would like to have Pastor Wong read and pray with her. "Yes," she replied, "ask him to come and help me with my credentials."

Wong went and read and prayed with her in the midst of the raging heathen. He urged faith in Jesus, as the only credential needed. "Do not fear Jesus, for he loves you and will let you pass if you put your trust in him." Soon after this, she seemed to pass away again. But when those present thought that all was over, she came to, expressing ecstatic delight at being permitted to go to Ah-boo. She said: "I have not been baptized, but my credentials are accepted. Ah-boo is beautiful—is in white—is playing an instrument—the glory of heaven—no tongue can tell." These were the last audible words, and she passed away, never to return.

I make no comment on this remarkable incident. It has moved my whole church as well as all the relatives of the deceased. Even the heathen family into which she had married are anxious about their "credentials," and are praying to the true God.

Shanghai, December 3, 1878.

To Rev. T. H. Pritchard:

Mrs. Yates is in Hong Kong, visiting our daughter, and if I did not have so much to occupy my mind and body, I might be very lonely. But, in addition to my regular work, I have undertaken to teach a theological class and to translate the New Testament. I am now working on Romans. I don't know what Peter would have said if he had undertaken to translate into a Chinese dialect Paul's "things which are hard to be understood."

The following paragraphs are from a communication addressed to the Missionary Society of the Seminary at Louisville:

Shanghai, March 14, 1879.

Happy are ye if ye duly appreciate the privilege of a theological education. Make the most of it. I shall never cease to feel the need of it, for in my work I am often called upon to do the work of an evangelist, pastor, theological professor, and translator of the Scriptures into a strange and most difficult tongue. The Chinese language will not contain the nice shades of many of our religious ideas; it has no parts of speech, no number, person, or gender. But here, as elsewhere, there are no difficulties which will not yield to energy, perseverance, and faith.

Even the conservatism and exclusiveness of the hundreds of millions of this ancient Empire are yielding to the influence of light and truth.

Shanghai, April 14, 1879.

It was my privilege yesterday to baptize two more converts from heathenism. There are many others whose hearts have been touched by the Spirit of Truth, and who have been awed into a reverential mood. Thank God for the manifestation of his presence in our midst. "Thou shalt see greater things than these."

April 28.—Yesterday I baptized two yong men brought down from our station at Kwinsan by See T'ay San. He will stop a month or more with me, that I may teach him the way of the Lord more perfectly. He is a good man, full of faith, and a

good speaker, but very modest. I am thinking of organizing a church at Kwinsan, with him as pastor.

With this additional responsibility of teaching See, you will perceive that my hands are full of interesting work, a work in which angels might rejoice to participate.

May 4.—Two more received for baptism. Three others are applying. Still others, as the Chinese say, "are praying, but have not found comfort."

In three days the Convention will meet in Atlanta. I shall be with it in spirit.

Shanghai, July 15, 1879.

For days the thermometer has marked 90 in my house.

Having taken my class through my translation of Matthew, Acts, and Romans, I dismissed them at the end of June. See returns to his post at Kwinsan.

Shanghai, July 10, 1879.

To his Sister:

When a church does what it can to make known Christ's gospel to all people, then they will have lively times at home, and in their own souls. I believe one reason why professing Christians do so little for others, is they do not pray for them—not even once a day, and consequently they feel but little interest in anything but themselves. That does not express the relation we sustain to God and to our brother man. As faith without works is dead, so a church without prayer and workers for Christ's cause, is dead, so far as exerting influences for good is concerned. I should like to know how many members of your new church pray in public or in their families.

I have a church of a hundred members. A large proportion of them pray in prayer meetings. And they delight to talk to the unconverted about the great salvation. Many of the women are active workers And how did I get them into this way? I set them to work from the day of their baptism. And now it is expected from every one. I used to have men give an excuse, "they had not the gift of prayer." That is a poor excuse, and one that God will not accept. The same men could buy and sell and talk politics and work at their trade. All of these were new and strange when they commenced; and so it is with prayer. Any man who has desires can make them known in some way.

And when this is done, let him stop. God abominates long and wordy prayers. Everything becomes handy by use.

Set your church to work for the good of those around them. Meet every Sunday, whether you have a pastor or not. Let the members conduct a meeting at the close of the Sunday school. Then you will soon have a revival, the influence of which will be felt in China. Try it; have a model church at work; begin at home. Then they will soon remember the heathen; for their souls will warm toward Christ and his cause among all people under the sun. Oh, that the church at home would drift into a wave of importunate prayer; that men would obey Christ's command—not strive to be good, but strive for the extension of Christ's kingdom. I have added ten by baptism this year. We are now having sweltering weather. But with us at a mission station, religion is a business, and must go on, hot or cold weather.

At home, too many people regard religion as a sacred curio or a fine garment, that is to be used only on special occasions, whereas it should be used every day without being soiled, for it is that robe of righteousness which we must have on when Christ comes, at an hour when we think not. A large portion of the Christian world think but little of and care but little for the 600,000,000 who sit in the region and shadow of death. Gross darkness covers the earth from the east coast of Japan to France in the west, a distance that requires forty days steaming. And yet Christ has said to his disciples, "Go ye and disciple all nations." In obedience to this command, I have presented my body a living sacrifice; but, oh, what am I among so many?

Shanghai, September 29, 1879.

We have pulled through the most trying summer that has been experienced here for thirty-two years. Many died from the effects of the heat.

About August 18th, without any premonitory symptoms, I wilted. The doctor was called in. He said, "You must leave by the steamer that leaves to-night for Chefoo."

In thirty-six hours after I got to sea and had a warm salt water bath, I was all right, and could look at objects with a steady gaze.

Shanghai, December 31, 1879.

This year's work has been, from my standpoint, the most successful that I have yet done in China. As the miners say, "I seem to have struck better paying ore." Our total membership is ninety-one.

The native members of my church contributed last year, on an average, more than the members of most of our churches in America are giving. And already they feel the blessed effects of having done something beyond themselves to pray for. Yesterday the first fruits of the revival spirit presented themselves for baptism. I need some one to rejoice with me.

The members of my church are from five provinces. When they return home, they will carry the seed of truth far into the regions beyond. This is the good providence of God.

Tsung Tung Foo, one of the first disciples from Kwinsan, was excluded from the Shanghai Church. Returning to the house of his wealthy brother at Kwinsan, a feast was prepared, and all the relations of the family were invited. The household gods and ancestral tablets were placed before Tsung. Then his brother said, "If you will worship with us as of old, I will settle on you fifty acres of land and bear the expenses of getting you a wife. If you refuse, you shall never return to my house."

Tsung replied, "The wife I want; the land would make me comfortable; but how can you ask me to sacrifice the interests of my soul? Since I have learned the way of Jesus Christ, I cannot and will not worship idols or tablets."

He was fiercely driven from the house. Our brethren joyfully received him back into the church. This is a sample of what we mean by forsaking all and following Christ. The Christianity that we have introduced into China is of the old martyr type. God forbid that we or other teachers should introduce here or into any other land any other type of the religion of Christ.

CHAPTER XXI.

IS RETROSPECTIVE—1880—AGE 61.

AFTER he had labored in China more than thirty-two years, Dr. Yates wrote this contrast between his earlier and later work.

It was, perhaps, well that we, as pioneer missionaries, did not know in advance the nature of the difficulties with which we had to contend, or we might have been appalled by their magnitude.

In our ignorance, without helps of any kind, as though it were a mere trifle that would yield to will and application, we began the study of the language. Often we were in thick darkness, but we kept on struggling for the desired light. When, at last, light began to dawn upon our way, and we perceived that we were understood by the Chinese in common matters, we rejoiced in the thought that victory was now certain; that, henceforth, we had only to preach the gospel and the people would certainly embrace it.

In this we were disappointed. For years, by day and by night, in chapels, in heathen temples, by the wayside, we preached the gospel. But the people did not, as we had expected, rush into the fold of the church, thanking us for bringing to them the message of salvation. Large audiences, with apparent interest, waited on our ministry. They were curious to see and to hear us foreigners try to speak their language. They were polite enough to assure us that we spoke it perfectly, and that they understood everything that we said. For a long time, as it seemed to me, no one appeared to show any signs of being favorably affected by the gospel message. Disappointed, but not cast down, we continued to preach the word and to study the situation.

As the years rolled on and we became able to use this unwieldy language with greater facility, individuals came, like Nicodemus, to make more particular enquiries about the new religion. Some of these, we now know, had an eye to profit, expecting to secure positions as assistants or teachers. These may not have intended to deceive us or themselves. It is likely that the necessity that they should be born again was never apprehended by them. For during the first five or six years of our service our ability to present in Chinese nice shades of religious truth was limited.

Some were received and baptized; others were advised to wait. The latter soon lost their interest in religious matters, the former seemed to be helpful, and we rejoiced in these first fruits, green though they were, for in those days we were all green together. These have long since gone to their reward; we hope that they died in the faith. Those were days to try men's faith and courage, and they seemed to be sincere. We have a better type of Chinese Christians now.

While I rejoiced that I could speak the language, I felt that all was not right. There was some barrier between me and the people. All seemed to have a secret which I did not know; this barred the entrance to their hearts. I resolved to investigate this matter, to give more attention to the study of the Chinese people, their character and religious systems. I entered upon a long course of study of their inner life, and of that combination of their religious systems which unites in ancestral worship. This system makes a unit of the whole population in opposition to any and all change of every character. This opposition included, of course, the introduction of the gospel, which, from its very nature, called for radical changes.

I found that at heart the Chinese were corrupt; that they were content to remain so, desiring only the means of gratifying their appetites and passions; that they were so completely under the influence of their priests and systems that they had neither will nor power to extricate themselves.

Even in material things they were in mortal dread of innovations. The erection of a house, especially of a high one, and still more a church with a tower, filled the neighborhood with

anxiety. Every family in the vicinity resorted to counteracting measures. A basket and broom, for instance, were suspended in an elevated position to sweep up and receive all bad influences. They supposed the atmosphere to be alive with the spirits of the dead, and dreaded lest some evil should befall them, if its even flow was disturbed by any obstruction.

Still more direful was their fear of offending the gods and forfeiting their aid by making any change in their religion. To oppose the gods and renounce ancient customs rendered one liable to far more dreadful punishments than would be incurred by open rebellion against the Imperial Government. Indeed, these two governments, one for the living and another for the dead, they believe to be correlative.

Thus, by superstitious fears their ears had been closed to the message of truth and the invitations of mercy.

This gloomy investigation through dark and haunted regions and dens of demons I have prosecuted for years. While it has revealed the true condition of this deluded people, it has brought no relief; it has only given us clearer conceptions of the nature and magnitude of the difficulties which must be overcome in bringing the Chinese to a knowledge of God and to faith in the Saviour.

The four hundred millions of China are afflicted with a mental and moral paralysis. Over against this malady, the natural tendency of which is to propagate itself, stands the gospel which Christ commanded his disciples to preach to every creature.

I must confess that when I was excavating deep down into their minds to find the secret springs of their religion and their motives for worshiping the dead, and found stratum after stratum of evil and of false hopes, all emanating from and concentrating on themselves, the discovery was far from reassuring.

But results are matters concerning which we have received no instructions and about which we should not distress ourselves. Obedience and fidelity in preaching the gospel are required of us; results are with God. And we have abundant evidence that the Spirit of Truth can and does reach and renew the hearts even of Chinese men and women.

After these days of trial and of exhausting labors, a better

class of enquirers came forward. Some of these had tried all their systems of religion, and still their hearts were not at rest. But the gospel seemed to promise just what they felt the need of. Among these was Wong Ping San, who was Mrs. Crawford's school teacher. In process of time, he became deeply convicted. He studied the New Testament, but all that he read condemned him. One night, after reading a chapter, he felt his lost condition so keenly that he continued long in prayer. When he retired to bed, he could not sleep. He got up and prayed again. This he did frequently throughout the night. He searched his heart to see if he had freely and fully forgiven every enemy. At last, when he had been praying and waiting long for the promised blessing, his distress of mind and sense of condemnation seemed to have departed and were succeeded by a peace of mind which he could not comprehend. He wanted to go to see Mr. Crawford, but he would not disturb him. Feeling no inclination to sleep now, he waited for the light of day, when he could enquire of Mr. Crawford what was the matter. One can imagine what took place when they met at an early hour the next morning. He was baptized by me; for at that time I was the pastor of the church. In the course of time he was ordained, and was placed in charge of the church as its native pastor.

Rev. Wong is not a graduate, but is a fair scholar in Chinese literature, and is something of a wit. He knows the Bible well, and has a wonderful memory. As the Chinese have no occasion for public speaking, Wong has never given special attention to that art. His usual position in the pulpit is to stand with his right foot across the left. This is not a graceful attitude, but it seems to be a natural and comfortable one for him. In his efforts to imitate us, he is often ungainly in his gesticulation. If one will spread his fingers and thumb as wide apart as he can and bring his little finger, without crooking it much, down near the palm of the hand, keeping the thumb in its distended position, the other fingers will naturally assume the graceful position for a Chinese gentleman's hand. They have acquired this habit by carrying their hands in this position in

order to keep their long sleeves from falling over their hands. The thumb and little finger form a rest for the sleeve.

Being naturally of a timid disposition, Pastor Wong has not developed into a bold reformer. While he has made great progress in his knowledge of the Scriptures, and in methods of presenting truth, he has not made corresponding growth in efficiency as a preacher or as a pastor. In fact, I know no native preacher, even among those who have been educated abroad, who has risen above a certain Chinese standard, and that is mainly a mental one. They cannot transgress their rules of propriety. These are as old as the oldest grave-hills, which have not been obliterated for ages. This is true of all who make any pretension to education. In fact, all who have studied the Confucian classics seem to have come out of the same mould. The several native preachers whom I know are all of the same stamp. They seem to be converted men, and, up to a certain point, within a certain sphere, they are true and zealous workers. Beyond that point they are not as efficient as I had fondly desired to find native co-workers.

It may be that I have expected too much, for they are human; and I am not unaware of the powerful combinations against the new religion and its teachers.

At this stage of our work a native preacher will not dare to maintain the truth as the foreigner does. Hence the fallacy of the position assumed and acted upon by some who, believing that China will have to be Christianized by native agency, devote themselves mainly to the education and training of native preachers. I acknowledge the utility of native agency as a sort of volunteer corps to do certain kinds of work, when properly superintended. But to overcome the long standing and deeply seated errors of the Chinese Empire will require "regulars," and these should be properly sustained and reinforced in good season. American and European Christians need to realize that the work that is to be done by them in China is only just begun. Their presence and guidance will be needed for several generations before this work can be entrusted to native agency.

The rank and file of our membership are about equal to the

members of the country churches of North Carolina. In some respects they are far superior. In my Shanghai church, every man and woman promises, when received for baptism, to contribute of their means, and to do all in their power for the advancement of the cause of Christ. They contribute a much larger average per member for sending the gospel to regions beyond. For two years my church, in addition to paying the salary of the native pastor, have contributed an average of $1.20 per member to send the gospel to Soochow, the capital of this province. This I conceive to be a part of the religious education that every pastor is morally bound to give his charge. As to a man's declining to lead in prayer when called upon, none of our members know how to refuse. It is a thing expected of him, and he will do the best he can. He generally does pretty well, much better than I did when I commenced.

During these last few years I have devoted much time and labor to teaching our members who could spare the time, in classes of four or five. This has enabled me to make an important discovery. I now find that those who have been taught in a class and have something definite to think about are the most intelligent, active, and efficient men and women in my church. These, though a small minority, contribute the bulk of the funds raised by the church. The moral is evident. In order that there may be intelligent and liberal church members, ways and means must be devised for increasing their knowledge as to their obligations.

May I whisper a great secret into the ears of every Baptist church in North Carolina? Meet every Lord's day at your house of prayer, whether you have a preacher or not. Meet for prayer, the study of God's word, and the consideration of the condition of mankind, even if you cannot get more than three to agree to it. Others will hear of it and come. God will bless you in your own souls and make you a blessing to the world.

Modern missions are only the result of a clearer perception and application of the true spirit and letter of the gospel. For, if there be one truth clearly set forth in the teachings of our Lord and his apostles, it is that the gospel was designed for

all people. Christ also gave us an example as to how it was to be made known to all people. He taught the twelve, and then sent them forth two and two to teach and preach. This was part of their education to prepare them for what was required of them after the bridegroom had been taken away. After His resurrection, He "spake unto them, saying: All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." The work committed to every church of Christ is to make known this gospel to all nations. The ways and means they must provide. They are simply told to go and do it.

Paul and Barnabas, who were Foreign Missionaries, were called by the Holy Spirit, just as the foreign missionaries of modern times have been called. For I suppose that few have embarked in this work without a distinct and abiding impression that it was their duty to do so. They have renounced worldly ambition for distinction among men, and have consecrated themselves wholly to the service of Christ and to the good of lost and ruined men.

I doubt not that there are now many in our churches, members of the learned professions, who have felt that it was their duty to devote their lives to the ministry of the word, and, perhaps, to enter the foreign field. They have had the call, but the sacrifice they have not made. Failing to do this and choosing their own vocation, they have discounted their happiness even in this life. It is a good thing to seek the path of religious duty, and to walk therein; it is a fearful thing to quench the Holy Spirit.

Many years ago I gave myself unto the Lord, and promised to follow him in whatever duty and to whatever field of labor He might direct. Paul did no more; none of us can do less without neglect of duty and loss of the reward for obedience. I was directed to China, and in the prosecution of the duty assigned me, I have been called upon to pass through great tribulations. But these have all proved to be rich blessings.

CHAPTER XXII.

SACRED STRATEGY—1880-1884—AGE 61-65.

NOT long after entering upon his work as Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, in Richmond, Dr. Willingham asked Mr. J. C Williams, the Treasurer and oldest member of the Board, "What did you all think of Yates?" Mr. Williams replied, "He was regarded by the Board not merely as a missionary but as a statesman. If he had remained in this country, he could have attained distinction in any of the walks of life. He was a very great man."

That this estimate of the man was well-founded and not due merely to fraternal partiality is evidenced by the scope of his vision, the magnitude of his plans, and the earnestness of his tireless endeavors to carry these plans into execution.

While Dr. Yates was actively and incessantly engaged in his local work at Shanghai, preaching, teaching, translating, he was also planning to seize for Christ the most important strategic points in Central China.

Shanghai, September 7, 1880.

I have surveyed and studied a line of attack for the Southern Baptists, *i. e.*, the line of the great river Yang-tsz to the Szchuen Province in the West. By the most convenient line for transportation by steamers, we divide the Empire in two, and have a center line from which to work northward and southward.

This programme involves a new departure in our methods of supporting Foreign Missions. We might as well make up our minds first as last on this one point, that our Missions cannot be supported by the few who are now heartily interested. When pastors and people awake to a sense of their duty and

privilege in this matter, Southern Baptists can support fifty men as easily as they now do three or four.

Later on, with more of detail, he gave the following outline of his far-reaching plans:

In my pioneer work I was able, at an early day, to spy out the goodly portions of this, the Kiang-Soo Province. I studied the lay of the land, the trend of the navigable canals which intersect this wide plain like the streets of a city, and the juxtaposition of the most populous and wealthy cities, towns, and villages. This was done with a view of locating a permanent Mission field for the Shanghai Mission, one which would present the greatest facilities for access by the common canal passenger boats. These have houses upon them. Mrs. Yates and I, with our child, lived for a month in one of them, as we passed from city to city in this populous region.

In due time, with Shanghai as a base of operations, I chose Soochow, on the Grand Canal, and Chinkiang, at the junction of the Grand Canal with the Yang-tsz River, as great centers for a great work, when the men should be found to occupy them. These three cities, from a commercial point of view, dominate a population of more than twenty million souls. They are situated in the form of a right angled triangle; the Grand Canal forming one side; an equally grand canal from Shanghai to Soochow forming the other side; while the Yang-tsz River is the hypothenuse of the triangle. From Shanghai to Soochow is eighty-five miles; from Soochow to Chinkiang is one hundred and twenty-seven miles; from Chinkiang to Shanghai is one hundred and fifty-seven miles by the river.

In addition to these three cities at the angles of the triangle, there are on the great canals, or within thirty miles, and easy of access by boat, more than a dozen walled cities, each having one, two, or three hundred thousand souls, numerous large villages of ten, twenty, or thirty thousand, and hundreds of smaller villages, within a few minutes walk of each other, and many within call, while others seem continuous—all teeming with immortal souls.

Having labored alone since 1863, and thinking that the time

had certainly come for this Mission to be reinforced, I proceeded to occupy Soochow. Having secured a good position in one of the main streets of the city, I erected a chapel, and constituted a church of nine members, a colony from the mother church at Shanghai, these members having returned to their native city.

The following letter, written early in 1880, tells of Dr. Yates' first efforts to occupy positions on his "line of attack."

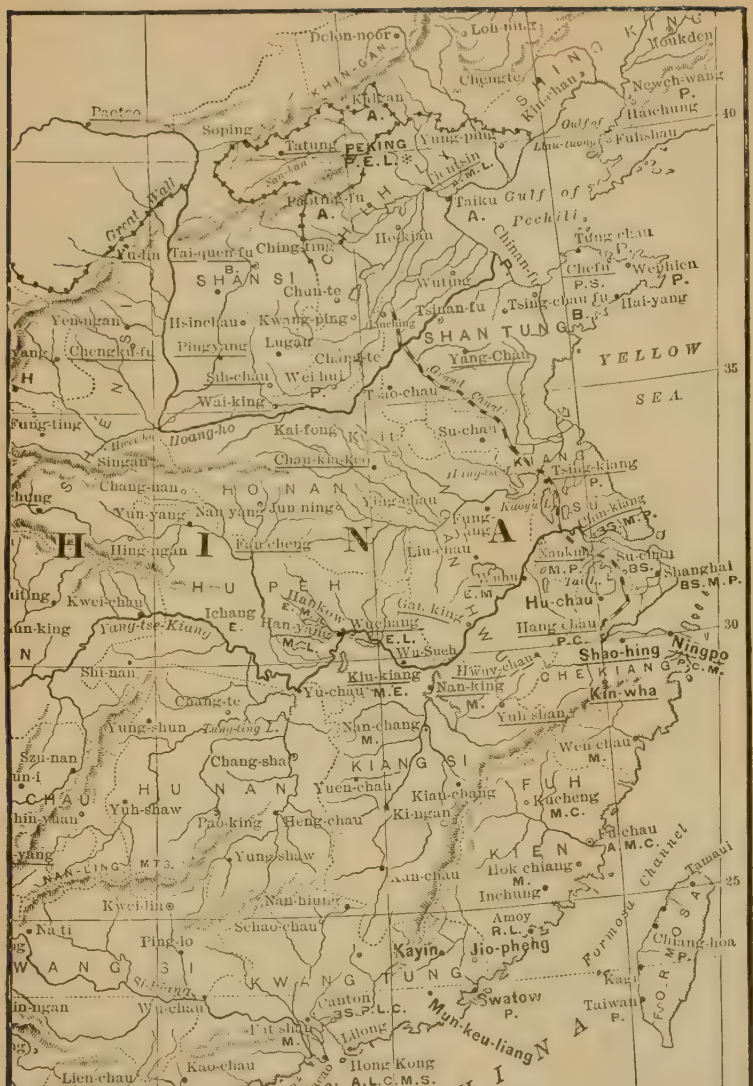
Last October Brother Wong and I proceeded to Kwinsan and constituted a church of sixteen members. We ordained See T'ay as pastor, and also two deacons. Two members have since been added. The Kwinsan church has a good start, having a house built by the Shanghai Mission on land belonging to the pastor, See T'ay. This contains a chapel, a dispensary room, pastor's study, and dwelling house.

They regard the Shanghai church as the mother church, to which they can apply for counsel. Few cities suffered more during the Rebellion; but, in spite of their poverty, I insisted in my charge to the church that each member, male and female, should contribute to the support of the church and to the cause of Christ. A letter from the pastor informs me that they have all promised what they would give each month. This is a good beginning. Few at home are as poor as the richest member of this church.

Thirty miles beyond Kwinsan is Soochow. I sent P'ay Tsz Oo, a native of that city, thither last July to begin work. In the tea shops and highways he met so many who were anxious to know more of the way of life, that he petitioned for a room or two in which he could meet his enquirers for quiet conversation and prayer. At my request, the pastor and a deacon of the Kwinsan church went to Soochow, and, after conferring with P'ay Tsz Oo, succeeded in renting a suitable house at less than $3 per month.

The Shanghai church has contributed this year $273. In addition to this, they have sundry charities among themselves.

I was never more encouraged in my work than I am now.



MAP OF CHINA.

Stations of the A. B. M. U. in this type, **Swatow.** **BS.** Southern Baptist Convention.

And, although single handed, I was never more determined to prosecute it, so long as I have strength.

Shanghai, February, 1880.

To the Recorder:

Mrs. Yates and our daughter are probably in New York by this time. They have not been in America for more than twenty years.

I am alone, and yet not alone. God is with me more and more to sustain and comfort and guide. I feel like one who, after a long journey, is getting near his home. I am well, full of life, full of work, and have a will to do it.

Tell Dr. Brooks to look up. It will soon be time to ring the bell at the entrance. We shall meet on that shore.

Shanghai, February 10, 1880.

To the Recorder:

This is the Chinese New Year. Next year it will fall on some other day of February or January. In 1879 they had an intercalary month. That advanced their year into February. The object is to bring the period of worshiping their ancestors to the right season, *i. e.*, when peach blossoms put forth.

At the New Year all Chinamen are required to settle all their bills; otherwise, they will not be able to get credit another year. Few people sleep on New Year's night. All are in debt, and they all spend that night in dunning one another. Some debtors who know that they cannot settle up, secrete themselves till daylight on New Year's day. Then his creditor cannot dun unless he carries a lantern. But, with this, he can dun till the sun shines, and have an opportunity of putting the debtor to the blush before his friends, and thus make public his failure.

All Chinamen spend New Year's day at home, if possible. They think that the spirits of dead ancestors may return on that day. They spend the day in gambling or in making music (that is, all the noise they can) on gongs, drums, bugles, and other grating instruments, and all in the same room.

On the next two days the men swarm out dressed in their best (and often hired) robes, to make calls. The caller's large red card precedes him, that all may be in readiness. On enter-

ing, he and his host rush at each other, each with his own hands clasped just beneath his chin, each trying to bow lower than the other, and each wishing the other great happiness. The women enjoy the good eating and seeing the men and children have a good time. This they can do by peeping through the cracks in the hall.

Festivities are kept up till the evening of the fourth day, which is the feast of the god of wealth. This is the god of China. All make offerings and crave prosperity in business. The constant roar from the explosion of popcrackers will not give much chance for quiet sleep that night. What would Paul have said if, in addition to the idolatry of Athens, had been superadded the incessant din of firecrackers? These are the weapons with which the Chinese fight demons and evil spirits, in constant dread of whom they spend all their lives.

Shanghai, March 20, 1880.

The present stage of our work requires the best gifts of wisdom and prudence. The man that I want is a thoroughly educated man; one who has taken a theological course; one who loves the praise of God more than the praise of men; one who is ready to devote his life to the service of God.

If he has seen some service at home, and the brethren think he can be spared, so much the better. The man who can find nothing to do at home is not the man for China. I crave a man of the best gifts of body, mind, and spirit, and a sound constitution. If he has a wife, she should be a good match in these respects, and a real helpmeet.

Shanghai, May 11, 1880.

In our Shanghai church some one moved that, as we receive blessings each day, we should contribute daily. This was unanimously carried. Also that the minimum contribution should be three cash per day (about ten cents a month). Some one proposed that one very poor member should be excused. He objected, saying: "Do not I want the reward of doing good?" A month or two ago he handed in fifty more cash than the motion required. It was proposed to return the excess to him, but he declined to receive it.

"This month," said he, "I have sold a piece of cloth for one

hundred more cash than I expected. I also did a job of work with the same result. I make a thankoffering of twenty-five cash on each."

Shanghai, May 28, 1880.

A week ago we received two Chinese for baptism, and excluded one for getting drunk and acting disorderly. Such members, if allowed to remain in a church, exert a bad influence. Our rule is to keep the church pure and active; otherwise the lazy, dead members would soon degrade and kill off those who are active and consistent.

If a church member feels no interest in the spread of the Master's cause, and fails to show his interest by praying and working for it, then that branch is wilted, if not dead.

It is hard to get these heathen up to this standard, but they are coming up to it beyond my expectation.

Dr. Yates interested himself at this time and subsequently in introducing into China a number of improved varieties of fruit trees, grape vines, and berry bearing plants. He was especially anxious to try whether the delicious scuppernong grape and certain apples which he had known in his youth could be naturalized in his adopted home. Mr. S. O. Wilson, who at that time had a nursery near Raleigh, sent to Dr. Yates all the trees, vines, and shrubs that he asked for. The freight on these was cheerfully paid by Dr. Bailey, of Raleigh.

Shanghai, June 29, 1880.

In May—from overwork, the doctor says—I had a severe attack of illness. For a change of air, I went to Chefoo.

It was during this sojourn at Chefoo that Dr. Yates first became aware of the presence of the abscess to which frequent references are made in his subsequent letters. This soon became very painful, and ultimately was so serious a matter as to necessitate repeated surgical operations, and even to imperil his life. This new affliction, as will soon appear, greatly hindered his active ministry. There are grounds, however, for thinking that it was a blessing in disguise, for, while debarred

from preaching, he devoted himself more assiduously to the translation of the New Testament.

The life of each of God's children is as truly guided and overruled as was that of Joseph. In his case the veil has been drawn aside by the Holy Spirit, and the divine leading revealed to us. As to our own lives, we can discern, for the most part, only the human influences which affect them. "What I do thou knowest not now." And yet we can sometimes understand, at least in part, how the sweet has come forth from the bitter, and light from darkness. Perhaps we can now see that Dr Yates' manifold trials and disappointments, not only developed his spiritual life, but actually promoted the work which they seemed to have interrupted or delayed.

He chafes at his meager opportunities for early education. But when, at last, his chance comes, practical wisdom has been acquired.

Just when it seems most needed, his eyesight fails. As a result, he learns to speak in Chinese as no other foreigner can do.

When, after many years he has "reached the Chinese heart," his voice suddenly fails. And, lo, the native church becomes aggressive and goes to work.

He is cut off by war from supplies from home. Then the position which he is compelled to accept to make a support gives him unbounded influence with the Chinese, and supplies him with means for usefulness.

And now a thorn in the flesh is sent to buffet him and threaten to drive him from the pulpit. The result is the translation of the New Testament into the spoken language of many millions.

While thus disabled and suffering, he sorely missed the sympathy and help of his wife and daughter. They had sailed for the United States December 4th, 1879. More than twenty years had elapsed since Mrs. Yates had met her kindred in North Carolina. On November 14th, 1880, the travelers were again in Shanghai.

Shanghai, July 14, 1880.

I have translated the gospel of John into the dialect of this province and have carefully revised my translation of Romans. It is now ready for the press. But I have no money. Is it possible for you to get me an appropriation of, say, $500 for an edition of the sacred Scriptures in which "baptize" is translated "immerse," instead of "the washing ceremony," as in other versions? If not, I shall have to sell some of my little property, for I must have it. It is my intention to continue devoting the forenoon of each day to translation till I complete the New Testament in this dialect.

The Board authorized a special effort for the raising of the amount asked for, and in due time it was placed at Dr. Yates' disposal for the publication of his version.

The Executive Committee of some Association had asked Dr. Yates to recommend a native Chinese missionary to be supported by them, and to report to them quarterly. Extracts from his reply will show his opinions as to the wisdom of this plan.

Shanghai, July 27, 1880.

I could not advise our friends to commence a separate Mission work in this way. In fact, I am now, after some experience and observation, strongly opposed to individuals, companies of individuals, or even Mission Boards appointing native preachers direct, and fixing their salaries. This plan, even though the man is placed under the missionaries of a station, has not been found to work well.

Now, if the brethren will undertake to support the Soochow station, here is an opportunity for them to have what they may call their special work. This they can do by depositing their money with the Board at Richmond, and I will draw on the Board. This is the safest and most economical way of transmitting funds to this field.

The Central and Raleigh Associations raise my salary in this way, and they do not demand a report from me. I should like to spend a few months with those Baptists. What a grand work they might do! Were they to discard the old idea of a charity to the poor heathen, and contribute to Foreign Missions as an

act of worship in obedience to Christ, and contribute an average equal to that given by my little church from among the heathen, they would raise $60,000 annually for Foreign Missions.

The following paragraphs from Dr. Yates' pen, though written after this time, give fuller expression to some of the opinions advanced in the foregoing letter. They seem to have been his matured convictions as to mission methods:

Having my eyes and ears open during my visit to the United States, I could not fail to perceive that there was a diversity of views, at least among the leaders of the churches, in certain quarters, in regard to the method of carrying on the Foreign Mission work through a Central Board. In fact, there seemed to be a sort of antagonism between certain churches, or their leaders, and the Foreign Mission Board. That this state of feeling does exist has been evinced by private letters received since my return to China, and by requests from more than one party for my personal receipt for moneys contributed for the Foreign Mission work. They repose every confidence in me, but they seem disinclined to entrust their funds to an organization outside of their churches. They must be jealous of the rights of their church, for it cannot be that there is any want of confidence in the high toned brethren who compose the acting Board.

Dear brethren in the Lord, this state of things ought not to continue. Are we not co-workers in the great scriptural enterprise that has for its end the extension of Christ's kingdom over the whole world? Then let us not, by a multiplicity of counsels, divide and weaken our forces before the enemy. Let me say in love to all who have had scruples about co-operating cordially with the so-called central organization, that, to carry on the Foreign Mission work successfully and economically, a Board or Committee is a necessity.

The permanency of the work abroad demands that it be directed and supplied by a Central Board. A State or an Association, or even a few churches might, by an effort, send out a missionary and support him for a few years. But, in the event

of sickness and death, etc., the work thus commenced is liable to become a total loss. An organization is more likely to have men enough in the field to look after the work of one who may be called away, till his place can be supplied. Hence, the work of a part, if done through the Foreign Mission Board, is more likely to be permanent than if undertaken independently. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Another evil under the sun. Having appointed a Board, which is nothing more than a committee of all the churches, to attend to their foreign work, by far too large a proportion of the churches act as though they felt that the responsibility of looking after and providing for the missionaries depended on the Board.

Dearly beloved, let us not, by a want of unity of views and concert of action, neglect the work committed to us. Let us unite our forces, contribute of our means as an act of worship, and press forward till all idolatry and all false religions shall be swept from the earth, and Christ shall be crowned Lord of all.

Shanghai, September 9, 1880.

To his Sister:

You have seen my pets, my queens, and now know more about them than I do. I have had rather a hard time all alone, with a terrible abscess. It was operated on in July; and now, after two months, the wound still refuses to heal. My general health is good, and I hope, sooner or later, to get rid of this thorn in the flesh.

My work is progressing slowly. As usual, God is my refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

S——— must cultivate the habit of reading good books, and must read much aloud to you. She must complete her education by study at home. And she must make it a rule not to pass by anything that she does not know; if a word, to look it up in the dictionary; if a place, to look it up on the map. And she must try to remember everything of importance that she hears and reads. She must not devote any hour to fiddle-faddle, but be at some sort of work. The mind needs food and clothing as well as the body.

Give my love to my old friend John C. Wilson, my son in

the ministry. May the Lord continue to bless his labors. If he will study the Bible with my glasses, he will find that Foreign Missions is the whole gospel. The prophets told what should be the extent of Christ's kingdom; and, when He came, suffered, and rose again, His teachings was, Go: preach to all nations.

Shanghai, September 21, 1880.

Strange things reach me from Soochow. After P'ay had preached from "The light of the body is the eye," etc., a man with sore eyes came up and asked if he could do anything for his eyes. P'ay said that he was not a doctor, but that he had some eye medicine. He applied some salve, and told the man to believe in Jesus, who was able to open the eyes of the blind and to save his soul. Strange to say, in less than twenty-four hours the man came to show him that his eyes were well.

Soon, others came to be treated, and in a short time they too were all well. Of course the news spread from mouth to mouth. All who came were healed.

A man, racked with pain all over, who had been given up by the native doctors, came, or rather, was brought. P'ay protested that he was not a doctor; that he preached Jesus as the Saviour of all who believe. The man insisted that he believed, and begged to have something done for him. Whereupon, P'ay had him stripped and rubbed him all over with his eye medicine, prayed over him, and told him to go and believe in Jesus. He came back that same day to show that he was well, and to return thanks.

P'ay sent for the Kwinsan pastor to come to Soochow at once. After seeing with his own eyes, the latter came straight to me to report and to deliver messages from P'ay, who says that he has no time to preach, except to the crowds of all classes who come for treatment.

I am not fully satisfied that all I hear is reliable. I send you what I hear and the evidence.

Oh, for men and women to reap these fields now white unto the harvest! Men and women so consecrated to God that they would not think of position, honor, comfort, or even life itself. For God takes care of all these things in the case of those who commit themselves to him.

Shanghai, November 7, 1880.

This has been a glorious day with me. At 9:30 I preached in English at my new church on the Great Commission Then I baptized three men, an Englishman, a Swede, and an American. They said that they were not satisfied with their baptism in infancy, and wished to obey Christ—believe, and then be baptized.

At 10:30 I took the pulpit again and preached to a house full of Chinese. After the sermon, we had a good communion season. This occupied my time till 12 o'clock. Then I went to my room, and, after earnestly asking God's blessing on the labors of the day, I sat alone in sweet meditation upon that precious promise, "And lo, I am with you alway," and upon the fidelity of Christ in fulfilling His promises. My cup of blessing ran over, and—oh, well, I just had a good swim in the love of God. The cup of blessing is so near to every Christian, and yet how few ever partake of it.

Shanghai, November 15, 1880.

Yesterday at noon we had the great joy of welcoming home Mrs. Yates and our daughter, Mrs. Seamans. They arrived in fine weather, and in good health and spirits. During the entire voyage of over two months they did not encounter a single storm. Such a thing is unprecedented. They are delighted above measure to be at their own home once more. Truly God has been good to me and mine. Blessed be His name forever.

The abscess has assumed a serious character, and causes me some trouble and anxiety.

Shanghai, November, 1880.

Mrs. Yates to Dr. Tupper, Cor. Sec.:

The trip to America did me great good. It was tiresome, all that journeying and jolting, but I am so much stronger that I feel repaid.

I do not think that it would have been well for me to stay there much longer There was so much to enjoy, and then, America, as a country is so much more attractive than China that I might have found myself unwilling to come back here. But being here, I am well content to stay and try to do a little good among the women and children of China.

It was during these months of suffering and anxiety that Dr. Yates wrote the latter portions of the reminiscences, condensed extracts from which are, perhaps, the most interesting parts of our story. In a letter dated November 29, 1880, he said: "My reminiscences are like a bamboo, having many joints and no style. The last batch was written amid forty interruptions."

He began these reminiscences with these introductory paragraphs:

I deem no apology necessary for consenting to write a series of letters about myself and work, which must of necessity contain much of autobiography, for my sole aim in doing so is to promote the glory of God in the extension of Christ's kingdom among men of all nations.

In pursuance of this design, I shall take the liberty to pursue trains of thought that were suggested, at the time, by the various situations in which I have been placed at home and abroad; and to animadvert freely upon whatever I think will be of service to such as may be in similar situations in life, increase the efficiency of the churches of Christ, and promote the glory of God.

What I shall have to say of the incidents of my life before I sailed for China in 1846, was written more than thirty years ago.

On the eve of his departure for China, in 1885, Rev D. W. Herring wrote, "Dr. Yates' reminiscences were among the means by which God showed me my duty."

Shanghai, December 14, 1880.

The year 1880 has been one of sore trial and affliction in the flesh. But I feel that I am nearer to my heavenly Father and able to hold sweeter communion with Him than ever before.

Regular services from three to five times a week have been maintained at our two Shanghai churches. Also at Tong-ka-pong, Kwinsan, and Soochow. For a time P'ay, who was in charge in the latter city, was evidently blinded by the glare of popularity, and I feared that there was great danger of his being carried away by the current of fame and lost to the cause in the

provincial city. But late news from there reports him as being very penitent and as co-operating cordially with Deacon Tsung.

If the work is to be continued here with any hope of progress, we must have more men. I want to occupy the cities along the Yang-tsz River between Shanghai and Ichang, a distance of over eight hundred miles. Fifty, or even a hundred, men could be located to great advantage along this river; but so long as the great majority of the pastors in the South feel but little interest in Foreign Missions, how is this field, now ready for occupation, to be supplied? If Christians could only see and feel that the spirit of Missions is the very life and spirit of the Gospel and obligatory upon all alike, it would seem to be an easy matter for all our churches to average one dollar per member each year and support fifty men in China as easily as they now do three or four. My native members do more than this.

Mrs. Yates' school for girls and my school for boys have been sustained at our expense. I hope in days to come to receive fruit from these schools. Some of Mrs. Yates' girls can repeat from memory the whole of Matthew and Acts, and also "My two Friends."

Dr. Yates' opinions as to mission schools and his grounds for these opinions had been fully expressed before The Missionary Conference:

I wish to say a word in favor of schools as a means of eradicating idolatry.

The Chinese are nearly all idolaters. Many years ago I resolved to find out the secret by which so many millions were all made of one mind. A Chinese friend, who would not himself give me the desired information, told me that if I would go to a certain temple on the first and fifteenth of the month, I could find out for myself. I went and took a position where I could see what was to be done before the idol. Soon a well dressed Chinese lady came in with three children, aged about three, five, and seven years. The two older boys ran forward and performed their prostrations in the usual way, and then called their younger brother to come forward and do as they had done.

But this was evidently the child's first visit to the temple, for he was very much frightened at the sight of the idol, though this had been screened so as to show only the face, and thus rendered less hideous. The mother dragged the child into the proper position, and, standing behind it, forced it to bow slightly three times. She then adroitly extracted from her commodious sleeve a variety of toys and candies and gave them to the child, saying that the god had given him these nice things because he was a good boy. She then asked him to thank the god, and he did it.

I remained at the temple most of the day and witnessed the induction of the children into the mysteries of idolatry.

On the fifteenth of the month I was in my old position again. Soon the mother with the three children entered. The youngest was not so frightened as before, but went of his own accord into position, saying to his mother, "I don't know how to do it." He was assisted and rewarded as before. The other boys wished to know why they were not rewarded, and got the answer, "Because you are bad boys."

From that time that child was an idolater. The fright and the presents had welded the chain.

Now, schools for children provide for their religious teaching till they are too old to be deceived in this way. And there is every reason to hope that those who have spent a few years in a foreign school, when they become mothers, will not deceive their offspring before an idol.

A letter from Mrs. Yates to a lady in the United States, written at this time, contains particulars about her "school for girls." Her views about beneficence are very suggestive.

Just now we are building a new school house—a boarding school for girls. With our daughter's help, we intend to pay all expenses without asking money of the Board or of any one else. I do not have much faith in money that has to be begged. Free-will offerings are what I like.

For example; I do not suppose that ——— ever asks her brothers for anything. But they love her so dearly that they

are constantly giving her presents. Suppose they had to be begged and reasoned with, as most professed Christians have to be before they will contribute to the Lord's work; would she have the same pleasure in receiving the gifts?

Now I have come to feel that it is almost an insult to our Lord for money to be given for preaching the gospel in heathen lands because somebody begs for it. We are willing to share our good things with those whom we love; have we any right to say that we love the Lord so long as we are unwilling to give to him? On this ground it is that we are going to do in this new school what we can ourselves, asking help from no one.

The pupils will probably be few at first, for we shall allow no foot-binding. I am sorry that many of the native Christians cling to the horrid custom. They think that natural feet are ugly and cramped feet pretty. They say that no desirable young man will marry their daughters unless their feet are bound. But the leaven will work, albeit slowly, and the time is not far distant when the custom will be abandoned.

Shanghai, January 12, 1881.

To Rev. C. T. Bailey:

Is old Brother David Justice, who used to live near Mt. Vernon church, still living? If so, I want Brother Skinner, at his earliest convenience, to call on him for me, kiss him on each cheek a kiss of Christian love, and, before he receives his crown of glory, thank him for his prayers since I have been in China, and for all that he did for me while I was at college, striving to fit myself for work among the heathen.

Shanghai, May 3, 1881.

Brother Wong has just returned from Kwinsan and Soochow with a glowing account of the encouraging prospects at these stations. The brethren there have a working spirit, and there are many enquiries after the new religion. Most Chinese enquirers, however, grow faint hearted when they find out that the new religion amputates all sins.

Shanghai, January 14, 1881.

Mrs. Yates to a relative in N. Carolina:

Time runs fast away, and one's life gets more and more busy,

at least mine does, so that the things I most desire to do are often left undone. I cannot tell to-day, as you generally can, what my work is going to be to-morrow. All manner of interruptions come upon us, and we must take them patiently, doing cheerfully, hour by hour, whatever is required of us.

For the last month I have been editing "Woman's Work in China," and have been obliged to write a great deal. But when I have put up and mailed about seven hundred of them, my work in that line will be over for five months. Then my turn will come again.

Shanghai, May 31, 1881.

To Rev. J. P. Boyce, D.D.:

Enclosed please find two hundred dollars to be used for the present necessities of the Seminary. If I were rich, I would cheerfully add two or three ciphers to the amount. I am, however, thankful to be able to contribute my mite, for I delight in spending and being spent in a work which has for its object the extension of Christ's kingdom among men. For, until the pastors of the churches at home are taught that it is their duty and privilege to preach the gospel to all nations, there is but little hope for the poor heathen.

We shall continue to struggle, as the Seminary is now struggling, for existence. But it is God's work, and he will provide and give us grace for our day and trial. It has been no small trial to work alone for nearly nineteen years; and yet I have not been alone, for I have been permitted to prove that the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway," is true.

My affectionate regards to your fellow laborers who are coworkers with me in the Lord.

This was neither the first nor the last of Dr. Yates gifts to the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. In 1879 he had contributed three thousand dollars to the permanent endowment. More and more, to the last, he believed that there was a close relation between the work of the Colleges and the Seminary and his own beloved work in China. And the interest in missions uniformly and practically shown by College and Semi-

nary men, when they become pastors, proves that he was right.

Shanghai, June 15, 1881.

I preach every Sunday, but am not allowed to move around freely. This is a real trial. If I am spared a more serious operation than I have yet undergone, I hope there will be no further serious interruption in my work of translating and preaching. But, if I have to submit to that dreaded operation, I may be unfitted for work all summer. The will of the Lord be done. He has guided us in the past.

My friends must not think of me as a sick man. I am as stout as a Hercules, and as erect as a Belvidere.

Shanghai, June 27, 1881.

To his Sister:

My general health is very good; but that wound is not yet well. It is sometimes almost well, and then it will get worse for a while; and that is the way I drag along from day to day. It has not been better for thirteen months than it is now. But I cannot tell when it may get worse again. I owe S——— a letter, but I have much to do and cannot sit long at a time for writing without injury. If she will have patience, I will pay her all. I hope she remembers that she was not created and educated for ornament, but for usefulness. She can start a Sabbath school at your country church, and be the means of good to others, and she will be all the better and happier for it.

I suppose you and W——— begin to feel old, as your children are all grown. You must not yield to that and go sliding and groaning about like old people sometimes do. It is my intention never to get old. My hair is getting gray, but my heart is as young as ever. I am not so springy as I used to be, but I am as erect as an Indian. The papers talk of me as failing and about to give up. If you could see me you would say: "Why, you look as well as I ever saw you."

As my wound has to be dressed twice a day, I do not go into the country now, but I preach in my home chapel every Sunday.

Shanghai, July 12, 1881.

To the Recorder:

Many globe trotters from England and America have made flying visits to some of the ports of China, have seen the surging waves of humanity, and have picked up a few facts and extravagant statements about the Chinese. The accounts given them for their entertainment have formed the sandy foundations for books on China and far East.

Now such a book may be entertaining reading, but it cannot be accepted as a reliable account of a country which is almost as much a terra incognita as Atlantis.

The heathen Chinese are said to be "peculiar." Is it strange that they are? Their civilization is what it was in the days of Socrates. Until recently they have had no knowledge of the science and progress of the Western nations. Their symbolic characters are so unlike the methods of writing everywhere else, that they have never been able to avail themselves of Western scientific and literary works.

On the other hand, Western scholars have long been ignorant about China and her literature. For the Chinese have a literature, are fond of learning, are laborious students, and are apt to learn. In their fifteen year course of study for government appointments, they commit everything to memory, and thus acquire wonderful memories. When a good scholar hears a quotation from any of the classical books, he can tell you in what book, chapter, page, and line it is to be found. It is as familiar to him as the position of any letter in the alphabet is to a well educated boy in America. If we studied the Bible and the law in that way, what wonderful theologians and lawyers we should be! My theological class repeat from memory half a chapter of the Bible every morning. Then, after I have explained the advanced lesson, they give me my explanations of a succession of review lessons.

Though the education of a small portion of the people is so thorough, their knowledge forms no part of the knowledge acquired by a scholar in the West. Is it strange that they should be considered "peculiar?"

Chinese bankers and business men, who are numerous, are

quite equal to the same classes in the West. They have been not inaptly called by Europeans "the Yankees of the East."

As farmers, gardeners, mechanics, and boatmen, the Chinese are surpassed by no other people. As laborers, they are patient, steady, sober, and economical. The Chinese make excellent cooks, house servants, and laundrymen. They are also the best of shop keepers.

I do not think, however, that they will make desirable citizens for the United States. My reasons for this opinion are numerous; the most potent is that their inherent instincts towards vice and immorality, their low esteem for woman, the utter absence in them of a moral sense of honor and truthfulness, the absence of a conscience, except with reference to the dead, unfit the Chinese to be citizens of a civilized and Christian country.

Shanghai, July, 1881.

Mrs. Yates to the Recorder:

A poor Chinese woman came to me a few days ago holding in her hand something wrapped in a bit of paper. Apologizing for the smallness of her offering, she begged that I would receive it to help pay for the new school house that we are building. She said: "It is very little, but I want to do something toward it; make me happy by accepting this little mite."

Unwrapping her little parcel, I found four dollars. Glad to see that she had it in her heart to do this, I thanked her warmly, but said: "We do not need this money for the school house; you can find other ways of doing good with it, and you must let me give it back to you." But she would not be persuaded, and said that, if the money was not needed for the house, she would buy a clock for the school. I consented, and now the school hours are regulated by her gift.

Shanghai, July 30, 1881.

The weather is very warm. When I left church yesterday, after preaching, I presented the appearance of a man who had just waded a river quite up to his neck. Only the skirts of my coat were dry.

My general health is very good, but I am still troubled by my thorn in the flesh. It causes much pain and inconvenience.

Shanghai, October 14, 1881.

Last Sabbath I baptized four. Others who seem to be converted are waiting for courage to meet the opposition of friends.

Shanghai, October 25, 1881.

The Hiang Cheh Baptist Association met with my church on October 17th, and remained in session three days. It consists of thirteen churches. In the matter of contributions, mine is the banner church of China.

Wong is a liberal Christian. When anything is required that calls for contributions, he craves the privilege of doing it or of having a large share in it.

Oh, that I could speak to North Carolina again!

The association referred to above was the first that ever convened in China. After it adjourned, the venerable Dr. William Dean wrote:

The meeting of a Baptist Association in China was more than my faith could grasp forty years ago, but, by the wonderful grace of God, I have this year been permitted to behold it.

But, while beholding the grand results of God's grace during the last half century in China, I could not hide from my eyes the humiliating spectacle that the million of American Baptists, with all their wealth and wisdom and worldly enterprise, have but seven Missions in China, and that four of these are left each to the superintendency of one man. Some of these have been threatened with the grave during the last summer, and the surgeon's knife is again lifted over the noble body of Dr. Yates, threatening a risk to his precious life.

During the period embraced in this chapter, no less than seven times had the surgeon's knife been used with the hope of relieving the sufferer. It would be easy, were it proper to insert the letters which tell of the repeated operations, not only to move the sympathies but also to elicit the admiration of all the readers of this Story. Fortitude, patience, cheerfulness, trust, shine through these letters. A delicate play of humor, also, is not lacking. A letter written in November closes. "Brother —— —— writes that the bottom of his Mission

has dropped out. The bottom of the Shanghai Mission I regard at present as sound, but old." The closing months of 1881 were darkened by aggravated suffering and threatening symptoms. But this darkest period was just before the dawn. Relief was at hand.

CHAPTER XXIII.

REACHING OUT FARTHER—1882-1884—AGE 63-65.

THE gradual disappearance of "the thorn in the flesh" enabled Dr. Yates to engage, not with more zeal, but with more activity, in widening the range of his work. There is much that is valuable and interesting in the letters of this chapter, but those which refer to operations in Soochow, "in morals, the Corinth; in learning, the Oxford; and in commerce, the London of China," and to the opening of the station in Chinkiang are of special historical importance.

Shanghai, February 27, 1882.

Yesterday, for the first time in three months, I preached morning and evening, and am none the worse for it to-day. On February 2nd I submitted to my eighth and most severe surgical operation. Now I am about well.

Shanghai, February, 1882.

Mrs. Yates to Miss N.:

The Chinese New Year is at hand, and there is unusual bustle in our crowded streets. It is rigidly required that all debts shall be paid before dawn of the New Year, and men are hurrying to and fro to get money for this purpose, as well as to provide new garments and little luxuries for their households.

Great preparations are going on among the girls in our boarding school. They have all been over to wish us "Happy

New Year." I wish you could have seen them; they looked so nice and happy. When they went into Mr. Yates' study, he gave each one enough five cent pieces to make a set of buttons. Formerly it took five, now the fashion has changed and three are enough.

I am taking great satisfaction in this school, because none of the money for its support is obtained by begging.

Mr. Walker is domiciled with us, and is at work on the language. He was not a little surprised at the foreign part of Shanghai with its banks, hotels, daily papers, etc. It was far different when Mr. Yates and I came here. We have seen the streets laid out and the houses built. This great foreign settlement has grown up around us, little by little, during our sojourn of thirty-five years, and it does not seem strange at all to us.

Shanghai, March 7, 1882.

To the Recorder:

You will rejoice with me in my great deliverance from a most trying affliction which has disabled me for two years. The surgical operations have necessitated incisions eight inches in length and one and a half inches deep.

I have no language in which to express my gratitude to God. I can only say that I feel good and thankful all over, and am ready to take my place at the front again.

From what I can see of the doings of the churches at home, more attention is given to State than to Foreigh Missions. Now, while I greatly rejoice in the success of every branch of beneficent enterprise, I am persuaded from the teachings of Scripture that to send the gospel to all nations is the true way to secure a deeper and more permanent interest in all other benevolent enterprises.

I know what is said about beginning at Jerusalem; but there is nothing about remaining there till all the city and regions round about were won to Christ.

Shanghai, April 8, 1882.

To Mr. J. J. T. Reese:

Why is it that the whole of Asia, extending from the Pacific to the Mediterranean, and embracing more than half of the population of the globe, is left so long in moral darkness? It

is because the disciples of Christ in former ages have not done their duty; they have not obeyed Christ's command, "Go ye and disciple all nations."

Christ did not die for Europeans only. He died for the whole world; and a dispensation of the gospel is committed to us who have it. All cannot go in person to the heathen, but each disciple—even the poorest—can, according to his or her means, help to send and support those who can go, and thus have some part in converting the world to Christ.

Shanghai, May 2, 1882.

To the Recorder:

I am engaged in field work, translating, preaching, and teaching a theological class four times a week, besides incidental work. I am now told that another operation will be necessary to complete my cure. But I deem it best to let well enough alone. A small thorn may be needed to prevent us from being exalted beyond measure.

Yesterday, in a final review of my translation of Mark ix., I came upon the words, "Everyone shall be salted with fire: salt is good, etc." Rather a hard text to explain in Chinese to an inquisitive Chinaman.

I am happy in being able to resume my work. Just in the proportion that we commit ourselves to Him whose we are, we shall be useful and happy.

Shanghai, May 30, 1882.

Last Sunday I had the pleasure of baptizing three. We expect others. May the little stream become a flowing river that shall never run dry.

As soon as I can procure a suitable place, we shall constitute a church in the great city of Soochow. We have eight Christians there now. They will do for a stack-pole.

The field is widening, and the work accumulating on our hands. Oh, that the pastors and churches could be aroused! Why, sir, they do not contribute enough to pray over.

I believe that the best possible investment would be to employ the right man to labor with pastors, impart information, and lead them to see the teaching of Scriptures as to Foreign Missions.

Before it was ratified in 1868, Dr. Yates made public his objections to the Burlingame treaty between the United States and China. Especially did he oppose the article which opened the United States to unrestricted immigration from China. After a lapse of several years, the results predicted by him came to pass, and it became evident that some check would have to be put upon the settling of Chinese in our country. While this matter was under discussion in Congress, Dr. Yates wrote an article which was published in the New York Herald, and widely copied into other papers. His reasons for thinking that the Chinese would not make desirable citizens are of more than ephemeral interest.

Those who are willing to emigrate to the United States are of the poorest class. From their previous condition of absolute slavery to idolatry, superstition, and an autocratic government, they are unfitted for citizenship under a civilized government.

Moreover, the Chinese who immigrate to the United States have not the remotest idea of becoming citizens or of having anything to do with the government. They have the same motives that influence foreigners in coming to China—the hope of speedily making fortunes and then returning to their native land to enjoy them.

Again, all Chinese who go abroad expect to return before they die, in order to be interred in the family graveyard. There only can they partake of the benefits of the ancestral offerings made by future generations to the family tombs. For the same reason, if they die abroad, they expect their friends to return their bodies or their ashes to their native land.

Shanghai, June 26, 1882.

You ask whether a young medical doctor could be useful in China. If he desires to labor as a missionary, his knowledge of medicine would be of the greatest advantage to him and to the cause.

I have long since come to the conclusion that a corps of consecrated laymen would be of great use to a mission, if the right sort of men could be had. But they must be men who have the spirit of Christ, good common sense, and sound

judgment. They must have such a sense of obligation to and love for God and man that they will work for the salvation of men even among the most degraded. These are the qualifications that will make a working missionary, one who will stick to his work under trying circumstances without bemoaning loss of places of honor and ease which he might have occupied in his native land.

A full course at college and then at the Seminary is in the highest degree desirable, provided that this extended course does not induce a spirit of intellectual pride, to the neglect of spirituality and consecration. When this is the case, even the man who takes the highest position in his class is unfitted to be a missionary among the heathen.

As much as we need men, it will never do to appoint every man and woman who applies. From cranks, short horns, and men lacking common sense, good Lord deliver us!

One more word: Whatever may be the exigencies of the work, do not send out young men who want to marry till they have made such arrangements as will render it unnecessary for them to return to the States. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Shanghai, July 24, 1882.

Brother Walker and I spent Saturday and Sunday at Kwinsan. These meetings with the little church in the wilderness are refreshing to all parties.

I then went up to Soochow to inspect a place that my assistant there deemed desirable for a chapel. We agreed to purchase it. Before the rebellion, Soochow was the queen city of China. It is still a great city, but its glory has departed.

Rev. W. S. Walker, writing of this visit to Soochow, said: "I guess, however, that Dr. Yates did not tell you that the people took him for a foreign emperor And no wonder, for it took four men to carry his sedan chair, which was a Mandarin's."

Shanghai, September 25, 1882.

August was spent at Chefoo with Mrs. Yates, who has been ill. Yesterday I baptized three. There are prospects of a gracious work all along our line of eighty-five miles, which

penetrates a region of many millions of souls. At the ends and in the center of this line we have, in all, five places of worship. There are other places to be occupied, in accordance with my plans. Shall I be permitted to see this done before I lay down my armor?

Shanghai, October 2, 1882.

Yesterday I baptized a man and his wife. The Sunday before I baptized three, including the wife of one of my class. The other two were young men.

I have rented, at $8.16 per "moon," a new place of worship in a crowded portion of the English Concession, about a mile from our mission premises. It is furnished with seats, lamps, and pulpit, and with chairs in an enquirers' room. Yesterday afternoon it was formally opened with appropriate exercises. The hall was crowded, and I was agreeably surprised to find that the people conducted themselves decently. Here my young men and Brother Walker can exercise their gifts without embarrassment. May the divine blessing rest upon this new place of worship.

I have also purchased a place in the great city of Soochow. I bought directly, *i. e.*, not in the name of a Chinaman, and for a chapel. This I consider quite a triumph, for I had been told that it was impossible to buy in the name of a foreigner. But I did not propose to have a chapel in any other way than open and above board. By careful engineering, I have succeeded.

In reply to questions asked by the Board some time before this, a missionary of long experience had written.

The tenure by which land is held here is entirely different from what it is in America. While the ground is usually held in the name of a Chinaman, it is guaranteed by the authorities to the foreigner in perpetuity. When the deed is enrolled, the authorities bind themselves to protect the claims of the foreigner. In this way titles to real estate are as secure in China as in America. And it is better, every way, for a Mission to build and own than to rent houses.

Shanghai, November 21, 1882.

The Baptist Encyclopedia came in perfect order. It has some blemishes on the inside, however. It is not correct history to

say that I supported the missions of the Convention in China during the Civil War in America. I did what I could; but with us all it was a case of "root little pig, etc." We all supported ourselves as well as we could.

Shanghai, December, 1882.

To the Recorder:

It is a melancholy fact that a large number of missionaries from England and America fail to accomplish the ostensible object of their mission. During my term of long service, it has been my lot to witness many sad failures. I fear that the latent cause was a mistaken call to the work.

The divine call, I would say, is a growth and not a sudden ebullition of feeling called forth by a stirring appeal. The latter is too ephemeral for the stern realities of aggressive missionary life. Nor is the call acquired at schools of learning. It is the gift of God in answer to the prayer, "What wilt Thou have me to do."

Some come out under a meteoric call. They have entertained emotional and romantic views of the work among the heathen, and, when they come into contact with the objects of their compassion and find the work different from what they expected, they soon become disgusted with themselves and their surroundings.

Others commence their preparatory work with a good will and a firm resolve. But when they penetrate the recesses of the language and encounter thousands of mysterious written characters, they fall into a slough of despond. Their depression of spirits so affects their health, that nothing less than their native air is deemed sufficient to restore them.

Another class do not duly consider that a sound body is an important factor, or they choose companions having weak constitutions. These, at the threshold of a seemingly brilliant career of usefulness, are forced to leave in order to save life.

All these classes, since they accomplish nothing, I call failures. From these disagreeable and expensive experiments churches and mission boards might learn important lessons.

Another class of missionaries, good and learned men, sent out ostensibly to evangelize the Chinese, have spent their time

and energies and vast sums of money, not in preaching the gospel, but in educational schemes. But the tree is known by its fruit. The Morrison High School, in Hong Kong, has been in operation thirty-five or more years. It has turned out many well educated men, some of whom have amassed large fortunes. But, to the best of my knowledge, there is not a man of influence from that school who is devoting his life to the spiritual good of his countrymen.

The result of these educational efforts, from a religious point of view, have not been comparable to what has been accomplished by those who have devoted their time and talents to preaching the law and the gospel.

Shanghai, December 13, 1882.

To Rev. C. T. Bailey, D.D.:

Though the recent operations were performed on a most sensitive part of my body, and though I took no anesthetic, I felt but little pain. My doctors said that they had seen it stated by an American doctor that if a person would breathe as rapidly as possible under an operation, he would not feel the pain of cutting. They wished to try it on me, and I assented. My breathing was like that of a dog on a hot summer day. When Dr. Macleod told me, "That will do," I was surprised to find that the operation had been performed. I have tried it three times, and have not felt more pain than is usually inflicted in vaccination.

What is the philosophy of this kind of anesthetic? Is it simply a diversion of the mind?

I am doing no work just now, but am doing a deal of thinking. This, you know, is not good for the machinery. But while I cannot do, I can suffer His will; and is not that also obedience? I am trying to learn the lessons of afflictions. My one desire is that they may be blessed to me spiritually, and to the good of Christ's cause.

Shanghai, December 19, 1882.

We shall now open an out-station at Chinkiang, distant about one hundred and fifty miles, with Mr. Hunnex in charge. We shall begin work in a hired house, and, when the work requires

it, we shall ask for funds for a hall in the native style of architecture.

I do not propose to build costly churches in foreign style in the interior. The money can be more profitably spent in supporting missionaries and making them comfortable. That is the desirable thing, so as to prolong their usefulness.

This is not the first intimation that has appeared that Dr. Yates believed in adequate salaries and comfortable support. It, surely, is very noble for missionaries to be willing to accept salaries which would only provide the barest necessities of life, and which would allow no provision to be made for a rainy day which may come to them as to others. But whether it would be noble in the churches to allow them to do so is another question. Would it be the highest wisdom on the part of either the missionaries or the churches? Was not Dr. Yates right in his views on this subject?

While a student at Wake Forest, Mr. D. W. Herring consecrated himself to mission work in China, and, seeking counsel, opened correspondence with Dr. Yates. The following letter, written near the close of 1882, has been greatly abridged:

Some who are interested in the foreign mission work may press you to cut short your course of study and go at once. Give these entreaties no heed. Answer them that the Lord has called you to a great work which requires thorough preparation.

Having given yourself to the Lord for his service in this glorious work, it devolves upon you to look well to your mental, moral, and physical outfit. And, first, neglect not the gift that is in you—the call to be an apostle to the heathen. Strive to intensify and deepen it. Have your hour for devotion when there is no one present but you and Him whom you serve. Make an effort to become very intimately acquainted with Him. He will draw very near to those who draw near to Him. Imbibe His spirit of earnest solicitude for the salvation of men of all nations. See if you cannot make a more complete surrender of yourself, soul, mind, and body, to God and to the guidance

of his Spirit. Read his word specially to know what His will is, and what he requires of His servants.

Secondly, your outfit will be incomplete unless your mind is thoroughly equipped with a complete store of knowledge. Do not for a moment entertain the idea of some that, with a good library, you can read up on theology. Nothing could be more misleading. From the time you arrive in China and commence the study of the Chinese language, you will have no time for the study of theology. A new religious book is something to which I have been a stranger for thirty-six years. Do not waste time in reading about China nor take a course of study with reference to your becoming a missionary. Take the course which will enable you to become a thorough biblical scholar. Avoid mental and spiritual laziness as you would the plague. You may begin your missionary course before you reach a heathen shore. Avoid dignified airs, and strive to be a perfect gentleman. The personal influence of a missionary, his appearance, manner, and spirit, go a long way with a heathen people toward recommending the gospel which he teaches. The qualities and attainments which would fit you for any position in the ministry at home will fit you to be a successful missionary in China.

Lastly, your health. The first qualification of a foreign missionary is to be a good animal. You may be furnished with a first class instrument, but without physical strength to wield it, it would be of little service to you. Therefore guard your health with sedulous care as to the Lord. Live well and take regular exercise. Play lawn tennis, notwithstanding what the drones may say about such sports for a candidate for the foreign mission field.

We are not bound to observe the austerity of life that a superstitious public is too ready to prescribe. The Scriptures prescribe no such austerity. Exercise in the open air is necessary to secure health of body and mind, and to preserve youthful spirits. From the time I entered college until I graduated, I was in the habit of running two miles every morning at four o'clock. Even now, I walk my two miles a day. I am in splendid health, for which I am profoundly thankful.

Herein is not only sound counsel to a prospective missionary—or for any other man, for that matter, but a revealing of the healthful tone of mind of the writer. Here is no recluse, stunted and shriveled by ignorance and false devotion. To this big-hearted, wide-minded, well-rounded man consecration and zeal did not necessitate austerity of life.

Dr. R. H. Graves, of Canton, who knew him intimately, wrote a few months ago:

> There was nothing of the ascetic about Dr. Yates. He lived on generous diet, kept a hospitable board, and surrounded his home with many comforts, but there was nothing of display or extravagance. His motto, stamped on some of his letters, was "Esse quam Videri," and he carried it out in his life with all the force of a generous, robust nature.

While at Wake Forest College, Dr. Yates adopted as his own this motto of the Philomathesian Society, which has recently been adopted as the motto of the State of North Carolina, Esse quam videri—"I'd rather be than seem to be." It suited him, and he lived up to it. No man ever knew him without being impressed with his genuineness and wholeheartedness.

Shanghai, January 8, 1883.

I shall think twice before I attempt the difficult task of translating the book of Revelation; for one must know or decide what a passage means before it can be put into Chinese. I think, however, if I am spared to get so near the end, I shall try it and look for wisdom from above.

My health is very good. I am able to work fourteen hours a day, to sleep well, and eat well. I weigh 240 pounds. I am very thankful for my mercies and privileges; for it is a great privilege to do the work that I am attempting to do for the good of millions yet unborn.

Referring to Dr. Yates' New Testament in the Shanghai dialect, Rev. R. T. Bryan, of Shanghai, says:

Dr. Yates' practical turn of mind led him, when translating the New Testament, to give the meaning of the text rather than a mere transfer of the words. His idea seemed to be to give the Chinese something that they could understand. For example, instead of saying "No place to lay his head," his version says, in accordance with Chinese idiom, "No body-resting-place." He knew the habits of thought of the Chinese mind as few men knew them.

Shanghai, February, 1883.

To Rev. T. H. Pritchard, D.D.:

As to-day is Chinese New Year, when all, from the Emperor down, claim a holiday, and while hundreds of thousands, dressed in their best, are walking the streets, cracking watermelon, pumpkin, sunflower, and other seeds, I will take my recreation in writing to my very dear friend.

I have just revised and put to press an edition of Mark and Luke in the vernacular. The four gospels, Acts, and Romans are now in the hands of the people. I use Alford's Greek text. It is surprising to find that many translators into English, as well as into Chinese, have allowed their theological views to influence and mar their translations. Oh, how I should like to have a few hours talk with Broadus, Boyce, and others. You can see how important it is that a candidate for the China missions should be thoroughly furnished.

An hour and a half is spent each forenoon with my class of three young student assistants. They commit everything to memory. This has been hard on them and on me too, but it has made new men and good preachers of them. For, if a man has nothing to say, he can say nothing worth hearing. I have done good work with these men; the result will go on down the ages, long after I am laid aside.

Homiletics has not claimed much of my attention. The Chinese do not understand, but are bewildered and frightened by any attempt at oratory. In 1868, just before my voice gave way, I was preaching on the second coming of Christ, and had more than my usual "liberty." I perceived that my congregation were in an anxious state of mind. Why, I could not tell. Some, who were not members of the church, bolted out

of the house, declaring that I made the little dog within them bite. Many church members were standing up and wringing their hands. At this juncture, an old sister walked up to my pulpit and, putting her hands over my Bible, exclaimed: "Stop, he is coming, and we are all frightened to death!" I saw what was the matter, and turned their thoughts to the joys of those who should be ready at His coming. The old sister returned to her seat saying: "That is the kind I like."

From the time of Abraham until now, the Chinese have not been accustomed to public speaking. Their speakers sit down and talk like a judge on the bench, and make gestures with their fans. I have learned to use one too. So, if I am ever permitted to enter your pulpit in warm weather, you must allow me to take my fan and use it too; and no one is to be permitted to smile. And if I should inadvertently break into speaking Chinese, you must pull my coat tail, or your people would laugh at me.

You will see from the rough chart which I send you that I am projecting and laying out work for several generations of missionaries. Hitherto we have cultivated, say, a hundred acres only. My programme encloses ten thousand acres. When I stood on the top of the hill in Kwinsan, a few days ago, I thought of the Saviour weeping over Jerusalem and shuddered as I contemplated the jungle of humanity, the fifty millions in this plain of the Yang-tsz, who care no more for Ya-soo (Jesus) than the Jews did for Him who wept over them.

A weighty responsibility rests upon you pastors at home. All around the globe the great want to-day is men, live men, whose aim is to live for God and humanity.

Those men who devote much thought to their attire, their comforts, their social position, and the impression they are making are consecrated to themselves. Few are ready to exercise the grace of working and giving and suffering. Many avoid the posts of greatest need, and seek positions of personal ease and comfort. The position desired by every truly consecrated heart is where service is most needed in the kingdom of Christ.

Dr. Yates' humorous suggestion that he might, from force of habit, begin to preach in Chinese from Dr. Pritchard's pulpit in Louisville, recalls a paragraph in a letter from Miss Fielde to The Chinese Recorder in November, 1888.

So completely had Dr. Yates made the Chinese language his own, that he habitually thought in it. When visiting his native land he found that he had, in public speaking, to translate his thoughts from Chinese into English. It several times happened that, after he became absorbed in his subject, he forgot to translate until the visible astonishment of his hearers brought him to a consciousness that he was speaking Chinese to an American audience.

Shanghai, February 28, 1883.

To his Sister:

At the beginning of summer I shall take Mrs. Yates to Chefoo, five hundred miles north of Shanghai, where it is cooler and considered much more healthy in summer. A summer rest will do both of us much good. I have had too much work on hand for a long time. I would like to see you all once more; but I could have no rest if I were to go home for a season. I cannot well leave my work while I have health and strength to attend to it. Perhaps it may come round right for us all to go sometime; if so, we may meet again on earth. We are all homeward bound.

My weight is two hundred and thirty-seven pounds. In a few years my hair will be white, or nearly so; but my mustache and eyebrows are as black as ever.

Shanghai, June 19, 1883.

On Sunday, June 10th, the Baptist church in Soochow was formally dedicated to the worship of the true God. I do not say "with appropriate services," for the opening hymn was unique, as an unharmonious medley. Imagine, if you can, twelve Chinese Christians, men and women, singing the same familiar hymn to the extent of their different voices, each one carrying his own tune, and a lone missionary with stentorian voice, trying in vain to lead them into line in the good old tune usually sung thirty-six years ago in North Carolina to "Jesus

bids me watch and pray." It was a medley that never was attempted before. It would have made Mozart mad. Doubtless they sang with melody in their hearts, and the Lord accepted this one effort, but, believing that He would take the will for the deed, I declined a second hymn.

It was a rainy day, but the house and yard were crowded with people. They doubtless thought that the music was charming. After some delay, the people were induced to sit down. Then I commenced to talk to them, and succeeded in securing pretty fair order, considering that it was a green audience that knew nothing about church decorum. Pastor See, of Kwinsan, followed me, and, on the whole, the dedication service was a great success.

Shanghai, June 26, 1883.

To Rev. C. T. Bailey, D.D.:

After being on the wing for more than forty days, I am at home again, well, and as brown as an Indian. I spent several weeks at Chefoo, trying to prepare a place in the shape of a cottage at that healthy locality by the sea. Mrs. Yates can now spend the summer in a more bracing atmosphere; and, as I have had more than a decade of hard labor without vacation, and, during the last two years, much suffering, I propose to rest with her this summer.

From this time until his death, Dr. Yates spent at least a month during the summer at his cottage by the sea at Chefoo. There can be little question that his life was prolonged and his usefulness enhanced by these brief vacations. The following letter is from Mrs. Yates:

Chefoo, August 27, 1883.

We are very comfortably established in our Chefoo bungalow, which, standing on a cliff, gives us an extensive and very charming sea view. A winding stair leads down to our bath house. Comforts are easily procured, and, as American children say, we are having a good time.

Shanghai, October 9, 1883.

Mrs. Yates has returned from Chefoo much improved in health. I feel repaid for the trouble and expense of building the bungalow.

The general excitement among the people about the attitude of the French in Anam has had a bad influence on the church and on enquirers.

Shanghai, October, 1883.

To the Recorder:

In China we have to contend with more of the wiliness of the old serpent than was to be found among the negroes of the South when I knew them many years ago. Lying is a national characteristic. It doubtless is with all heathen nations. Being, from their previous condition, destitute of the basis of a correct moral sense, it is not strange that we should find a tendency even among church members to depart from the strict truth. They are from among a people with whom lying is a science. Successful lying in business transactions is considered commendable. It is a part of their education, and, consequently, of their nature, to lie and deceive. It is not reasonable to expect that the Chinese, surrounded as they are, by a flood tide of heathenism, will at once, on the presentation of the truth, become absolutely truthful, honest, and chaste.

We Baptist missionaries adhere mainly, and not without success, to the method of preaching to adults repentance towards God and faith in Christ and a holy life as the only way of salvation. This is not a popular method, for the Chinese do not like to be told that they are sinners before God; but it is one in which we are not likely to be so egregiously imposed upon by knaves and hypocrites. These are the moral lepers of some of the churches in China.

We are not opposed to schools; on the contrary, we think, and practice what we think, that every mission should have a school for the children of native Christians.

Neither are we opposed to scientific and classical schools in themselves. If the Chinese wish to learn English and the sciences, let them employ laymen to teach them. But we are opposed *toto coelo* to the idea that the ambassadors for Christ to a great Empire should devote their time and energies to teaching English and the sciences for secular use, and then call it mission work.

Dr. Yates' method of dealing with the "knaves and hypocrites" mentioned in the foregoing letter, is illustrated by an incident related by Dr. Lambuth, late of Shanghai:

A man came to Dr. Yates for help, and, in order to obtain it, pretended to be a Christian. Dr. Yates suspected his motives from the beginning, and at length said to him: "If you are a Christian you will know how to kneel down and pray, so let us pray." The man was quite nonplussed, as he had never seen a Christian kneel in prayer. Putting on a bold face, however, he turned around, placed his knees upon his chair and rested his chin upon the back. This seemed to be the only position he could think of, but, alas, in his flurry he and the chair both turned over. Whereupon Dr. Yates, who had watched the performance closely, placed his hand upon his shoulder and said: "Get down on your knees on the floor, and I will teach you how to pray." Chagrined and humiliated, the man was forced to repeat each petition after him. It is useless to say the doctor made him acknowledge before the Lord that he was an imposter and a sinner, and had come there to deceive the very elect, and for all these sins he now humbly implored God's forgiveness.

Shanghai, November 13, 1883.

In October I attended our Baptist Association at Ningpo, but was recalled during the meeting by the serious illness of Mrs. Yates. After some days she was well enough to admit of my going to Soochow. There, on November 11th, we constituted a Baptist church. This is the second colony that the mother church at Shanghai has sent out. May the Head of the church make this a fruitful vine.

Shanghai, January 7, 1884.

To Prof. W. L. Poteat:

The thought of writing to one at my Alma Mater revives memories and excites emotions of an endearing kind, tinged with a shade of sadness. Wait, Brooks, Wingate, and others have gone to their reward. But I love Wake Forest still. I still know Rev. James Purefoy, whose father, when I was yet a boy, was the first minister to speak to me about my soul's

salvation. The sainted Mrs. James Purefoy and her sister, Mrs. Brooks, were kind to me. Again and again they ministered to my necessities. Such are the persons who, though they die, continue to live on in the good deeds done unto the Lord in the persons of his little ones.

Since I offered myself a living sacrifice to the Lord Jesus to work, and, if necessary, to die, in this land of moral darkness, I have toiled against wind and tide, but in hope. For a number of years we were nominally restricted to the Treaty Ports. But missionaries gradually worked their way beyond the prescribed boundary; to-day they can preach the gospel in any part of this great Empire except the province of Honan. This grand result has been effected, not by the authority of the great treaty powers, but by the energy and pluck of missionaries who were able to speak the language and enlighten the suspicious people as to their object in coming to China.

Have we made an impression upon, and had any success among these people? Yes, we have had much success when we consider how few the laborers have been. The great obstacles in the way of workers have, except the language, all been removed. And now, by the preparation of suitable books, that gulf has been bridged. and the passage is comparatively easy. We have three chapels here and a church of eighty-two members. We have chapels and organized churches in Kwinsan and Soochow, and a rented chapel at Chinkiang. From your standpoint, you may not be able to perceive the extent and value of what we have accomplished. It is, nevertheless, real progress and grand in its prospects and possibilities.

Shanghai, February 2, 1884.

To Rev. A. E. Dickinson, D.D.:

Would that you could drop in for a few days and take a trip with me. I would show you the three salient angles of our circuit, the centers about which turn the business of thirty million heathen, not semi-Christians, such as are found in Mexico and South America, but real heathen, men and women who are almost as blind and emotionless as the gilded gods of wood and clay which they worship. And this worship is with the

hope, not of being pardoned and saved, but of being prospered in business and blessed with long life.

You would see such a wave of humanity pass in review before your eyes as they never before witnessed. And I would tell you that every man and woman in all this great and motley pageant is without God and without hope. You would see where and how we have, through so many years, held the fort alone for the Southern churches. You would see the two advanced and strategic positions that we have taken in the very heart of the enemy's country. You would then realize, as you could in no other way, the crying necessity for three new men, thoroughly equipped, to hold these stations and to advance against the stolid indifference that confronts us.

Such an excursion would be an inspiration which would enable you to thrill the Convention in Baltimore next May.

Shanghai, March 1, 1884.

The doctor says that a visit to America is necessary for Mrs. Yates' health. For this I can make any sacrifice. She refuses to travel on the money of the churches, and her trip will be without expense to the Board. I shall try to manage it out of my salary. I had thought that in 1885 I would take her to the United States for a good rest. But now that I am alone at this mission, this will be impossible till Herring and Bryan get through with their studies and come out and become somewhat familiar with the language.

I shall be left entirely alone for a year. Cannot ———, who is about to complete his course at the Seminary, be prevailed upon to come to me? This is a call from one of the Lord's little ones. May he have, also, a call from the Master.

We are now the oldest foreign residents in this part of China.

Shanghai, March 18, 1884.

I find that as one grows in years in trying to save souls, work seems to accumulate. But by and by we shall have a long time to rest.

My wife and daughter make their contribution for missions by supporting a boarding school for girls after their own plan. Binding of the feet is not allowed. They will not lend their aid to maiming children for life.

Last Sabbath it was my great privilege to baptize the three eldest of the school girls, aged 18, 17, and 15. Oh, it was a real pleasure to me to perform that baptismal service! There was joy in the city on that day, and when, after baptism, I gave them the right hand of fellowship, and invited the female members to do likewise, there was a rush to grasp the hands of the young sisters; and, as they did so, they nearly all laughed audibly. This is a way of theirs; when they feel happy, Chinese Christians do not shout, but laugh. There was joy in heaven too.

Shanghai, March 31, 1884.

I had secretly promised myself that when Brother Walker should be well in harness, I would take Mrs. Yates away for a good rest and change of climate. But Mr. Walker's breakdown and return has frustrated all this plan. She has stood by me in this foreign work for more than thirty-seven years. Now she has been out of health for a year. In order to give her the change which the doctor says she needs, and to avoid leaving the Shanghai mission without anyone in charge, we must submit to separation for a year or more. With our daughter and son-in-law, she sailed for New York March 27th. They will probably spend the summer at Asheville, N. C., where we hope that quiet rest and pure bracing air will recuperate her strength.

It remains to be seen whether or not I can bear the strain of my position. A year of constant work and the loneliness at meals and of evenings will be a terrible draft upon me, for I am no longer young, and am not made of steel

For labor among the millions of stark heathen in this hard field, send us men of large faith and unwavering moral courage, men who will seize this Chinese bull by the horns and hold on till the animal is tamed. It is the language that constitutes the horns.

If I could see the stations at this Mission reinforced and equipped as I have urged, I could use the language of good old Simeon. Oh, my dear brother, I am being killed off here, not so much by the work I am doing as by what I want to do and cannot do for lack of prompt and liberal support by the churches at home. May God help the poor heathen.

Shanghai, April, 1884.

The trees and shrubs sent by Mr. S. O. Wilson have reached me in good condition. The scuppernong grape vines and blackberry bushes have been planted in my garden. I hope that in future years they will prove a blessing to millions in this part of China.

At the Northern Baptist Anniversaries in May, 1884, President J. B. Angell, of the University of Michigan, who, after serving as a treaty commissioner, had returned from China to this country, said: "Dr. Yates, more than any other man in China, has shown what the gospel can do for the Chinese."

The impression made by Dr. Yates' searching appeals upon a young student who was present at a mass meeting in Richmond in 1859, has already been mentioned. After many years of usefulness in the ministry, he wrote to the veteran missionary, telling him of his experience and thanking him for the thrilling words which had brought him into the ministry. Here is a portion of the reply:

Shanghai, May 8, 1884.

To Rev. Chas. H. Ryland, D.D.:

My dear son in the ministry: I had finished my day's work in translating the Epistle to the Ephesians, and, being all alone (my family being on their way to the United States), I was seated in my easy chair, meditating on the goodness and mercy of God in preserving me and mine so long in this hard field, and wondering how much good I had accomplished, here and at home, when your letter was handed to me. I read it with deep emotion and with sincere gratitude to God for enabling me to know that I had been made the instrument of leading one man to take up his cross and follow Jesus.

I am so glad you wrote me about it. My heart rejoices in God. It is an inspiration, a strong incentive to work on and sow beside all waters. Oh, it is such a joy to live and work for Christ! And it is a blessed thing to seek the guidance of the Spirit and to follow Him in all things, even when one toils all alone where no one can know and appreciate his work.

Even that would be a great support to a lone watchman on the borders of this far off land. But the Lord knows it all, and he has promised to be with me always.

The Convention is now in session in Baltimore. I'll stop writing and telegraph them to sing, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." That will remind them that I am among the living, and that I want men and the means with which to equip them. This is the nearest that I can come to being present and grasping the whole Convention by the hand.

Well, I have spent $19.56, and that stirring tune is speeding its way around the world. And may the Lord grant a blessing upon this expenditure out of my own pocket. May it prove to be an inspiration to some one. Oh, that I could have transported myself thither for two days.

And now, my dear brother, I love you more than you can know. Having no son in the flesh, I shall ever love you as my son in the gospel.

May 9.—Received answer to my telegram: "The joyful sound proclaim." The song was heard in Shanghai.

It is interesting to recall in this connection that on the same day that the old music teacher was singing the missionary hymn in Shanghai, the Convention contributed $2,500 for the Chinkiang Chapel, and adopted the following resolution, which had been presented by Rev. W. E. Hatcher, D.D.:

Resolved, that we tender to Dr. Yates, our oldest missionary, our tenderest sympathies in his present affliction, and that we authorize him to go forward in the work of building his long-needed chapel.

Shanghai, May 20, 1884.

I am happy to say that I have secured for the Mission a most desirable piece of property in Chinkiang. When it is equipped, it will be unique, and will be the most commanding and desirable situation in the city for mission work. I cannot but think that we have been guided by the great Head of the church.

Shanghai, May 31, 1884.

On May 18th Brother W. J. Hunnex was ordained by a presbytery consisting of myself, as chairman, and Rev. Wong

Ping San, clerk. The services—sermon, charge, prayer, and benediction, were all in Chinese. I am well but, oh, so tired.

Mr. Hunnex had become dissatisfied with the open communion views of the English Baptists with whom he had been connected. Having been accepted by the Southern Board, he had been stationed at Chinkiang, in January, 1883. As a lay preacher in the employ of the Inland Mission he had already labored in that city.

Chefoo, July 24, 1884.

To Mr. Freeman:

The true, safe, and economical way to convey money to me and to other missionaries is through the treasury of the Board. Why should your Sunday school have any scruples about doing this? You are willing to entrust your money to me, whom you know not; why not entrust it to the great and good men who compose the Board? They have been appointed by the Baptists of the whole South to attend to this particular business. They are deeply interested in the same foreign mission work that you and I are. In unity there is strength.

You want to know if I own any land in China. Yes, I own a little less than two acres. During the Civil War in America, I invested in land, as above stated, leased it for a term of years, and employed a Chinaman to look after it and collect the rent. I am happy to say that my investment has increased in value, and that I have an income from it sufficient to pay the expenses of myself and wife whenever it is deemed necessary to travel for health, and also to supplement my salary so as to enable us to live comfortably. A missionary's salary is specified to be a comfortable support. And, to a conscientious man, an economical support is not sufficient to keep him in good condition for work in Shanghai.

A man, as an animal, is in some respects like a horse. If you attempt to keep your mountain team on four nubbins and one bundle of fodder at a meal, you will soon see the effects on their working capacity. So it is with a man, and especially with a missionary. He must have a strong body that he may have a strong mind and powers of endurance in the midst of

privations and disappointments. I am happy to say that, since I have been able to add to my allowance, I have had rest of mind, vigorous health, and have been able to do good work. I thank God for my little acres.

Present my best love and benediction to your Sunday school. May they all, early in life, give their hearts to the Lord Jesus and experience his saving power. Tell each one to go into the woods and, by the side of a big tree, pray: "God be merciful to me a sinner." That is where I commenced.

It was during this year that Dr. Yates strongly urged Japan as a mission field upon the attention of Southern Baptists. He also presented for the Board's acceptance for that field the name of a missionary who had been baptized by him into the fellowship of his church.

The first missionaries ever sent out from the United States to Japan had gone under the patronage of the Richmond Board. They had been lost at sea. To a man of his vigorous common sense and strong faith this afforded no reason why others should not be sent. To the end of his life he manifested peculiar interest in Japan as an inviting field for Southern Baptists

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CHAPTER XXIV.

A DANGER SIGNAL—1884-1887—AGE 65-68.

THE "thorn in the flesh," bringing bodily suffering and mental anxiety, is again sent to buffet the lone toiler. But that is not the worst. Prolonged overwork begins to tell on a constitution which, humanly speaking, might have endured more moderate drafts upon its powers for twenty years longer. The first note of warning is now sounded. He hears; he knows what it means; but he cannot, will not drop his beloved work, save for brief intervals of rest at Chefoo. Piteous are the appeals for reinforcement. Yet

clear and strong through it all rises a strain of cheerful hope and trust.

Chefoo, August 29, 1884.

I have been on a visit to the Tungchow Mission. It was very refreshing to have so many of my own faith and order with whom I could confer about our general work and hold sweet social converse.

The war with France has turned the hearts of the people against all foreigners. The Chinese are very angry, for they believe the French to be to blame. We cannot expect to do more than hold our own during the war excitement.

Chefoo, August 29, 1884.

To the Recorder:

Early in July I went in a shentsz (mule-litter) to visit our missionaries at Tungchow. This vehicle might be photographed, but is not easily described. It consists of two shafts, eighteen feet long, joined together at the ends by a sort of frame made so as to fit on a pack-saddle. These shafts are about five inches in diameter, and are not at all springy. And there are no wheels to the thing. In the center is a matted framework which extends about three feet above and eighteen inches below the shafts. Within this, to soften the traveller's seat, are placed millet stalks. Over these is placed his bedding.

Now the word is given "Sang shentsz" (all aboard). This deponent crawled in (the front is always open), and turned over to take a sitting position, with very long legs extended, and feet resting against a cross bar that held the shafts together. Four strong men raised the rear end of the shafts and the mule walked under until the frame fitted into the pack saddle on its back. The same operation was repeated in front, for it takes two mules to carry one man. The tail of one mule was at my feet, and the head of the other at my back. Imagine, if you can, how this long stiff thing turns a short corner, where the streets are ten feet wide.

The motion, when the road allows the mules to keep step together, could be endured for a while; but, as the roads are often gullies, filled with loose stones, it is impossible for the patient animals to walk together. The result is a fore and aft

motion and then a hard up and down motion. I am sure that a can of milk sent in a shentsz from Chefoo would have all its butter on the surface when it reached Tungchow.

The trip of a day and a half going, and the same coming back, made me ill for a month. I am twenty-four pounds short of my usual weight.

Chefoo, September 15, 1884.

In visiting the Tungchow mission in July, I rode over the mountain roads in a mule litter. This method of conveyance is considered in that region to be the most respectable and comfortable way of traveling. The motions of a shentsz are three, the sieve motion, the pepper-box motion, and the bottle-washing motion. Either of these for a day and a half is enough to wreck a man of my weight and constitution. It was about as excruciating as riding on a rail. No more shentsz rides for me.

If Mrs. Yates gets worse, I shall have to go to her at the expense of the Board. My little store cannot stand all the strain I would willingly put upon it.

By the last mail I answered the communication of a committee in regard to accepting the Presidency of Wake Forest College. I could not come down from the position of an Ambassador for Christ to an Empire, to become President of the College or to accept any other position in the gift of the people of the United States.

Missionary work everywhere in China is paralyzed by the war. Native Christians have been sorely and wantonly persecuted. I shall not build the chapel at Chinkiang till peace and order are restored.

Shanghai, October 27, 1884.

I am sorry to say that I am again in the hands of the surgeon. A week ago I was operated on for the ninth time. That ride in July bruised the cicatrices of my old trouble and caused serious inflammation. There may be need for another, and, for a man of my age, a more serious operation. But we will take no thought for the morrow; Christ is our leader

There ought to be ten men for this Mission. Kwinsan, Soochow, and Chinkiang should be independent stations as soon as there are men who can take charge.

I am so anxious to see these fields occupied before I lay aside my armor, that nothing but my own impecuniosity prevents me from going to the United States to seek men for my field in which I have labored alone for twenty years.

But, since I cannot do that, I must wait. But to me, in my affliction, it seems a great pity that the work I have labored so hard to set in motion should come to a dead stand-still for the lack of men to keep it going.

Shanghai, November 19, 1884.

I am determined to stand for a converted membership that will advocate the cause of Christ without being paid for it out of a Mission treasury. This position is God's truth; it must and will prevail. Self-support—natives to support native preachers, and foreign churches to support foreign missionaries—is, in my judgment, the point to be aimed at by missionaries and boards. History shows that the hope that the next generation of Chinese Christians will be more spiritual is vain. There is no power in evil to improve itself. The tendency is to degeneration. Those Chinese who adopt the new religion for its commercial value will sport a ritual as they do their classics. But a ritual is not a passport into the joy of the Lord. For, unless the soul be divinely quickened, the observances of the grandest ritualism are as worthless in the sight of God as a galvanized corpse.

Shanghai, December 3, 1884.

Two doctors called on Friday to see what ought to be done. When they decide, then I shall decide—not to submit to a tenth operation unless absolutely necessary. In order to have my family at home before I submit to the surgeon, I can submit to a good deal of suffering. As I am, I can preach at home and translate.

I want the Board to remember the first mission they established in China. Men and means for Soochow, Chinkiang, and Shanghai are absolutely necessary. The work at all these stations is flat for lack of men. I have done what I could alone to locate and extend the work, and, to some extent, supply it with preaching—God is witness. But that must stop now till I am rid of my thorn in the flesh.

In December, 1884, Dr. Yates published in a Southern paper an article entitled, "A Growing Evil," in which were these paragraphs:

It has become quite a common thing for associations, missionary societies, etc., to desire special work abroad. Some want to support a native pastor, some an assistant, and others a Bible woman. Some want to know if they can send funds directly to me without their going through the Foreign Mission Board, and how.

Now the effect of each and all of these schemes upon the individuals who receive appointments, and upon the spiritual growth and best interests of the work abroad is evil and only evil.

A calm consideration of the best interests of the work at home and abroad, and loyalty to my Lord and Master, will not allow me to advocate any scheme, however encouraging it may appear, which has an evil tendency. Hence I have advised against special work being undertaken by societies and associations independently of the Foreign Mission Board. It savors of a degree of opposition to or want of confidence in the Board.

Shanghai, January 17, 1885.

I am about to leave for Chinkiang to see about commencing the work of building the chapel there. It is urgent. I do not propose to wait on the French any longer.

Shanghai, February 11, 1885.

To Rev. C. T. Bailey, D.D.:

If I had some one to take charge, I should cable Mrs. Yates to remain another year and I would join her in America. But I am alone, and would sooner take the consequences of holding on than forsake my life work.

I suppose that she has been in Raleigh. I long for the day when she will come back to me. She needs me and I need her. The Lord grant her strength to come home.

The Lord will provide for my inability to go as usual to Soochow and Kwinsan, a trip which requires ten days. I cannot with impunity be away from my doctors more than three days at a time.

Although Mrs. Yates had been seriously ill in North Carolina during the summer of 1884, she had entirely recovered during the autumn. She will never be forgotten in any of the homes that were brightened in 1884-5 by her genial presence. On April 4th 1885, she sailed for her home in China

Shanghai, March 25, 1885.

To the Recorder:

Did you ever sit down and try to think out what must be the condition of a heathen's mind? If so, you have utterly failed. We who were reared in the warmth and light of the gospel have had our minds so imperceptibly influenced by the knowledge of God that we can have no conception of what we should have been without it. To approximate the idea of the condition of the minds and moral character of the heathen, you must, by a retrospective movement, obliterate all the knowledge you have ever received of the Bible, of God, or purity of life, of punishment of the wicked. You must imagine what you would have been as the result of the corrupt example of all your ancestors for thousands of years.

To get a more intelligible conception, take first the highest grade of Christian men and women; then descend several grades to the professing Christians who are not troubled much about their religion or their sins. These have the same Bible. The first class find in it their duty to send the gospel to the Gentiles. The second read or hear the same words, but are, so far as any impression of duty is made on them, dead to what God has said to them. There is too much loose and thoughtless reading of the words of our blessed Lord. I never realized this until I undertook the responsible work of translating the New Testament. I have found it necessary to fix the exact meaning of every word before I could translate it.

But continue this downward scale. Pass through Texas, where the true light shineth, into Mexico. There the people are in semi-darkness. Then take a steamer for the furthest Orient. It enters at last the Yangtsz, and then the Whampoo River. You will be struck dumb at the panorama presented to your bewildered eyes. The hundreds and hundreds of boats,

filled with people speaking to or contending with each other in a strange language will remind you that you have entered a strange world. I meet you on the wharf, and put you into a 'rick-sha, a small, two-wheeled *pull-man* car. It is two miles to my house, and all the way through crowded streets. I ask you to cast your eyes up each narrow cross-street, that you may get an idea of the multitudes everywhere.

After showing you the city, I will take you on a fortnight's trip. We'll go forty-five miles to Kwinsan, where I have a little church; then thirty miles further to Soochow, where is another church, but no missionary or native pastor. For two years I have been begging for three men for this great city, which is three times as large as Shanghai. We go on the Grand Canal, past several large cities, a hundred miles further to Chinkiang. Hunnex, a small but energetic man, is alone in this important center. Here we take a steamer on the Yang-tsz River back to Shanghai.

You have now seen samples of the millions who would be accessible to resident missionaries, if we had them at these interior centers. They are well dressed; they are a polite people; but, alas they have no knowledge of God nor of the blessed joys and hopes that come to us through revelation. To their minds, there is no Creator. All things were hatched by the contact of light and darkness. According to their ideas of transmigration, they expect to take their turn in the world again as the animating spirits of men, beasts, or insects. Their great desire is to come again as men of wealth and position, so as to secure the means of enjoyment of the flesh.

They have no idea of an immortal soul. Their theory is that they have three souls and six spirits. One soul is in the head, one in the body, and one in the extremities. At death, one remains with the corpse, one with the ancestral tablet, and one undergoes a term of punishment in the world of spirits before migrating again into the world of light. With all their philosophy and systems, they have no conception of the immortal soul, of its possibilities and susceptibilities forever and ever.

Now, my brother, by running down this sliding scale, from

the highest to the lowest, till you find yourself enveloped in the thick darkness of the four hundred millions of China, and by imagining what the sins of a people must be who never have had any of the restraints of the gospel, you can form some faint idea of the thoughts and character of a people who are, in truth, without hope and without God. Their sins I shall not recount. Paul has done that.

Shanghai, May 20, 1885.

My family arrived May 4th, having circumnavigated the globe without encountering a storm at sea.

To meet them, I came down from Chinkiang, where, for two weeks, I had been superintending the erection of our new chapel. This evening I return to carry on that work. The services at the rented chapel are well attended, and there are several applicants for baptism.

The Franco-Chinese war may be said to be at an end. From conversation with the people, I have an impression that the war will, in the end, tend to the furtherance of the gospel in China. For this let us all hope and pray.

I was thrilled by Dr. Bailey's telegram from the Convention in Augusta, "Psalm 20. Build Chapel." In spirit I was present in the Convention each day. Saturday evening, while I was engaged in meditation, the telegram was handed in, and, in a moment, I had the whole Convention by the hand, as I sung, "Blest be the tie that binds." The Lord be praised for the blessing of Christian fellowship and the communion of hearts all the way around the globe. When we all meet above, and they from the land of Sinim, oh, there will be great joy in the New Jerusalem. Till we receive our invitation, let us work on, for the night will soon come.

Shanghai, June 9, 1885.

I have just arrived from Chinkiang, where I have been most of the time for a month superintending the erection of our chapel and the overhauling of the mission house. The latter is completed, and the expense will be nearly met by the rent paid from the time it came into our hands. Mr. Hunnex is moving in to-day. The chapel will be completed in August. Since I have put this property into shape, an application has been made to buy it at a large advance on cost.

Mr. Hunnex, writing on June 19th, refers to the "able superintendence by Dr. Yates of the building operations," and adds: "As I glance at the solid, well-built walls of the chapel, I recall to mind the words of Dr. Yates while we were locating it together, 'This place will stand long after I am gone.' Often have we prayed together that God would make this place the birthplace of many souls."

Shanghai, June 25, 1885.

We are entering upon our worst summer weather. After eight months of agony and work, I feel the need of a good rest. But, for the present, rest at Chefoo will be all that I feel that I can take without damage to our work. I have no desire to leave so long as I can do effective work. The night will soon come.

Chefoo, September 17, 1885.

To the Edenton Baptist Missionary Society:

The small field that I have staked off and am trying to cultivate embraces a population much greater than that of all the Southern States. All this multitude, so far as the knowledge of God and of the way of life is concerned, is in total darkness. Having no knowledge of the light of revelation, they have no conception of the weal or woe of an immortal soul. In fact, they have no correct ideas of an immortal soul.

Their own theory is heathenism, pure and simple, without light enough to induce a doubt as to the utility of their own religious systems.

This view of the habitation of cruelty, where Satan reigns, may serve to give a more definite idea of the enormous work that Christ has committed to us, and at the same time, to show how inadequate are the methods and means now in use among our pastors and churches in Christian lands.

The work does look appalling to everything but faith in God and in the omnipotence of the Holy Spirit over the human heart. But, with faith in Christ as our leader, we can accomplish wonders for the glory of God, even among these dry bones. But the faith that does not prompt to action in behalf of Christ's cause in all lands is a dead faith.

The Chinese have, and have had for ages, a civilization of their own, but it is rotten at the core. They have more gods or objects of worship than there are people in the United States. But they have had no knowledge of God for a hundred generations, and, from a period beyond the commencement of authentic history, they have been sitting in the region and shadow of death.

Shanghai, October 12, 1885.

We returned from Chefoo two weeks ago. I rejoice to say that Mrs. Yates is quite restored to health. From May to September I had a slow fever. The doctors say that it was the natural result of overwork. I kept going all the time, but felt depressed and good-for-nothing. I am quite well now.

This week I am going up the river to take delivery of the Chinkiang chapel, which is now finished. The pulpit stand will go along with me. Now for *the bell. When shall we see it?

Since the restoration of peace, there has been a great dearth of interest among the Chinese in religious matters, and yet I am expecting good to come out of the war.

The great Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, in giving instructions to the officials to have no difficulty with the Protestant missionaries, has sounded the keynote, a note which will doubtless vibrate through every province in China. The Tungchow Mission had abandoned all hope of getting certain premises they needed, when lo, the owner of the property informed the brethren of the instructions of the Viceroy and invited them to go and take possession of the property, assuring them that there would be no opposition.

This pregnant incident is full and running over with hope for the future of mission work in the north of China.

The officials at headquarters discovered during the war that Protestant missionaries are true, and can be trusted.

What efforts ought we not to put forth at this turn of the

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*A fine bell for the Chinkiang chapel was shipped to China by Meneely & Co. in the summer of 1887. The amount necessary for its purchase ($212) was raised by the efforts of Dr. Yates' former colleague, Rev. W. S. Walker, of Georgia.

tide in our favor? You give us warning of a falling off in interest and contributions and advise great caution in the use of funds. This is no time for falling off. Rather let every minister, church, and member put forth their utmost efforts, while we here engage afresh in the death grip with this hydra-headed monster—the enemy of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Shanghai, November 8, 1885.

To Rev. C. T. Bailey, D.D.:

You telegraphed me from the Convention, "Build your chapel." I am happy in being able to inform the contributors to that fund that the Tsing-way-dong is completed, and is in use daily.

Bryan will have nothing to do but to take the reins and drive off. But that will be enough to occupy his whole attention and skill. The training of a yoke of young oxen or a team of young mules is nothing to the labor and patience required to bring into subjection to Christ a team of stolid Chinese.

North Carolina is doing well, having six representatives in China and another at Wake Forest who will soon come to the front to occupy Soochow. The influence of my Alma Mater will go on down through the ages. Her endowment ought to be doubled. I'll be one of two hundred to do it within five years.

Chin-chin Tom Skinner for me. Tell him I love him still.

Shanghai, November 10, 1885.

To his Sister:

I am now pretty well and full of work. I have built a nice church at Chinkiang, one hundred and fifty-seven miles up the Yang-tsz-kiang, this spring and summer. It is a beauty, and will seat about two hundred and fifty people.

Mr. and Mrs. Herring will be stationed there, if they ever get here. Now that they have been detained to attend the State Convention, we cannot expect them before the end of this year, about the time you get this, or a little later, for I believe the Convention meets to-day or to-morrow. I expected them last week. What a disappointment! We were ready to receive and give them a warm welcome. Well, I have become accustomed to disappointments; this is only the last one. As

the new comers will have to study two years before they can speak the language, I am anxious they should begin as soon as possible to learn it.

Shanghai, November 10, 1885.

The Chinkiang chapel is a thing of beauty. It is built of the best burnt brick, and in the best style of workmanship. The walls are upon a cement foundation three feet broad and three feet thick. With repairs of ordinary wear and tear, it will stand and be servicable long after its builder is forgotten.

The general effect is charming. Crowds of Chinese stand at all hours of the day and gaze at it with admiration and delight. The fame of its beauty has gone forth among the millions.

While at Chinkiang I had the privilege of conducting the magistrate through the chapel and explaining to him everything, even to the process of baptizing believers. He seemed interested, and, as it is not often that I meet an acting official under such favorable circumstances, I imparted to him and his attendants no small amount of religious truth.

He spoke of the cleanliness and purity of the whole place in every part. I responded, "Yes, this place is dedicated to the worship of the only true God, who is pure and holy. Here we labor to teach men to be pure in heart. Men and women who live in a dirty place and hear filthy conversation all around them, do not have clean and pure hearts. And without this they can never be at peace with God." He replied: "The work that you propose will be very difficult."

Shanghai, December, 1885.

Mrs. Yates to the young ladies of Greensboro (N. C.) Church:

When I was young, there were no such societies as yours. Nobody had thought that girls could help send the gospel to China or other heathen lands. My good uncle took me regularly to the "Concert of Prayer for Missions," and always put a piece of silver in my hand for me to drop into the plate; but he never taught me to earn or save my own money for missions. I am sure that it would have gladdened his heart could he have known then that his niece would one day be a missionary. But neither of us dreamed of such a thing when I was a girl in Greensboro.

Shanghai, January 19, 1886.

To the Recorder:

My long expected reinforcement arrived on the evening of the 13th. I had been down at the wharf till five P.M. Then I was told that the steamer would not come in till the next morning, and I returned home. I had not been at home an hour before some one, while we were eating supper, pulled my door bell. I opened the door and found two strangers standing without who called out, "Herring and Bryan." This was a surprise. By nine o'clock we had Mr. and Mrs. Herring and Mr. and Mrs. Bryan with us. Need I tell you that there was joy in this old house? Thanks be to God for all his mercies to them and to us.

We have now seen enough of them to know that North Carolina has sent us the right men and women. They give promise to be real co-laborers in the right way, and seem to be ready to labor, and, if necessary, to suffer for Christ.

Brother Herring remains with me. Brother Bryan goes to Chinkiang. Now we want two mountaineers for Soochow, to take charge of the little church there and work up the cities on the Grand Canal. This is a great field and a great opportunity.

Shanghai, March 22, 1886.

There are three applicants for baptism at Kwinsan.

I am glad of a little respite from translating, for it is hard work. I am never free from a jaded feeling, and yet the machine must be kept going.

Shanghai, May 1, 1886.

Mrs. Yates and I are as well as could be expected at our advanced age. I have now had fourteen years of consecutive hard work with sore afflictions. Out of these the Lord has delivered me. And he has enabled us to keep the Mission intact, besides greatly enlarging it, until reinforcements arrived.

Shanghai, May 5, 1886.

To his Sister:

I wish you could see our own home at Chefoo. Our house is on the north side of a hill about two hundred feet high. If you stand on my front verandah, and throw your arms back as far as you can, all in front of your arms is open sea, with

here and there an island to beautify the prospect. We can see the steamers coming from the east or west an hour before they arrive; and when they come in or go out, they pass close to the hill, in front of our front door. We can see who comes and who goes away.

We have a private bathing pool of salt water, at the foot of the bluff. Perhaps I should tell you that all the water in the great, great ocean is more salt than you could make a tub of well water by using all the salt that it would dissolve. It is, however, very healthy to bathe in it. It is so clear and nice. We roll about in it every day at high tide, whenever we feel like it. Then in my three gardens I have room for sweet corn and all kinds of vegetables and fruit trees. The fruit trees are not in bearing yet, except some of the grapes.

I weigh 241 pounds. But age creeps on apace. Mother and I are two-thirds white headed, and cannot endure what we could and did ten years ago. Henceforth we must decline till our sun sets. I have had the care of all the churches and mission work here for twenty-four years. All this care, and doing all the preaching, and constant study while translating the New Testament, has told on me, for there is a limit to a strong man's power of endurance. Henceforth, I must take things easy. Perhaps the time may come when I can slip home and see you all once more. But ——— and ——— are going to leave their fields for a year of rest. And there are so few of us that, if one goes, the others must stay.

I have had no additions to my church for some time. The Chinese are ready to join the church if they can get employment in the church. Too many take such expectants into the church; but I did not come here for anything but to teach them the way to be saved and to become disciples of the Lord Jesus.

Shanghai, May 24, 1886.

To the Recorder:

I see that, at ———'s instance, you have republished a paper that I read several years ago before the Missionary Conference.

If ——— designed to use my paper as a sort of collateral to support what seems to be his appeal from the decision of the Board to the Convention, he was not fair; for I animad-

verted on grievous errors in methods of mission work, real evils that have insinuated themselves into the churches and missions of China, especially those of other denominations, the influence of which was seriously damaging my own work; while, in ———'s plea, he hardly alludes to these evils, except very remotely.

I referred to the unscriptural and unchristian methods of mission work now and of late years so widely and inconsiderately adopted by most Missions, of employing such a large proportion, not only of their own membership, but of all comers from other churches who are in search of employment as evangelists, colporters, Bible women, etc., as to create the impression far and wide among the heathen that a man is paid to become a Christian. It opens up to him a better way of making a living.

I dare not even guess what proportion of those who are reported as hopeful additions to churches are influenced by this sort of inspiration. There is too much work done in order to appear successful. This is the canker worm at the heart of too much mission work. God save me from such notoriety.

Rev. William Muirhead, of the London Missionary Society, the veteran of fifty years of labor in Shanghai, bears testimony to Dr. Yates' high standard for church membership:

Dr. Yates had large gatherings to listen to his preaching, and many applications were made for admission into his church. He often had to reject applicants as unfit candidates for Christian fellowship. He had a high standard. We had frequent conversations on this subject. In this matter he was a thoroughly consistent Baptist, as, indeed, he was in all other respects.

On one occasion he told me that had he been less stringent, he might have had a church of a thousand members. As it was, several of his people were prominent and active workers. For many years there was a monthly concert of prayer held by the native Christians of all denominations. Dr. Yates' native pastor, Wong, was distinguished by the part he always took in the proceedings. Another, who still lives, has long borne

a high character as a Christian man. There are, no doubt, many others who have furnished good evidence of their genuine faith. His earnest and prolonged labors in the service of the Master were not in vain, as many are able to testify.

Shanghai May 5, 1886.

To the Recorder:

If a man is largely influenced by the books and papers that he reads and studies—and I believe it—then I am soaked through and through with the Biblical Recorder and Religious Herald. Wonderful is the improvement in these papers since I left America in 1846. No man can partake of such food as they now furnish weekly without growing larger and broader and better in every relation in life.

What a wonderful and secret power they wield for the unification of the churches and the diffusion of knowledge. Why, sir, they are the great preachers of the land. If widely circulated, they would do more good than all the missionaries of the Home Board. I wonder that pastors do not make more efforts to introduce these powerful auxiliaries into their congregations.

In these ends of the earth I could not live without my Recorder and Herald. They help to make me happy and contented. I feel that I am a member of a large family. Even the heathen are benefited by my reading these papers, for I am enabled to preach better.

Anyone who is anxious to do good can do a great work by persuading others to take and read a good religious paper.

Recently I received two letters, one from a little boy, and the other from his sister. They asked me to write them a letter, and I want to do it. But I have lost the address. If they will write to me again, I will answer their letter.

Shanghai, June 1, 1886.

Last month I made a pastoral visit to Kwinsan, Soochow, and Chinkiang. Four have been received for baptism at Kwinsan, and two at Soochow. Mr. Herring, who accompanied me, was more than delighted with his trip, and with the prospects for genuine work. Oh, for two men for Soochow!

Now, my dear brother, I can see a danger signal. Overtaxing my powers has brought on a serious dizziness of the head which sometimes causes me to stagger badly. Yesterday, twice during my sermon, I had to close my eyes and hold fast to the pulpit to save myself from falling. The effects of the effort to preach are felt for a day or two. I think it best to take my doctor's advice and go to Chefoo, where I can have quiet rest in bracing sea air.

Since I have seen ———'s appeal to the Convention, I have been much concerned about the effect of the republication of my paper to be used with ———'s rules, under Art. 5. I have discussed these peculiar views with him more than once, and have rejected them as absurd for Central China missions. ——— had no authority to quote me as supporting his views. There are evils to be abated, but he has not made them prominent.

Chefoo, July, 1886.

I hope that I am improving, but I am laid aside for the present. I am only in a fit condition to be turned out to grass. I am in my sixty-eighth year. I have fought a good fight. Alone I have held the fort in Central China for the Foreign Mission Board since 1863, and now I have touched bottom. I am suffering from prolonged overwork, and am too tired to rest mind or body. I crave ten years more of work. The will of the Lord be done.

Chefoo, July 10, 1886.

On account of overwork, I have been ordered here by my doctor for a complete rest for a few months. I am better, but not free from some bad indications.

After Dr. Yates' death, Dr. T. E. Skinner wrote:

Matthew Yates was a busy man from the time he fed his father's swine before sunrise, always stopping at the old hollow tree on his return, for morning prayer, all the way along life, here and in China, to the close of his life.

To translate the New Testament into the Shanghai dialect for the forty millions of people in that province might well be called the work of a lifetime. He seemed not to understand

the indispensable necessity for leisure to men intensely engaged in literary work.

Well do I remember the difficulty with which, during the month I spent with him in Geneva, he was restrained from constant work.

The wonder is that Yates lived as long as he did—nearly the allotted period of human life—sixty-nine years, of which by far the greater portion was consecrated to toil in a heathen land.

Chefoo, August 19, 1886.

Mrs. Yates joined me here July 16th. With sea-bathing and complete rest I am feeling better, though I have lost twenty pounds in weight. I am conscious now that I have had too great a strain upon my powers of endurance during the twenty-four years that I have been alone. I hope that the Lord of the harvest will grant me another decade of quiet work. Before I lay my armor down I desire to see the work in China go beyond the preparatory stage, when native Christians shall no longer be mere hirelings.

Let us put our trust in God and not in men. The work is His and He will, in his time and way, prosper our efforts.

Chefoo, August 28, 1886.

A few days ago I wrote to Mr. Devault, who is ill at Tungchow, urging him to maintain, in addition to strong convictions in regard to his work, an indomitable will to do what Christ had commanded him to do, and then leave the whole matter of health in the Lord's hands. I gave him a prescription from my own experience.

During my first years in China, I was so run down by ague and fever that I thought that my work was finished. I came before the Lord in this wise: "Oh, Lord, if it is thy will that my work end now, Thy will be done. If it is Thy will that my strength be restored to work for Thee in this land of darkness, behold Thy servant for all time."

The decades that have passed show that the good Lord was only harnessing me up for a forty year trot at the rate of 2:20. There is life and protection in strong convictions, indomitable will, and faith in God. This life, this protection against tempta-

tion and spiritual deadness is available to all Christians in every condition of life.

The Lord be praised for the way in which the Baptists of the old North State have rallied to the support of their ministry, to ministerial education, and the extension of Christ's kingdom at home and abroad. They have begun the work needed for Wake Forest, from which many streams have issued to bless the world. All those who have participated in these things feel the richer for what they have done. I like such investments as these, for they will go on down the ages doing good long after we are forgotten. Shall we not rally for the complete endowment of Wake Forest?

Oh, for a baptism of the Holy Spirit for us all at home and abroad. The night will soon come.

I have had none of those disagreeable spasms of the brain for two months.

Shanghai, November 30, 1886.

At Shanghai a thing has happened this year which, for spiritual power and widespread influence for good, surpasses anything that has occurred before among the natives.

Wong-yih-san, now a deacon of my church, was in doubt when he joined the church more than twenty-five years ago whether he could support his family, if he closed his retail rice shop on Sundays. But he did it, and directed his customers, if they wished to eat his rice, to get on Saturday enough for Sunday, for he was now a Christian, and would close his shop on that day. He soon found that his old customers did not leave him. Not only so, but, through their conversation about a man who, in obedience to the command of God, closed his shop to all business every seventh day, he had a much larger run of business. For even the heathen like to deal with a trustworthy man.

Wong soon became a wholesale merchant, and a sort of oracle in the rice business. As he was known for and wide, when fleets of rice boats arrived, he was the first man to be visited by the supercargoes to get reliable information about the rice market. If they happened to arrive on Sunday and found Wong's warehouse closed, they would go back to their

boats and give no attention to business that day. Early Monday morning Wong was supplied, if he wanted rice; if not, the supercargoes were furnished with the ruling rates for the several grades of rice, and went their way.

In the course of time, Wong embarked in the real estate business, and in this was even more abundantly prosperous. He now has blocks of buildings in various parts of the city, and is, as he is regarded, a man of means.

This year, while building a block, Wong, of his own accord, conceived the idea of building a chapel. The house was erected on his own property, and at his own charges, and is dedicated, for all time, to the worship of God. The chapel is unique, and is a very nice place. Here Wong-yih-san is monarch of all he surveys. He preaches regularly three afternoons in each week. I call in occasionally and find his place full of attentive listeners. But my presence does not daunt him. He points me to a chair in the amen corner and continues until he has finished. Then he tells his audience that he is a mere novice, that the old pastor will speak to them more satisfactorily. Before I am through, I can see that he is just effervescing to get another chance at his congregation. Sure enough, when I descend, he mounts the pulpit and hammers away for another half hour.

Now this is the direction in which we want to go. I have long worked and prayed for spontaneous work. It is a real inspiration to my church, and to other churches as well. Many from these attend Wong's services; for the fame of this layman's noble deed has gone forth far and wide among millions. The man who has built his own chapel and preaches without wages will do more good than a hundred hirelings.

Shanghai, January 7, 1887.

To Prest. C. E. Taylor:

My heart leaps with joy at the prospect of my dear old Alma Mater coming to the front. Yes, I will most cheerfully help to the extent of my ability to meet your present necessity in providing a Chemical Laboratory. Please find enclosed my draft for $200 gold. Please put this down as given by "an old

student." I do not wish to be known as giving anything in this matter. The Lord knows all about it. He told me to do it. And to his name be all the glory, now and ever.

I am glad to see that a goodly number of students matriculated the first day of this session. I delight to pray for Wake Forest College. By the way, why should not the Alumni Association attempt to add another hundred thousand to the endowment? I will stand my share though I have no one to help me

The Herrings and Bryans are well. They have commenced work in the chapels already, a year ahead of time.

To-morrow I shall enter upon my sixty-ninth year. I am up for another decade, including a trip to America, which I much need.

Shanghai, January 18, 1887.

In some important respects, last year was the most successful year of my life in China. In respect to solid results and prospects for the future, I am far more hopeful to-day than I have ever been at the close of any previous year. I have always been hopeful, even in sore bodily affliction and alone. To-day it is the exuberance of hope, arising out of the greatly improved condition of our work all along the line, as well as from the manifest presence of the Spirit of Truth in our midst.

For many years I have made special prayer that God would inspire some of the members of my church with the will and the courage of their convictions to come out of the rut of spiritual mediocrity. Thank the Lord, this prayer has been answered in the person of my deacon, Wong, who has been a member of my church about twenty-eight years. Having been blessed in temporal things, he felt that he ought to manifest his gratitude to the Giver of all. This he has done by building on his own land, at his own cost, a unique place of worship for the Chinese; and it has been dedicated to the Lord forever. In this he preaches on three afternoons in the week.

Wong and his noble act are an inspiration to all. He has pointed out a new and better way. He is a forerunner in ushering in the self-support and religious spontaneity so desirable in China.

DEACON WONG AND THE CHAPEL ERECTED AT HIS OWN EXPENSE

I want the balance of $460 due me by the Board paid to Richmond College, and so placed that it shall go on and on through the ages making preachers to preach for me after my voice is no longer heard. I propose to make it a thousand dollars.

In another letter he refers to the same gift as,

The first installment of a scholarship which I desire to have in that institution. I covet an interest in Wake Forest College, the Seminary, and Richmond College. For I regard this as the surest and most effective way of conferring upon my fellow men a benefit that will never end.

Before his death he arranged for the payment of the remainder of the thousand dollars for this scholarship.

To the Louisville Seminary he gave more than three thousand dollars. But his own Alma Mater was the largest recipient of his benefactions. Besides smaller gifts on several occasions, he gave to Wake Forest College $250 in 1873, $1,000 in 1878, $200 (for erection of laboratory) in 1886, and just before his death $4,350, to be loaned to needy students.

Dr. Yates' contributions which are known to us will amount to nearly twenty thousand dollars. To discover all his charities, in China and America, would be impossible. "His purse, like his heart, was always open to the voice of God."

The American and English Baptist missionaries undertook at this time the revision of the Goddard's New Testament. This could be read by scholars in every part of the Empire. Dr. Yates, referring to his appointment as one of the revisers, wrote: 'As I have just been over the whole ground in preparing my colloquial version, it will be a comparatively easy task, provided I can secure a good classical writer."

Shanghai, January 25, 1887.

To Rev. C. T. Bailey, D.D.:

You North Carolina Baptists know how to roll logs, for I have taken part in that sport myself. I now invite one and all to a houseraising. I call upon each one, male and female, white

and colored, who would like to have a door, a window, a board, or a brick in a mission house for one of your own worthy sons to help in this emergency. It is to be at Chinkiang, a great center, just where the Grand Canal crosses the Yang-tsz River. Let us do it at a bound, and we shall never feel the worse for it.

Shanghai, February 10, 1887.

To the Recorder:

Are we not approaching a crisis in our foreign mission work? Is it not a fact that God is opening up work and vast fields, hitherto inaccessible, out of all proportions to the forecasts and preparations of his people? Do not opportunities bring corresponding obligations?

The facts show that, so far as Foreign Missions are concerned, we drift and are not prepared for an emergency. Take the case of Herring and Bryan, my beloved colleagues. They were ready. The Lord was ready. We were not ready. There was no money in the treasury to pay their passage. They must be detained for many months. When, at last, the tear-wet hand was shaken, and they were fairly off, they received a request that a short telegram be sent from Yokohama, announcing their arrival. And all five of them could not raise enough to pay for the telegram to Shanghai. We did not know certainly that they had sailed from America until they knocked at our door.

But the fact that they had no power to draw for a house at Chinkiang was a still greater surprise. For I had specially asked for the house to come with the man; otherwise the man would have no home. I shall feel sad indeed if I do not get the expected telegram in April. Why, sir, you must not send men and women out here and expect me to hitch them to the limb of a tree. They must have shelter and the comforts of a home if they are to be kept in a condition for work.

I hear of many students who are turning their hearts and minds towards the heathen for a field in which to serve Christ. And who knows how many hundred of precious jewels there are on our Southern farms, who feel, though they have never told it, that God has a work for them to do, but who, for the want of education, feel shut up to a life of inactivity?

If this should reach the eye of such a brother, let me say that

I have been just where you are. I have gazed at that apparently insurmountable barrier that blocks your way. I have ploughed up many a hill of corn or cotton while my mind was holding a committee meeting with the angels as to what I ought to do. Be not discouraged; tell your secret; give yourself to God in daily prayer. Go to work the best you can where you are. Do not wait until you can do something big. God will build a railroad through the forests and mountains of your difficulties and liberate you.

When, for a few years, the Raleigh Association raised my full salary, there was one defect in it. They did it for me, and did not give God the glory. And one dark, cold night, the end of the rope which they had promised to hold on to came tumbling down on my head at the bottom of the well.

Wong is a regular blunderbuss. His range is wide, if not far. He hurls at the heads of his audiences round shot, small shot, and Greek fire. They take it all kindly and come again, because he is a native, is in his own house, and is in dead earnest.

Shanghai, April 19, 1887.

After six weeks of rheumatic agony, I am now convalescent, having only an occasional echo of the pain. My old trouble is staunched for the present. For six weeks I have not been able to go to the chapel. I now rejoice in being able to resume my beloved work. My doctor strongly advises complete rest for one or two years. I shall rest at Chefoo this summer and see how the case stands.

Shanghai, April 20, 1887.

To Rev. C. T. Bailey, D.D.:

I begin to feel weak-kneed about the Chinkiang house this year. But I remember a copy that I used to write when a boy, "Disappointment sinks the heart of man, but the renewal of hope gives consolation." Oh, when will the Baptists of America come out of the old rut of giving a mere "charity" to missions once a year? I live in hope, for the dear old Flat River Association comes out of the mire at a bound, and is now on solid ground, and feels better. Many of them find that it is just as easy to give five or ten dollars to the cause of Christ as it

used to be to give twenty-five cents to print the minutes. It is all a matter of the heart, and not of the purse.

Shanghai, May 25, 1887.

I am again at full work, preaching and translating. Last Sunday was a red-letter day, for I baptized four. Next Sunday I hope to baptize two more, and others have given in their names as candidates for the heavenly kingdom. The Spirit of the Lord is evidently in our midst in a way that I have never seen before. In the long run, the faithful preaching of the gospel will tell. Deacon Wong's zeal and fidelity are having a good effect.

Oh, for another man at Chinkiang, and two men, with means to build them houses, at Soochow, where the church is rusting and the work is trailing for want of guidance.

Oh, that the Baptists of the South had a full knowledge of the whole gospel of Christ and of the present moral condition of the world, for out of this knowledge the true missionary spirit must grow. It will never grow out of vivid and sensational addresses once a year. Without a missionary spirit among the churches at home, in hearty sympathy with the work abroad, there is no ground, in the nature of things, for expecting large results.

It is downright cruelty to the missionaries, as well as to the Board, which caters for them, to drag along as we have been doing. Reform must begin with pastors. They are responsible for making known the whole gospel.

I regard our Seminary as the hope of the world. Let every young man who feels called of God to preach go to the Seminary for two years at least. If he cannot take the full course, which would be better, let him at least take the English course. If necessary, let him borrow the means; but at all hazards go. Let him put off getting married till he is ready to serve God in his vocation. Let him that readeth say go.

CHAPTER XXV.

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE—JUNE, 1887-MARCH, 1888—AGE 68-9.

IN the spring of 1887, the Foreign Mission Board, by special action, invited Dr. Yates to return to the United States for rest and recuperation. The communication of the Secretary which informed him of this action reached him about the time of his first stroke of paralysis.

Chefoo, July 15, 1887.

I thank the Board for remembering me. I fear, however, that the release came too late to be of much use in prolonging life and usefulness.

When I awoke on the morning of June 30, I was surprised beyond measure to find that something serious had happened to me during my sleep. I could not get up. My left arm and leg seemed to have lost their cunning. I managed to get my feet to the floor, but my left foot could not bear my weight, and gravitation drew me to the floor. I could not rise without much help.

I sent for Dr. Douthwaite, who, after examination, told me that I had decided premonitory symptoms of paralysis. He cautioned me to be very careful, and expressed the opinion that in a few days I should be able to walk again.

I am a little clumsy now, but, with God's blessings, I have steadily improved till to-day I can walk about the house and yard with my cane. And the doctor encourages me to expect greater improvement in two weeks more. But I shall be in no condition to work for months. I had hoped to do much writing this summer, but that hope must be abandoned. I cannot think of embarking for the United States in my shattered condition. I shall remain quietly where I am this summer, and

early in October return to Shanghai. Then, if able, I shall revise and put to press the rest of my translation of the New Testament. It is now complete except Revelation.

This is important, as there is no one else who can do it for twenty years to come. If the Lord of Glory gives me strength to complete this work next winter, I shall then consider whether His glory will be advanced by my taking furlough of one or two years.

This unexpected trouble is a serious matter. The questions that come most urgently to my mind are, Is my work finished? And what have I accomplished? I have fought, or tried to fight, a good fight in China for forty years. If I have more to do, the Lord will prepare me for it. I am His, and the work His. I have committed my future to Him.

Chefoo, July 19, 1887.

To the Baptists of North Carolina:

Brethren, go slowly when, in your deliberations, you propose to devote your whole strength to State Missions to the exclusion of Foreign Missions, lest you should be found fighting against God; for this is God's work and we are his servants.

The house in Chinkiang is a necessity, and must be built If the Baptists of North Carolina will give me means to do it by Christmas, well; if not, I shall take steps to get the money here, making myself personally responsible, and proceed to build the house next winter and spring.

In a matter where the necessities of God's work call for action, I do not know the meaning of failure, if it be within my power to compass it.

Chefoo, July 22, 1887.

To the Recorder:

Several years ago, feeling that, surely, after so many years of work alone, and so many appeals for men, reinforcements would soon come, I marked out a field to be cultivated when the men arrived. It is compact and convenient, and embraces a population of twenty millions. But the men did not come, and, ardently desiring to begin a work at Chinkiang and Soochow, I took into my study four of the most promising young members of my church. For one entire year, I taught them two

hours daily in the Scriptures, to fit them for work at these stations. But I found out that they were not fitted for aggressive work in its earliest stages.

At this juncture, Mr. Hunnex, who knew the language, came to us from the Inland Mission, and was located by the Board at Chinkiang. But there was one fatal drawback in the Chinkiang start. House rent was too expensive, and we had no house or chapel of our own.

For two days Mr. Hunnex and I looked at various locations in and about the city. At last I told him that we had seen only one position which was fit for mission premises. "What place do you mean?" said he. "I mean the place on the foot hills of Silver Mountain, where the Northern Methodists live. Their lease expires next spring, and they are building elsewhere. They surely have not perceived the good fung-shui of this place." "Oh, yes, now I understand what place you mean, but what do you mean by fung-shui?" "Oh, don't you understand fung-shui? When a place has everything to favor it, and nothing to oppose it, it is said to have 'good fung-shui.' Now study this place. First, it is elevated; there is no malaria; there is abundance of breeze. Second, it is convenient to the river. Third, it is near the Foreign Concession, where you can have society. Fourth, it is in close proximity to the crowds of natives upon whom we wish to operate. Fifth, four much frequented streets form a star just in front of where the chapel door should be. An audience can be secured at any hour. Sixth, there is room for two dwellings on the same lot with the chapel. How convenient for lady workers. If baby wakes from his nap, and cries, nurse can call from the window, and in two minutes the mother can be with her darling."

"Oh, I see the advantages now. But can you get it? You know that it belongs to Mr. Benjamin, of Shanghai, a millionaire and a Jew."

"We can ask the Lord to give it into our hands. Israel conquered whole cities and vast armies by prayer. I will pray the Lord to soften the heart of that Jew whom I have never seen."

I saw great possibilities in that site. As Michael Angelo saw an angel in a block of marble, I saw a beautiful chapel on the

corner of that lot and many saints coming forth from it as their birth place.

I went down to Shanghai and called on Mr. Benjamin, and then on the manager of a bank which held a lien on the property. They gave me the refusal of the property at 5,000 taels till April 30th. Then I wrote to the Board. With my application and description, I gave three telegraphic ciphers, "good, better, best." Four days before the expiration of the time of refusal I received "good," which was the one I wanted. It meant, "Buy; for less than the figure named, if possible, or more, if necessary." I bought the property for 4,250 taels, and before I was fairly over my agitation from having succeeded, a broker presented himself and proposed to pay me a premium on my bargain.

During the session of the Convention in Augusta, I received the telegram, "Build your chapel." I commenced work without delay. I wish you could see it. It is a perfect bijou. Four great converging thoroughfares meet just in front of the chapel door. In locating this chapel, I availed myself of my knowledge of the character and habits of the Chinese just as when, in my boyhood, I placed my snares in places that I knew to be frequented by partridges. I have never before seen a place of worship so advantageously situated for securing an audience.

In the early summer of this year, after about a thousand dollars had been raised in North Carolina for the "Bryan House," in Chinkiang, a religious paper unfortunately published the incorrect statement that, as Mr. Hunnex was about to leave Chinkiang, the new house would not be needed. Thereupon the suggestion was publicly made that the money should be expended in giving Dr. Yates an extended vacation in America. These facts will explain the next letter.

Chefoo, August 1, 1887.

To the Recorder:

Could I take the means needed to build a house which is required to advance Christ's kingdom in China, and appropriate the amount to my own use, and be innocent? I will not do that thing, if I never get a rest from my labors and cares.

I am not much concerned now about going home. My paralysis is better, but I cannot work or bear much fatigue and worry. I am the Lord's patient. I rest my case in His hands, and will try to do and suffer His will.

Chefoo, August 23, 1887.

My health is improving slowly. I am a little shaky all over, though I present the appearance of a man in vigorous health.

The Alumni Association of Wake Forest College has asked me to deliver the Alumni address in June, 1888. If I am able to do it, perhaps I may go in the spring. It is impossible to tell what I will do eight months hence.

Chefoo, September 27, 1887.

Do the Foreign Mission Board and the churches realize the fact that, for want of more activity and co-operation at home, their work in this great Empire is on the eve of a most serious crisis? It is a fact. One-half of our working force in China are disabled, some by disease that was latent, others by overwork in trying to do the work of two or three men.

And yet we hear nothing of reinforcements.

Now, inasmuch as it takes two or three years to find out whether a recruit can get the language and make a good staying and working missionary, it is evident that a serious crisis is imminent. Oh, for a revival among pastors and churches on the subject of Foreign Missions to the heathen!

I am gradually recovering from the paralysis of one-half of me. I can now walk, though not as formerly, for a mile.

The following letter was printed as part of an editorial in the issue of The Biblical Recorder for May 23d 1888, which was five months after it was written and two months after the writer had been laid in his grave.

Shanghai, October 18, 1887.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost being my witness, I have had Foreign Missions on the brain for more than forty years. I have studied it in all its phases and relations, at home and abroad. I have been first on one and then on the other side of questions that were debatable. But my position was such that

it was not my province to debate them. I have had forty years of work on the field, and have had a good opportunity to observe the defects and deficiencies of the old, or prevailing system, through a central board. For many years I have been convinced that we shall never convert the heathen world on the old basis. The missionaries, the real workers in this business, are spiritually and sympathetically too far removed from their base, their constituents. Consequently, they have, after the first two or three years after their departure, no reflex influence on their natural constituents. They are natives, it may be, of the backwoods of North Carolina, South Carolina, or Georgia. In their zeal for the glory of God and the extension of Christ's kingdom in the world, they marched up to Richmond, at the time indicated, to be inspected, examined, and passed upon by the Foreign Mission Board, which is composed of strangers, and soon they sail for China or Africa, and are lost to their natural constituents. And these, having no official connection with them, soon cease to feel much more interest in them or their work than they do in men from other States, hence the very best means of developing the Foreign Mission spirit in a particular locality is lost. And that is a great loss. For all who know anything about this work know that development is needed at home as much as abroad. There must be mutual sympathy and co-operation. This does not take place when your men are taken from your State Board and placed under a central board in Richmond, Va. For, after all that is said to the contrary, to show that the State Boards are in closest sympathy with the central board, the undeniable fact remains that it is not true. The Foreign Mission interests in the States, as is proven by the history of forty years effort, can never be developed by a central board in which the churches in different States feel no particular interest. Never. Those who work at and those who support Foreign Missions must come closer together. The foreign mission interest in North Carolina can be developed and become a power for good, only by the North Carolina Mission Board, etc.

Inasmuch as the convictions to which Dr. Yates referred had been entertained by him "for many years,"

his letter must be interpreted in harmony with the views which he had frequently and publicly expressed. Less than three years before this time, before he had been weakened and depressed by his paralytic stroke, he had written: "I have advised against special work being undertaken by societies and associations independently of the Foreign Mission Board." If the letter is understood to mean that the State boards, working through the Board of the convention, should maintain more close and direct relations with missionaries who have gone from these States, then the meaning becomes clear, and all inconsistency is removed.

As has been stated, Dr. Yates was not living to explain this letter after it had been published. But Mrs Yates, who for forty years shared in all his counsels, as well as in his labors, did not believe that her husband ever favored the abolition of the Foreign Mission Board On April 14th, 1893, in reply to the question whether Dr. Yates would have approved of missionaries severing their relations with the Board in Richmond and accepting support directly from churches, she replied with emphasis, in the presence of several persons, that he did not at all approve of the latter method. She added that she thought it a great mercy to her husband that he was taken away before some members of the China missions had left the service of the Board, for it would have been a source of grief to him.

Before this interview, Mrs. Yates had already written the following letter to the Biblical Recorder:

Shanghai, May 19, 1892.

I have nothing against Mr. ———, but I am strongly opposed to the plan which he proposes, because I am sure it tends to break down all organized effort in the denomination. I rejoice greatly in the assurance that North Carolina Baptists adhere firmly to united effort, and have confidence in the management of the Board, and that there is no disposition on the part of any of our North Carolina churches to do foreign mission work other than through our Board in Richmond.

I cannot make out what our discontented missionaries have to complain of; for the Board has been exceedingly kind to all whom the churches have placed under its care and direction. If I were to find fault, it would be that it is too indulgent—allows its missionaries to do too much as they please. In looking back over the forty years of my life in China, I cannot recall a single word or act of arbitrary control toward any one of us. Yet it has not been because provocations, many and grave, were wanting.

Neither am I clever enough to see what advantages these discontented brethren expect to secure. They claim that under their plan, the home churches would know all about the work, take more interest in it, and send out more laborers. The churches would know what their missionaries chose to tell them—neither more nor less. Whatever they could do under the proposed plan they could do under the old plan. What hinders their giving information to the churches and associations now? I know that many of us do write frequently; we are glad to do so. And I believe that the churches know more than they are credited with.

Faultfinding is a tool that never turns out good work. The tool that we all need to handle most is described in the thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians.

After the completion of the manuscript of this memoir, letters were received from Rev. R. T. Bryan and Mrs. Annie Seaman, of Shanghai, and Rev. C. W. Pruitt, some extracts from which ought to be inserted at this point.

Mr. Bryan says:

I have seen Mrs. Seaman (*nee* Annie Yates) this morning. She emphatically denies that her father ever at any time held to the views of the "Gospel Missionaries." She says that Mother Yates wrote many letters protesting against the use that was made of his letters after his death.

I also know that Dr. Yates did not hold the views of the "Gospel Mission." Some brethren have been perfectly honest and sincere in the use made of one of his letters, but these breth-

ren were not associated with Brother Yates as I was. They have formed their views from the letter, which, without any explanation, is liable to be misunderstood. It is like a word or sentence taken out of its connection.

I think that I can give you some of Dr. Yates' views as to mission methods.

He had little patience with trying to live and dress as the Chinese do.

As to the salaries of missionaries, he thought that they were at one time a little too high, and advocated $1,000 a year for a married man and his wife. This is the salary now paid by the Board.

Dr. Yates' time was so taken up with preaching, opening new stations, and translation work, that he had little time to give to school work. At one time, however, he had a boys' day school, and Mrs. Yates supported a girls' school up to the time of her death.

In 1877, at the Conference in Shanghai, he made a strong speech in favor of mission schools as a means of destroying idolatry. He also encouraged us to have a school for girls in Chinkiang. He was, pre-eminently, a preacher; he believed in preaching, and spent most of his time in that work. But he believed in a limited amount of work and expenditure in schools. Any statement of his which might seem to oppose schools was against the wholesale use of mission money and mission time for school work. He did think that some of the other denominations spent too much on schools.

Up to his death, Dr. Yates believed in a Foreign Mission Board. In a conversation with me just before his last illness, he expressed the opinion that, if the several States had more representation in the management of the Foreign Mission work, they would take more interest in it. He had no desire to do away with the Board, but wished to make it less central and local, and to give the several States more representation in it.

Dr. Yates was very much worried, and even angry, when he learned that some of his letters were used to sustain views with which he had no sympathy.

I know that Dr. Yates was very much opposed to the plan of trying to carry on the work in China without a Board. He never for a moment advocated the idea that a church or churches should do their own Foreign Mission work without a Board. He sent home a proposition for a more representative Board, but this was not accepted by the Convention. He acquiesced in the decision and labored on cheerfully with the Board as it was, never for a moment thinking of severing his connection with it.

Mrs. Seaman, Dr. Yates' daughter, writes:

I remember as if it were yesterday Mr. ———'s spending a week with us in Chefoo, trying to persuade father to sign a scheme for the "new departure," no schools, no paid assistants, etc. Father approved of certain details and then, I can almost hear it now, he added: "No, Brother ———. I cannot go with you in that." Then the talk would continue, and the same thing would happen day after day. It almost seemed as if Mr. ——— thought that he could worry father into yielding.

Father did not approve of paying men to preach and Bible women to go about and talk in families simply because they were paid to do it; but if a man or woman showed any gift or inclination to teach the gospel, beyond the desire for employment, he was willing to pay such a one a salary, that his whole time might be given to the work. That he certainly did not disapprove of this kind of paid assistants is shown by the fact that he employed them himself.

I am very anxious, as I know both father and mother would have been, to have nothing in the memoir which would leave the least doubt in any mind as to father's loyalty to the Board.

The following letter from Rev. C. W. Pruitt, Hwanghien, China, also bears on the same point:

"One day, when talking with me about the expression, 'dry-rot of missions,' Dr. Yates said that he was not thinking at all of Baptist work in China, but of Pedo-Baptist methods. He strongly contended that our Baptist missionaries were not guilty of the blunders which he had in mind when he used the expression."

Shanghai, October 20, 1887.

To a Niece:

My Dear Pet: What an ado you all make about my going home. You talk as if it were an easy matter. Why, do you not know that the great globe is between us, and that it is no small matter to go from China to Raleigh, to say nothing of the expense? I received your invitation to go home for a rest in July, a week or two after I was cut down by partial paralysis. One-half of me would not obey me. At that time, and for some time afterward, I was not able to go. Little by little I became able to walk. Now I can walk a mile; but it is not natural. I am weakened all over, and can fall down as easy as falling off a log. I have preached for two Sundays since we came back from Chefoo, but I was used up by it. I am not fit for work.

Were I to go to the States, every preacher in the land would want me to address or preach to his people. And, seeing me look stout and strong, they would laugh at the idea of my not being able to do it. They would not take no for an answer. The only way I could get rid of them would be to insult them; and that I would not do. So you see I am afraid of my friends. And what home have I in this world but this in Shanghai in winter and Chefoo in summer? Here I can command my time and have no one to tease me to do what I am not able to do. I am required to keep quiet, as I am liable to another stroke of paralysis, and this might be fatal.

If I get well enough to work and hold on for another year, I shall not go to the States; for the bottom is dropping out of our Missions. Davault died the 4th inst.; Joiner must go home this winter. Dr. and Mrs. Graves, of Canton, go home in the spring; Miss Moon and Dr. Yates are invited to go home. That looks like breaking up our Missions. And we see nothing of any reinforcements to take the places of those who must go. Now, can you not see how difficult it is for me to leave Shanghai? And that is all that I can tell you about my going home soon. Moreover, I have no home in America to go to. There are forty-nine reasons why I ought to stay at home. For I am

old now, you know, and need a great deal of nursing and peting. Much love to you, my dearest pet.

Shanghai, October 20, 1887.

In view of the necessity for more men at Chinkiang, I propose to waive my salary, in order that another man may be sent out as soon as practicable. And may the Lord add his blessing. It will be my meat and drink, as the Lord gives me strength to labor as an unpaid missionary of the Board. I cheerfully lay my salary on the altar of the Lord, and pray that he will soon send me a sound and consecrated man who will be ready to work, and, if necessary, to suffer for his glory.

Shanghai, October 21, 1887.

Great care should be taken not to send out men or women with defective constitutions. A word to the wise is sufficient. If a man be doubtful, let him work at home. There is much work needed in each State to create and keep alive the missionary spirit.

The Recorder says that I am well of my paralysis—on what authority, I know not. I only know that it is not true. The weakness now extends to my whole body. I can walk, but only with labor and discomfort. I have preached for two Sabbaths, but was exhausted by it. If this winter shall restore my strength, I shall remain at my post for another year's work. If not, I may go to the States. This will remain an open question till January 8th, when I enter upon my threescore and ten.

At the meeting of the State Convention, in Durham, N. C., in November, 1887, more than a thousand dollars were raised to complete the amount necessary for the erection of the dwelling house in Chinkiang. The telegram announcing the success of this effort carried, one of his young colleagues wrote, joy to the heart of the veteran missionary. Work upon the building was immediately begun. While this matter was under discussion, the Convention was addressed by the venerable Mr. G. W. Thompson, Dr. Yates' former teacher. Immediately after the desired sum had been secured by a rising vote, it was

SHANGHAI BAPTIST MISSION PROPERTY.

The house to the right, formerly residence of Dr. Yates, now of Rev. E. T. Bryan. The house on the left, formerly the home of Dr. Shuck and Dr. Crawford, now of Rev. E. F. Tatum.

Resolved, that, in the opinion of this Convention, all the Baptists of North Carolina earnestly desire that Dr. Yates should pay an extended visit to his native land, rest from his labors, and see his brethren once more before he finishes his work.

Shanghai, December 17, 1887.

My inability to get about is improving a little since cool weather came on. My palsied limbs, however, will not allow me to attempt work. It is a great trial to be denied the privilege of working when there is so much to be done.

Shanghai, December 30, 1887.

To his Sister:

I am not able to go home now if I were ready. While I present the appearance of an overgrown old man in perfect health, I cannot walk well. The effects of that paralytic stroke still cling to me. I have a good appetite and sleep well, but still I am a bad invalid, good for nothing but to be turned out to grass. W——— will know what that means. Now this is the truth about me. The doctor is giving me strong medicine, and says I am doing well. I hope to pull through, but then I cannot tell.

Shanghai, January 30, 1888.

As I had in good faith waived my salary that a man might be sent out to preach for me at Chinkiang, and as I was expecting to hear by every mail that he would soon be here, I felt under obligations to provide a home for him. But, alas, your postscript, "The Board could not accept your generous offer to waive salary," dashed all my hopes and disconcerted all my plans. My only desire was to advance Christ's kingdom in Central China. To do this, I was willing to make a sacrifice. I had it in my heart to duplicate myself and lay it all at Jesus' feet. Well, the offer to pay my salary to a new man for Chinkiang still stands good when the man comes to claim it.

February 1.—I have to-day, by the blessing of God, completed my review of my translation of the Epistles into the Shanghai dialect.

Shanghai, February 3, 1888.

From Mrs. Yates:

My husband is better, and walks without stumbling, although

not with his wonted elasticity and endurance. He looks remarkly well, and eats and sleeps like a laborer. Yet he is not like his old self.

I hope that the Board will accept his offer to give up his salary. It is not a new thought with either of us. It has been my heart's desire, these many years, to be self-supporting, and now, as we are fully able to be so, I hope that you will appropriate our allowance to a new man for Chinkiang.

You know that during the American war we were thrown upon our own resources, without much expectation of being again connected with a Mission Board. My husband had no difficulty in earning more than enough for our support. Those savings, added to a small inheritance from my father, were invested in building lots. These have so risen in value that the income from them is ample for all our wants.

Shanghai, February 2, 1888.

To the Recorder:

I shall not be at the Convention in May nor at Wake Forest in June. I expect to be at my bungalow on the hill by the sea. I may be writing my alumni address for 1889 (?) If not, I shall certainly be thinking about it. For it is in my heart to inaugurate a new departure for Wake Forest, one in which every alumnus of the dear old college shall be enlisted. And, as the result of it, every boy in North Carolina who desires, and has the brain to take an education, shall be enabled to realize the desire of his heart.

Now, is not this a big thing? Let us pray for it.

It is not unlikely that other letters were written by Dr. Yates during the two weeks before his second stroke of paralysis. But no others have revealed themselves in the several quarters which have furnished materials for this story.

The foregoing letter may be accepted, therefore, as his last message to his brethren in North Carolina. The noble desire that every young man in his native State should have a chance for an education was the last wish that he communicated to his brethren at home.

Through many years of faithful toil, through dangers

and vicissitudes, through disappointments and triumphs, the career of our missionary hero has been traced. And now the end is near. Fortunately, there are letters which, in accordance with the plan hitherto pursued, will tell the story to its close. The first is from Rev. R. T. Bryan.

Chinkiang, March 26, 1888.

To the Recorder:

I am afraid that Dr. Yates overtaxed himself with the new house, planning, buying, and instructing me and the carpenters. Just four weeks before his death he came up here again to help me about the house. He arrived about midnight of February 18th, and seemed very tired.

The next morning I heard a heavy fall, and, on running into his room, I found him lying on the floor. He was stunned by the fall, and was unable to see. He told us that when he waked up, he felt that the bed was turning over with him, and, in his efforts to stay on, he fell off. The side of his head, which he had struck in falling, remained paralyzed until his death. He remained with us through the week, and on the 25th he returned to Shanghai. During this week he told me and the builder many things about the house.

After another week, I went down to see him. It was evident that he was sinking. One day, while rubbing his aching foot, I looked up and saw tears running down his cheeks, then he sobbed a few times. I wiped away the tears, and he said: "So much work, and I can't do any of it." I said, "God can have it done." He replied, "But God needs men."

Shall these tears be disregarded?

In a subsequent letter, Mr. Bryan wrote:

His religion, like the man, was not of the fussy kind, showing itself in words. It was practical, showing itself in action and in an abiding trust in God. He came up to Chinkiang to see us and help us a short time before he died. During the night of his arrival he had a paralytic stroke. He knew that the end was approaching, and God seemed to be more precious to him than ever before. He had passed beyond the fatherhood idea

of God, and thought of him as a mother. All day long he would repeat Isaiah 66: 13, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem."

The end came on the afternoon of March 17th. The two letters of Mrs. Yates which tell of the last days and hours were written, the first to a niece, and the second to a sister of her husband.

Shanghai, March 14, 1888.

Your uncle continues in the same helpless state. Sometimes he seems more comfortable, but as to any real improvement, we cannot yet see it. He sleeps a good deal, sometimes mostly in the day time, and then his nights are wakeful. Of course you can see that it takes all my time and strength to minister to him. My strength has held out surprisingly. Friends are very kind in offering to help. He likes some one to read the papers to him, and can read a little while for himself when the pain is less. I know you would do everything for him most willingly, but he will never see his native land again.

Shanghai, April 8, 1888.

It was his intention to go to see you all and the churches this year, but I have felt that it was very doubtful, ever since the first attack of paralysis last summer. He never fully recovered the use of the left side, although, for awhile, he was very much better. He had to give up preaching almost altogether; but two objects occupied his mind constantly, the completion of the translation of the New Testament and a house for Mr. Bryan. Both of these he lived to see accomplished.

He went to Chinkiang to set the builders to work on the house, and whilst there the second stroke of paralysis fell upon him, and Mr. Herring went up and brought him home. He did not think it was paralysis; he supposed it was owing to vertigo, and always spoke of it as vertigo up to the last day or two. Then he asked me whether the doctor was treating him for vertigo or for paralysis, and I said, "I think the medicines are for paralysis, I know that some of them are." After that he did not refer to it again.

He suffered intensely those last three weeks, when awake, but it was a blessing that he slept most of the time. When awake, he was sometimes quite cheerful, and talked with his usual, strong voice. Even on the Friday night preceding his death, he sat on a chair while his bed was made up. Mr. Herring and a faithful Chinese servant were helping to make everything comfortable, and at half-past nine o'clock, whilst he still sat in the arm-chair Mr. Herring insisted that I should go to bed so as to get some sleep, and said that he would stay and see him comfortably settled in bed. Hearing this, your brother said to me, "Yes, come and kiss me good-night, and go to bed."

None of us thought that the end was at hand. The doctor has said since that he had no expectation of it, that he supposed that he might live through the year or, at the very least, some months longer, and I was thinking that he would last a long time, perhaps years, and was trying to make my strength hold out for an indefinite period.

The next morning at three o'clock, the man called me, and I found your brother awake, and in much pain. I gave him a little brandy, and smoothed his pillows, and he seemed more comfortable, and told me to go back to bed; but I did not go. I sat by him, and he slept for an hour or more; then a hemorrhage began. Mr. Herring lives in the next house: I sent for him and for the doctor and for Annie and Mr. Seaman, for I saw that he was very ill. Still his voice was strong, and, when he took water or beef juice, he would raise himself up to drink, by pulling some one's hand. It was about ten o'clock when Mr. Seaman helped him in this way, and said to him, "You are very strong," and he answered, "Yes, I could pull you down on the bed now!" But the hemorrhage weakened him rapidly, and he slept almost continuously.

There had been a great deal of pain in his head, and he liked to have it brushed.

Once, that morning, Mr. Herring took the brush and began, but he said, "Mother or Annie will do it best." (He almost always called me "mother.")

This was the last time that he appeared to notice us, or, indeed, any one. He slept on till a little after five o'clock that

afternoon, and simply ceased to breathe. There was no struggle, no pain, in those last hours. There were no farewell words, no messages. I doubt if he knew he was going; but he had said weeks before that he was ready; that he would like to do more work, but the Lord knew best.

I will not try to tell you of my own feelings, of the deep regret felt by others, and of the great crowd of Chinese mourners that followed him to the grave. I have had letters of sympathy from friends far and near, and full of the warmest expressions of admiration and regret for your brother. He was greatly respected and loved by all denominations. Everyone has been kind, and I have found that, while sympathy cannot remove sorrow, still it does help us to bear it.

Shanghai, March 21, 1888.

From Rev. D. W. Herring to the Recorder:

Dr. Yates was buried on the afternoon of March 19th. The services were conducted by Dr. Gulick, Dr. Thompson, Pastor Wong, and myself. A host of his friends—and no man here had more than he—were assembled on that beautiful spring day.

After going twice around the world, and up and down this great Empire, and through typhoons and shipwrecks, and through the dangers of two wars, he has left his body to lie here in this cemetery which he, more than any other man, had made a place of beauty.

He said to me only a few days ago: "The people at home want men to die on the field, and I am going to lay the foundation."

The first, under our Board, to come to the Central China Mission, he was allowed to stand by it until now. He has watched over it, prayed for it, toiled in it, with how much care no one can imagine, from its birth to its present hopeful state.

The church here has lost a father in the gospel, and its members have wept over his departure. Many, seeing it, have remarked: "How they loved him!" Yet he had always held up Christ, and not himself, as the object of their love.

There has been only One who could say: "It is finished." But there have been few men who have approached more nearly to the completion of their life work. He had on hand his translation of the New Testament and the completion of

the house in Chinkiang. The first thousand copies of the former were delivered at the chapel as his body was borne from his house; the latter is well under way, and he left full directions for its completion.

Shanghai, 1888.

From Pastor Wong Ping San:

Our believing and being saved and what we have been able to do for Christ's cause, is all through Pastor Yates' instruction and exhortation. The time since his arrival in Shanghai is forty-one years. As a man he was faithful and true; as a preacher he was clear, and all men delighted to hear him. He treated the disciples as his children; therefore they honored him as a father. He toiled for the Master, and spared not his own money. He established churches at Quinsan Soochow, and Chinkiang. For more than a decade of years he has had no time to rest. Laying here the foundations of he Lord's cause, the work has fallen on him, one man. His years being many, his strength failed. Last year, taking his sickness along with him, he proceeded with the translation of the Scriptures, forgetting that he was sick.

Of us, the members of this church, there is not one who is not wounded and grieved at heart. His words of exhortation and prohibition, always timely, have been of immense benefit to us, and we cannot forget him.

Yokohama, April 26, 1888.

From Mrs. Yates:

His last days were full of intense suffering, yet none of us, not even the doctor, thought that the end was so near. His voice was strong to the last. We were planning to go to Chefoo as soon as he should have more use of his lower limbs. Several times he said to us: "Just think! I shall have nothing to do but rest for six months." He took great comfort in having put the whole New Testament through the press—except Revelation, and this he intended to translate after returning from Chefoo.

He said that he was ready for the Master's call but hoped that the Lord would give him a few more years to work.

Chinkiang, May 7, 1888.

Rev. R. T. Bryan:

Yes, our father is dead. He truly loved us, and we truly loved him, and always called him father. Our children sat on his knee and called him grandfather. We felt that we had a home at Shanghai with "welcome" written over the door.

When Brother Herring and I arrived, he did not say: "This is my field; you go and make your own fields, as I have done." But by his actions he said: "My children, here are your homes, your chapels, and your work; come in and help your father."

He spent a week with us about a month before his death. While he was sick, he frequently spoke of his own exceeding sinfulness, and of God's great mercy. He said: "I am ready to go if God wants me. I should like to live and work longer, but I am ready to die."

From Rev. W. J. Hunnex:

In many Chinese homes there is sorrow as deep and real as that which is felt in the homes of Southern Baptists. No foreigner has been better known or more warmly loved by the Chinese than the man over whose death they and we are mourning together.

But of all the numerous expressions of esteem and sorrow uttered and written in America or China, there is none more beautiful in its simplicity, or more touching in its manifest sincerity, than this single sentence from the church in Shanghai:

"We have lost our good shepherd, and the flock is bleating."

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

JUBILEE IN SHANGHAI.

BY R. T. BRYAN.

THE year 1897 has been a real jubilee year in China. We have had several celebrations in Shanghai, and hear of more in other places.

We have also had the celebration of the ninetieth year of mission work in China.

It encourages us to work more earnestly for God and to trust him more, when we find that ninety years of mission work have opened all the doors, overcome many of the worst difficulties, prepared the way for future victories, and given us more than two thousand missionaries and nearly one hundred thousand native Christians.

OUR OWN JUBILEE.

September 12, 1847, the first missionaries of our Board, Dr. and Mrs. Yates, arrived in Shanghai. Brethren Shuck and Toby, with their wives, soon followed.

November 6, 1847, the Shanghai Baptist Church was organized with six foreign missionaries and two native evangelists from Canton.

Saturday, November 6, 1897, we celebrated the fiftieth year of our church. Appropriate songs had been selected beforehand and carefully practiced. A very happy audience met at ten o'clock to sit down in the midst of beautiful scrolls and flowers to sing, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow."

The principal feature of the day was the history of the church, which had been carefully prepared by our secretary, Brother Wong Sing San. He was one hour reading it, but its many interesting facts kept us from getting tired.

The first ten years found us with twenty-four members, six more than the Rangoon Baptist Church after ten years of work.

Many of the Shanghai native pastors and preachers were present to congratulate us on this jubilee occasion.

In the afternoon more than one hundred children met to celebrate the first decade of the Sunday school. The secretary, Brother Zie Wei Tsung, read a short history of the Sunday school, and the children sang and recited many appropriate texts of Scripture. This meeting was even more interesting than the morning meeting.

We had previously arranged to have a mission meeting and an associational meeting in connection with the jubilee.

Brother Britton preached the associational sermon at eleven o'clock on Sunday to a large audience. He never fails to preach a good sermon in English, but I believe that he is even better when preaching in Chinese.

Monday morning the Association was organized, and the Chinkiang and Yang Chow Baptist churches were received as members.

The principal business of the Association was to hear the reports of the School Committee and the Home Mission Board.

The School Committee reported the two schools in good condition with money enough to pay all expenses for this year. The committee was greatly enlarged and changed to a Board of Trustees.

The Home Mission Board was also enlarged and decided to send a native preacher to Quinsan, and a Bible woman to Shanghai. We feel very much encouraged over this advanced move. Pray with us that it may be the small beginning of *great* things in China!

It is a good time after fifty years of work to ask the question,

HAVE OUR EFFORTS BEEN SUCCESSFUL?

In the first place, it might be best to ask what efforts we have made? We have given money, but much less than we ought to have given. We have prayed, but not as earnestly as we should have done. We have sent out men and women, but for nearly twenty years one man and wife labored alone in Shanghai. Such have been our efforts that we would not have

a right to complain even if very small results had been accomplished.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE.

The one station has increased to four, with a number of out-stations. The six missionaries have increased to thirteen, and the two native Christians from Canton have increased to one hundred and twenty-five in Central China.

Looking beyond Central China the one mission has increased to three, Central China, Northern China, and the Gospel Mission, the three having nearly forty missionaries. So that the six missionaries who began the Central China Mission have really increased to forty, because these other missions grew out of the Central China Mission.

We feel that the results have far surpassed our efforts. So we praise God for the past, and pray him to bless us and use us in the future. We are full of hope.

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